

LBH3 Snoozeletter

Hash Hotline: (562) HASHITT December 3, 2006 Hash Website: www.lbh3.org

“They Get Drunk and Chase Each Other”

The weekend in Beatty started with such great promise. I had just spent a short 24 hours in Phoenix with my parents for Thanksgiving weekend, and I was on another airplane, this time to Las Vegas, for the 4th edition of the Beatty Weekend. I was time to forget about the stresses of life and to get away for a while.

I landed in Vegas Friday morning and waited for **Buster Hyman** to pick me up at the airport. After a bad shortcut from his brother, we were on our way. Being in Vegas, we just had to stop on the Strip, if only for breakfast at Bally’s this time. We realized we needed to call **Pokey** to confirm directions to Beatty. Just take 95-North, no problem. We also had to stop for supplies at Wal-Mart. MUST have the Mudslides ready for the topless beercheck, of course.

After another bad shortcut trying to find the way back on the freeway in NW Vegas, we were ready. I decided it would be a good time for a quick nap, but that was quickly ruined when **Tits Ahoy** called **Buster** and was louder over the telephone than **Buster** was sitting right next to me.

Soon enough we were in Beatty, although with only 5 minutes to spare. Good bus driver this year. I quickly checked into my hotel room and distributed keys to my roommates **6-9 Split** and **No Tickie, No Lickie**. **Head and Shoulders** quickly had the beer flowing, and the weekend was officially started.

It was time to move to the check in room to pass out the giveaways and to see who actually showed up. **Alouette** was super excited about the security checks. I think it was something to do with checking the rumor about shoe sizes and other anatomical sizes. I didn’t pay much attention until I asked **Blow Interest** to perform my security check.

Finally I found co-hare **Ben Dover** hanging out by the keg. He was getting early weekend shots for the Snooze. We found **Buster**, got in his car and drove out in the desert to stash the cooler for the topless beercheck. I’m amazed none of you at the Stagecoach saw this with all the dust we kicked up.

At 5pm it was finally time to start trails. It was dark already, so OF COURSE we reminded the pack to take flashlights. How else were they going to check out the topless beercheck?!?!

We started down the main street, made the turn at the 1 stoplight in town, and went to pay our respects to The Burro. **Head** and **Corny** were there shortly with the beer, and the grumbling began. HAHA.



Let’s Get This Party Started!

Five minutes later, we were off for stage two. Back across the street, and into the wilderness. Panic set in briefly when I couldn’t see which way to go, and turned right instead of left and we could hear the pack already. Where the F#@ was the turnoff to get to the mountain? We could hear **Howdy** already. In panic, we turned towards the road, and suddenly could see the little puddle of water we needed to jump in order to get to the desired trail. Oh, if we had only done this trail in the daylight. Nah, that would have been TOO EASY.

Luckily, we found the desired trail, over the hill, past the cactus and barbed wire, through the shiggy and across the field, and magically back to the bar at the Stagecoach. Only a slight amount of blood was shed, and only a couple people complained. I didn’t really hear any loud complaints. (YEAH RIGHT!) I thought LBH3 was tired of boring street runs?

So, after deliberating about whether to cut the next section short, we decided, nah, we are hashers, we are going all out. It was time for the TOPLESS BEERCHECK!! We took off around the back of the Stagecoach, and out to the wilderness again. Where were we going? We had no idea, except for a glowstick on a tree, and remembering the angle in the desert from the Motel 6 sign. Somehow we found the cooler, ditched our shirts, and waited for the pack to join us. I must say, the harriettes were very fond of this check. 3 topless hares and Mudslides had a great effect on **Tit Mitt**, **Massive Two Tits**, **Baby Crack Whore**, and **Floatation Devices**.

After 10 minutes in the desert, it was time to hurry. The hares ran off for the last section of trail, got 50 yards away and turned to each other to see who had the flour bag? Are you kidding me? We all forgot the flour bag!! We are in so much trouble. Luckily, everyone was still busy with their mudslides that no one noticed. **Buster** snuck back, got the flour, and it was off to the Sourdough. There was time for a quick note at Beyond Hope St., which for those of you that missed this part of trail, is naturally the street past Hope St. in Beatty. Clever little town fathers.



So this is Beatty. Kinda like Las Vegas only smaller.

I'm still trying to understand why half the pack was waiting for us at the Sourdough? Maybe because there are no other bars in town? Anyhow, many hashers were staying warm and visiting with the locals. I don't know if the lady was still there that, during our scouting trip, asked **Dover** if he spoke English. She even repeated the question for him in Spanish when he was too stunned to speak. Again, it is a charming little town we visit.

