

LBH3 Snoozeletter

Hash Hotline: (562) HASHITT December 10, 2006 Hash Website: www.lbh3.org

The Hash with a Rash

Most write-ups are fairly easy to do based on all the fun experiences of a day at the hash. While this was also a fun hash, since I knew I wouldn't have time to do the write-up until Tuesday night, I figured I'd wait to see how things progressed.

Unfortunately, around Monday afternoon at 1pm, last Sunday's trail was at the top of my mind. I should have been concentrating on work, but instead, was scratching my leg, wondering why it was itching. OH YEAH, MAYBE IT WAS THAT POISON OAK PATCH that trail went through on Sunday.

So the basics of 4H's trail from last week for those of you that missed it, and there were a lot of you that missed out, was run up a hill, go through a neighborhood, find another hill to run up, and repeat for as many hills as possible. The problem was that some uphill had poison oak, which was avoidable, but the down-hills also had oak, which is not as easy to avoid after one's momentum begins.

By Monday night, while watching Monday Night Football with **Stumbelina**, I figured the best way to see if I was alone in my misery was to call some fellow hashers to see if the rest of the pack was feeling my pain. First, I called **Ben Dover**. I made sure to call early and not wake up the baby, **Rosy Cheeks**. Apparently, **Dover** was fine. I don't know if he was the best test case because the first time I ever got Poison Oak was while setting the 21 Beercheck trail with him in '02.

Next I called **Corny**. I did need to make sure she had recovered from my giving

her hashit this week. I can't believe she pulled a bait and switch by advertising the bus to Beatty would show porno, and then they come back watching Brokeback Mountain. Anyhow, neither **Corny** nor **Head** said they had any effects yet, but I think they were just covering for their son.



The name's Nice Hair Fag, but you can call me "Scratchy".

I also called **Cum Nail Me**. We discussed some of the more intricate parts of 4H's trail. We tried to figure out where the 1st beercheck was actually hidden. There was an excellent hill to start the trail, and yes, those that stayed in the drainage ditch the whole way were probably climbing right through patches of oak. I stayed on the dirt hillside, and could weave around the reddish green plants. Unfortunately, both of us heard the call of "Beer Near" while climbing the hill, but didn't find the beercheck. **Cum Nail Me** said that he didn't have any symptoms yet, but would be sure to call back if they appeared before my write-up was due.



Don't forget to get your Shots for Tots, They'll help buy toys for the LBPD Toy Drive.

Finally, I also left voice mails for **Howdy** and **Whale Boner**. I was upset that it seemed **4H** may have gotten the best of me and that I was the only hasher to get oak on this trail. It had been such a nice day to recover from such a strong hangover, (thanks **For' N**, **Nemo**, and **Screw Loose**.)

Then my luck started to change. **Buster** text messaged me stating that he was sorry about missing the hash because of work taking him to Bakersfield for the weekend. I guess he was put up in some cheap hotel that had hookers out front on the street corner. I knew I wouldn't be the only one at next week's hash with a rash.

Howdy also called back to explain the scientific reasoning the poison oak causes pain. Basically, **Howdy** is smarter than any of us and when he I.D.'s the oak, he knows to run the other way.

As a hash service, here is what www.webmd.com says about poison oak - *Poison oak closely resembles poison ivy, although it is usually more shrub-like, and its leaves are shaped somewhat like oak leaves. The undersides of the leaves are always a much lighter green than the surface and are covered with hair. Poison oak is more common in the western U.S.*

He was certain to make sure that I knew he was **AHEAD** of **Ignorant F#@** at the time **Howdy** spotted the trail. Also, he made sure I knew **Iggy** and **Finger in the Dyke** were so excited to be ahead of **Howdy** that they just plowed down the hill, through the oak, just because they were so excited to be in the lead. So there were likely 2 more candidates to show up at next week's hash with a rash.



Thanks to Corn Hole Hussie for all her hard work on our Beatty trip.



Looks like there's some Space Available next to Baby Crack Whore,

And true to his word, **Cum Nail Me** did call back before my write-up was complete. Yes, signs of a rash were developing on his legs. This made me feel very sad for **Ground Control to Major Tongue**. Not only did her Trojans lose to UCLA, now her boyfriend had developed a rash. I think Pete Carroll will have one if he has to play in the Rose Bowl again. (You just **KNEW** I had to mention that!!)

In closing, the best advice I can give about resolving the issue of poison oak came from this section of the www.webmd.com article.

What Should I Do If I am Exposed to a Poison Plant?

If you think you may have been exposed to a poison plant:

- Remove your clothes.

On On, Nice Hair Fag

Brokeback Ball Buster

By Last Train

Out of the four Beatty trips we've done I think this one was the best. You could say it was the **MASTER BEATTY**..... But enough about me.....