Corny insisted on beginning down-downs shortly there after. **Pinky's** first matter of business was making sure us hares were refreshed after our trail. Yes, we had many drinks as penalties. Oh, and the parking lot at the 1st site for circle was MUCH smoother than the parking lot at the 2nd site. It only took 5 minutes to pick all that gravel out of my a\$\$\$. The rest of circle was SO boring, it in fact put **Howdy** to sleep!! Maybe it was the combination of that and **G.I. Ho's** tit's? I don't know, but I completely understand how his blackout occurred. Had I not been busy keeping **Befeater** warm I might have been aware and had a chance to catch him on his way down.



Is this the only Passing Wind that happened in Beatty?



Is this the only flashing that happened in Beatty?

Off to the Ensenada Grill went the pack for a Mexican dinner. It was quick and tasty again. I am always surprised at how good the food is in Beatty. Not gourmet or anything, but good. The exciting part was watching **Wild Bill** hunt for **Alloutte**. She didn't say she was doing trail, but didn't say she wasn't. No one knew where she was. Luckily, she was only back at the Stagecoach getting an early start on the gambling. Soon enough I was sharing dinner with the reunited couple and **Howdy** at the same table. **Howdy** only bled a little more.

So then we retired to the Stagecoach to continue with the gambling and drinking. **Floatation, Head and Shoulders** and I played blackjack at one of the tables. The dealer seemed quiet in our little group, and asked more about it. After the basic into that all hashers have given to others before, this dealer tried to explain it to another dealer. Her explanation of hashing is among the best I've ever heard. Her exact quote was, "Hey Ray. Have you ever heard of this group? They get drunk and chase each other." How true it is.

And so began the 4th Beatty weekend!! Thank you to **Corny** for spearheading another great hash weekend. On-Out, Nice Hair Fag

A BEAUTIFUL DAY IN BEATTY (THIS IS WHAT MAY HAVE HAPPENED ON THE SATURDAY EAGLE TRAIL AND OTHER THINGS)

by Free Samples and Cums in a Tube

We again took the bus to Beatty and this time it left nearly on time and had no traffic delays. We had great munchies and drinks and were well treated by our flight attendants, Flotation Devices and Blow Interest, No Principles. Well, most of us were well treated except those whacked by the seatbelt demonstration and Space Available, who was strangled by an inflated life vest test.

Friday night was typical Beatty weather – really, really cold! OK, by Midwest standards it was balmy, but all of us acclimated to Southern California had frozen our patooties off. By morning there was ice in the fountain and beside the Jacuzzi. However, the sun was out and soon the temperature was pure Goldilocks, just right. We assembled in front of the Stagecoach motel for a group picture and awaited the start of the Saturday trail.

Fortunately, we had three hares, Alouette, Wild Bill and Poor Aim. Although Wild Bill had misplaced Alouette the previous night, she was found in time for the run. It seems she had abandoned Friday's trail and had trysts with several video poker machines. Or maybe she was collecting rocks to take home. Just a warning. Don't run near Alouette in the desert or you might end up with rocks in your pockets. Three hares, three trails were promised. Such symmetry! One a turkey, then an eagle and for those wanting to risk their privates, finally a ball buster. Blue flour was used to prevent pack confusion with the Friday trail, but as you will see later was only partially effective. They were off, through the gate and around the pool.

The pack followed shortly as High Speed Copulator guided her husband into the motel and by the laundry room. Maybe he'll start hashing on a regular basis. We headed out behind the motel and ran north through the creek bed. At a check, the pack did a sharp left and Gives Good Head and Shoulders headed straight towards Angel's cat house, Visa card at the ready. It was off through the desert for the rest of us. Trail circled to the left for about a mile and then up to ridge top. Off in the distance, we could see two vehicles by a storage tank. Aha! That must be the beer check. We made a bee-line for them. It was a good thing they were visible, since Wild Bill had run out of flour and had to resort to using his flour bag and various articles of clothing to mark trail.

The trails separated at the beer check and many hardy souls headed up the hill on the ball buster. We elected to take the eagle which went straight while those on the turkey turned left on the road back to town. We heard later that Poor Aim fell, bruised his butt laying the ball buster and ruined his sex life for the rest of the trip. The eagle went along the side of the hill where it joined the ball buster at a big cool cave. Here, Love's Big Pussy was manning the shot check. It was then back down

the hill to the edge of town. A check at "A" Street caused a group to take a right and onto the Friday night trail (even though their flour was white). I (Cums in a Tube) have to admit to following them for a while. Suddenly, a vehicle whizzed by and picked up Pinky, turned around and deposited him back at the check. Instructions and arrows were placed at the check telling everyone to head behind the Stagecoach for On In.

Tit Mitt, Down Wendy and their entourage had found the cooler from Friday night's "topless beer check" and brought it to the end. The rest of the pack straggled in with Undercover, Boyz 'R Us, me (Free Samples), Baby Crack Whore and Gang Banger near the back. Part of the delay was due to Brown Thumb who got so hot that she had to strip on trail. Finally Amelia Airfart DFL'd after stopping for an ice cream just as Down-Downs began.

We were reminded that Massive Two Tits and Flotation Device had plugged up the bus toilet and that Flotation had a "holy shit!" cactus attack on trail and related how she was bitten by a horse and her uncle's goat. Good grief! Howdy Do Me was awarded a hard hat to wear in case he collapsed and fell on his head like at Friday night's Down-Down. Hunka Hunka Burning Shit lead us in the "Up Jumped the Monkey from the Coconut Grove" song, a classic Las Vegas HHH ritual. Poke-a-Cuntess, Koresh, Big Boobs and Deep Stroke did a foursome and celebrated finding love in Beatty. Long Beach demanded a "do-over" to trade Big Boobs back for Pokey.

Hashit nominations included Wild Bill for losing Alouette and Geezer Teaser for giving back \$13 change for a \$10 bill. No wonder we're losing money. However, the hashit went to Pinky as the pack "turned on him like jackals" for putting Howdy to sleep during Friday Down-downs.

On-On was at the Sourdough Bar with a sumptuous spread (Thanks, for all the eats Corn Hole Hussy). Pokey offered a lap dance and a Painted Toes T-shirt for 5 dollars (make you holler) and The Painted Toes sounding better than ever playing well into the night and ending another shitty hash.

On Out

WEAKLY RUN STATS -FRIDAY NIGHT

Run #: 1196

Date: 11/24/2006

Place: Beatty Nevada

Miles: 4.9

Hares: Nice Hair Fag, Ben Dover, Buster Hymen

Attendance for the weekend: 72

First time LBH3 Visitors: Blue Berry, Willie Cum Home, Special Ed---Vegas, Her A Cum, Ride My Ass--Utah

Hare Patches: Ben Dover & Nice Hair = 20

Birthdays: Koresh

Hash Shit: The Hares: Buster Hymen, Ben Dover & Nice Hair for having a "bar 2 bar" run in the dark, on treacherous rocky trails with unmarked barbed wire and not announcing that flashlights were required.

ON ON: Ensenada Grill

Run Notes: Dark trails, barbed wire, 3 beer checks.

RECEDING HARELINE

12/10/06 1201 GT, PINKY, BLOW

12/17/06 1202 SIN D BARE

12/24/06 1203 OPEN - see Cum Nail Me to sign up

WEAKLY STATISTICS - SATURDAY & SUNDAY BEATTY RUNS

Run #: 1197

Date: 11/25/2006

Place: Beatty Nevada

Miles: 6.9

Hares: Wild Bill, Poor Aim, Alouette

New Boot: Michael Gaber

First Time Beatty: 33 Hashers

Run Patches: Baby Crack Whore=25, Retracted=50, Splash=50

Hare Patches: Alouette=65, Poor Aim=80

Birthdays: Gay's OK, Cums in a Tube, Big Boobs, Deep Stroke, Pack

My Chute, B-Flat, Alouette, Blow Interest

Hash Shit: Pinky for putting Howdy to sleep during Down Downs.

ON ON: Sourdough Bar & Grill

Run Notes: False trails toward Angels, views of Beatty, 1 Beer check, Ballbuster over rocky mountain through a cave. Eagle trail. Shot check in cave.

Run #: 1198

Date: 11/26/2006

Place: Beatty Nevada

Miles: 4.6

Hares: LVH3= Hunka Hunka Burnin Shit, Golden Eagle, Koresh, Pokey

Weiners: Barney Stubble, Down & Dirty

Hash Shit: Geezer Teaser having the wrong priorities. (Gave up wild and sordid sex for selling haberdashery.

ON ON: Make your own giant sandwiches at the end.

Run Notes: Lazy Bimbo trail (some were so lazy they took the bus to the beer check and back). Turkey & Eagle trail with a roving beer check that started on the top of the mountain. Great views of Rhyolite.

MISMANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

Grandmasters:	Eddie "Pinky" Scott	(714) 756-2962
	Chris "Just Say no To Crack" Miller	(562) 696-1537
Hash Cash:	JoAnn "6-9 Split" Levandoski	(562) 422-3599
	Kurt "Nice Hair Fag" Hesse	(949) 294-3773
On Sec:	Susanne "Broomhilda" Gilmore	(562) 423-6149
	Bernice "Special Head" Banares	(562) 522-8774
	snooze@snooze.lbh3.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) 756-2962
	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

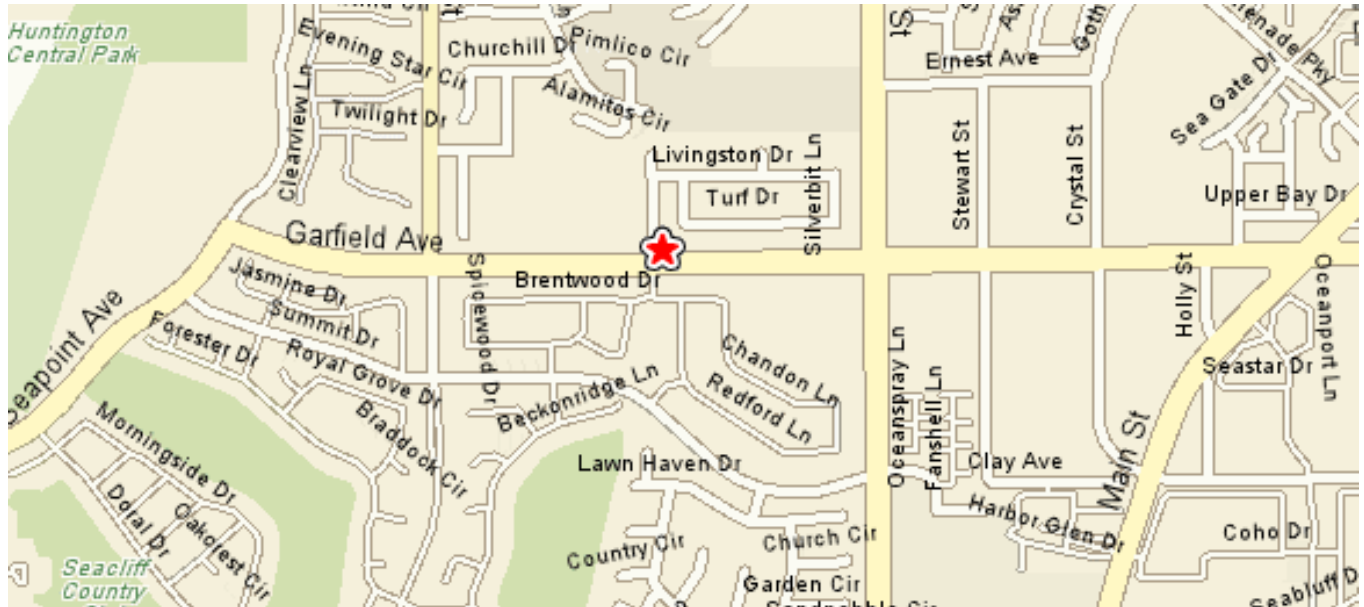
Webmeister: "HomoSaxual" - lbh3beer@hotmail.com

Webmeister - Snooze: pillsburyblowboy@yahoo.com

LONG BEACH H3 RUN # 1198
SUNDAY DECEMBER 10th, 2006 10:00 AM
HARES: BUST HER HYMEN, GEEZER TEASER, BLOW INTEREST, SPECIAL HEAD
LOCATION: HUNTINGTON BEACH, TG 857-G4
COST: \$ 4.00

Directions: Come Celebrate Bust Her Hymen's Birthday Day with LBH3! Huntington Seacliff Elementary 6701 Garfield Ave. Huntington Beach, CA. 405 North or South, exit Golden West go South towards the Beach turn right on Garfield turn right into parking lot of Huntington Seacliff Elementary School and LFH.

Special Santa Claus On On at Geezer Teaser & Pinky's afterwards Celebrate Bust Her Hymen's Birthday. \$7 bucks gets you homemade Tamales, Chicken Enchiladas, Chile Colorado, beans, rice and cerveza. Try to Guess the number of Santa Clauses at GT's including both inside and outside of the house who ever is the closest wins a prize, "Santa" maybe.



ALOUETTE
Neva Higgins
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