When Poor Aim told us about how dangerous the ball buster trail was going to be I about wizzed my diapers. Most hashers opted out and did the eagle. Whaleboner curled up into a fetal position and started sucking his thumb. I figured I'd done ball busters before so why not. What else was I going to do? Only it wasn't really what you might call a ball busting trail. Eagle would have sufficed. The hare's Allouette, Poor Amy, and not so Wild Bill have turned a little soft I guess.

The Ball buster portion started after the beer check. The minute I saw that the hill I was about to clime was but a pimple, I grabbed a beer to accompany me on the "horrendous" upward hike. The top had a panoramic view of the desert with the town of Beatty being the only sign of civilization if you could call it that. Just take a gander at some of the mother fucking (that's not a joke) locals. Although with so much nuclear waste in the air I wonder if any kind of breeding is possible. Beatty was but a trailer park. Home of speed freaks like the one that would be cooking our salt steak we were to eat that night and the Sourdough. By the way, I've since suffocated my roommates out of the house from gruntin' that slab a flesh out.

. Whooooph, you'd think I ate a sulfur mine. I'd love to hear your experience. Anyway, as we descended down the hill it became a little slippery and you had to do some skiing and sliding. I guess this was the part the hares were whining about. Spanky Yankee, Tit Mitt and Down Wendy seemed to have no problem but Nice Hair Fag was being just that (a fag) and was holding on for dear life. Leaning back against the slope he said, "hey, Last Train wait up and keep an eye on Screw Cap." I looked ahead and I saw 78 year ol' Screw Cap racing out in front in full throttle with an ice cold beer in his hand. We kept an eye on Nice Hair instead.

Finally down the Mountain I caught up to Retracted and we had a bit of a challenge with a check but soon found Friday night's BC complete with beer on ice and a full bottle of Mudslide®. Don't mind if I do. We enjoyed our impromptu beer check and proceeded to carry it to the On In. I weaned out of helpin' carry the ice chest taking full advantage of Deadstick and Nice Hair's kindness. Well, that's about it for the "killer" BB trail. On On to the next portion of this saga. Take it away next scribe.....

LBH3 ANNUAL TOY DRIVE

LBH3 contributes to the Long Beach Police Dept's toy drive every year. You probably can guess why.

So, buy some jello shots at the 12/10 or 12/17 hash runs. Or contribute some cash Or bring a new toy to the hash run on 12/10 or 12/17. Thanks!!!

**Deadline for Sunday write-ups is Wednesday at 5 PM.
E-mail your write-ups, directions, etc to: Snooze@snooze.lbh3.org
Or snail mail to:
Susanne "Broomhilda" Gilmore
1900 E. 53rd Street
Long Beach, CA 90805**

RECEDING HARELINE

12/24/06	1203	JUST SAY NO TO CRACK
12/31/06	1204	ROYAL FLUSH
1/7/07	1205	DEEP STROKE, BIG BOOBS & SIN D BARE
1/14/07	1206	OPEN – see Cum Nail Me to sign up
1/21/07	1207	FLOTATION DEVICES
1/28/07	1208	DOUBLE ENTRY – Robbie Burns Day
2/4/07	1209	The PAINTED TOES – SuperBowl Sunday at SHITPACKERS
2/11/07	1210	Open – see Cum Nail me to sign up
2/18/07	1200	MORNING AFTER FOUND'ER BALLS Outgoing GM's Run

**FEBREWARY 17th, 2007 – 22nd ANNUAL
FOUND'ER BALLS SIGN UP NOW!
Flyers available at the hash or on-line.**

Weakly Snooze stats 12/03/2006

Run #1199:
Date: 12/03/2006
Place: Los Angeles Echo Park
Miles: 4.6
Hares: 4H
Weiners: Iggie & Finger
Attendance: 51
Visitors: Almost Perfect, Pollywood
Returners: Fungus, Hozer, Marquis de Sade, Sin D Bear
Hash Shit: Corney for allowing "Broke Back Mountain" on the return Beatty Bus (instead of porn)???
ON ON: Round Table Pizza on Glendale.
Run Notes: Hills, shiggy, trails, Elysian Park, 2 beer checks.

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@lbh3.snooze.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

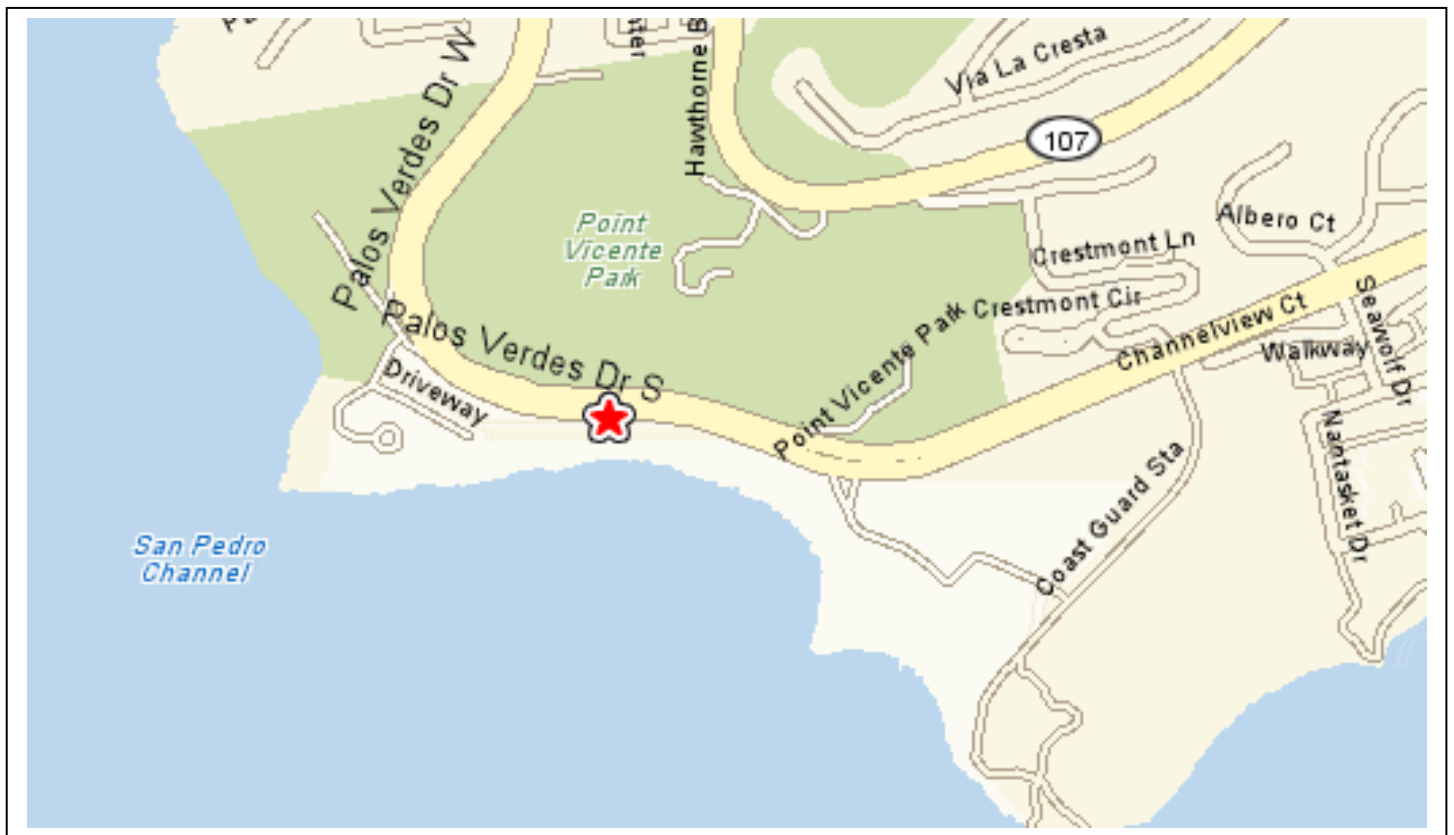
Webmeister: "HomoSaxual" – lbh3beer@hotmail.com
Webmeister – Snooze: pillsburyblowboy@yahoo.com

LONG BEACH H3 RUN # 1202
SUNDAY DECEMBER 17th, 2006 10:00 AM
HARES: SIN D BARE & BEANER BARE
LOCATION: PT VICENTE LIGHTHOUSE, RANCHO PV TG 822-E5
COST: \$ 4.00

Take the 110 Fwy South to where it ends at Gaffey Street in San Pedro (from downtown LB, take the bridges). Once on Gaffey Street, turn RIGHT on 1st Street, go up the hill and turn LEFT on Western Avenue. Turn Right on 25th Street. When you enter the beautiful City of Rancho Palos Verdes, 25th Street magically turns into Palos Verdes Drive South. Drive for about 4 miles along the coast. After passing Crestmont Lane (no signal) and you start to go around a bend in the road, look for a lighthouse and palm trees on your left and an unmarked left turn lane. Turn LEFT into the driveway and look for hashers in an open dirt lot next to the lighthouse property. If you come to Hawthorne Blvd., you've gone too far. Make a u-turn at Hawthorne, turn right into the entrance for Pt. Vicente Interpretive Center and look for the dirt lot next to lighthouse.

From, West LA, take 405 South, exit at Hawthorne Blvd, go south for about 10 miles, turn LEFT on Palos Verdes Drive West and then Right into lighthouse property.

Sin D Bare is going to christen his young daughter, Beaner Bare, on the art of haring kick-ass trails in PV. So get your holiday hung over butt to the end of the world for an out of this world trail experience. There will be thrills, chills, shiggy, views, wildlife and if we're lucky and it rains...mud! Also, T-E splits for the lazy and hung over. Defintely worth the drive. Oh yeah, Beaner Bare says it's not stroller friendly.



ALOUETTE
Neva Higgins
707 Nancy Lane
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