

LBH3 Snoozeletter

Hash Hotline: (562) HASHITT

August 16, 2007

Hash Website: www.lbh3.org

Virgin Trail in San Pedro?

By "The Validator"

On Thursday, August 2, Pig Iron was doing a little PR for his trail the following week, and was bragging about how he had found some "virgin" trail in San Pedro, and his run was going to be ~40% "virgin". Now I've been hashing a long time and have scouted or run trail in just about every conceivable corner of San Pedro, so I was doubtful. Then, in a very clever stroke of genius, he proposed that I scribe the run in order "validate" the "virginness" of the trail. The idea of combining "validating" and "virgin" was immediately intriguing, so I agreed.

After my death-march drive from Bum-fuck Brea to San Pedro, I pulled into the start about 2 minutes after the Hares (Pig Iron and OFF) left, so I missed the pre-run brief. As per Wild Bill, they said blah blah "beer check" blah blah "1 eagle-turkey split" blah blah "no poison oak" blah blah "no hills", etc. In the remaining 13 minutes, I checked in with Alouette and High Beams, threw on some shorts and wandered the crowd with my digital smart ass remark recorder and collected deep thoughts from the pack. Nice Hair Fag's deep thought was "Bite Me".

The start at Friendship Park is 80% of the way up the side of a really steep hill, so trail has to go uphill or downhill from the start. The hares laid trail uphill, and uphill, and uphill. I started at the back of the pack, and collected comments as I worked my way up the hill. There was a lot of heavy breathing. 6 minutes from the start Pinky was muttering something about "Fuck the Hares".. There was a decent check at the top of the hill with pack scattered everywhere. Joe Isuzu and his dog were scoping out a "big field of green grass" (old Animals song). Somebody blew On On on the last remaining bit of uphill and we were off. I caught up to the Chaney Girls (Take a #, Pull Toy and MILF Shake) and admired the scenery for a while. Then we went downhill and downhill. Cheek a Poo likes downhill and was hauling ass and raising dust. Nothing virgin yet.



Yeah, she's smiling now. Wait 'til after she runs this trail!

At the bottom of the hill, we popped into a creek bed that I had laid trail in before, and even laid a long false up the creek bed. We followed marks up the creek bed, way past where my false had ended, and I realized that indeed, I had never gone farther up this particular creek, so this must be the "virgin" part. The creek got rougher and rockier and the pack stretched into a plodding, heavy breathing, ant trail.

We came upon a check at a natural bowl surrounded by steep cliffs and ice plant. A sun-bleached hand-made ladder rested suspiciously on the west rim. Boy George, Tweedle, Blow Jack and I scaled the ladder and started looking for trail. None to be found. We milled about going west, then south, then north. In the meantime, pack had found trail in the canyon, still going north and their whistles were stifled by the steep canyon walls. I decided that trail must be in the canyon and started looking for a way back down. By now the canyon walls were pretty much vertical and there was about a 40 foot free fall from the rim to the bottom.

I struck off bushwacking across country, through the dry, dusty bush and Blow Jack and Tweedle were dumb enough to follow. 500 yards later, I could see over the edge and flour in the bottom of the canyon, so all we had to do was find a way down. 300 yards farther, there was a break in the bush, and a crack in the earth that we could slide down into the canyon. As luck would have it, I dropped into the queue right behind Pinky who was still muttering something about "Fuck the Hares". I moved on until I caught up with Tit Mitt and spent some more time admiring the scenery.



The pack finds San Pedro Stonehenge on trail.

By now the canyon was a steep, narrow, rocky, hand carved tunnel through the under brush. There was much evidence of recent hatchet and machete work to carve a path through long-dead brush. It was no wonder that this was virgin. It would have been unpassable without all the heavy landscaping. The tunnel was cool and dark in places, with odors of anise and skunk.

Finally, there was light at the end of the tunnel, and we popped out onto a surface street and a beer check w-manned by the lovely Deep Stroke. I was accused of carrying several pounds of trail on my person, and after several minutes of work with some Handi-wipes, it was once again apparent that I was a white man.

Trail was soon found back on city streets and an Eagle-Turkey split with the Eagles heading for Loyola Marymount. I caught up the Chaney girls again, did the scenery thing, and lost them on the college campus when I did a little long-cutting. Trail snaked down across a



V is for Virgin trail the hares found.

Careful, don't drop the camera Buster!



large field where the un-cautious could make great time leaping from gopher mound to gopher mound. I caught up to Fungus on the shoulder of the road where Tweedle and I had climbed up the ladder out of the canyon. Here was fresh flour where we had stood 30 minutes earlier. Pig Iron later admitted to squatting in the weeds and hiding while we searched the area.

Trail continued south across fields with lots of dead brush, and dropped into the bottom of the canyon where we had started. I had the pleasure of 'boosting' Blow Interest up the last hill onto the street. Then there was a long uphill on back to the start. Ben Dover was too pooped to carry anyone on his shoulders. Boys R Us commented "this trail sucks", Captain Hook decided that walking with Blow Interest was more fun than charging up that last hill. Trail turned out to be a very tight loop with the return trail never more than 300 yards from the outbound trail. I have to salute High Speed's Hare Snare 100 yards from the end. You Go Girl!

Down-downs were an exercise in futility as the parking lot lights turned themselves off and on at 5 minute intervals. High Speed declared that it was Last Trains fault since hadn't paid the electric bill, therefore he must do a Down-Down each time they went out. When the lights were out, the lights of San Pedro and L.A. Harbor formed a lovely backdrop.

The traditional stuff happened at Down-Downs: drinkers included JC Superscar and Cheek a Poo for Wieners, Visitor Strokin In The Boys Room, Returners Big Boobs/Deep Stroke, Ida Ho, Joe Isuzu, Mrs. Kervorkian, 200 Run Patch for Nice Hair Fag, and Broomhilda's 900 Run Salute.

The On On On was at a Mexican Restaurant near Gaffey and Pacific. Attendance was a little light because the Longshoremen had reserved 90% of the tables there, and Royal Flush was the only one dumb enough to sit at their table.

So, about this "validation" service that I was to perform. Just how do you quantify "40% virgin"? Yes, it is true that we ran through some new shiggy. It wasn't 40% of the distance of trail, but it was 40% of the blood and sweat, so I guess we have to give it to them. Hats off to Pig Iron and OFF for creating some new trail in San Pedro. And if someone uses it at least once a year, we'll beat the brush down for future generations of new boots and rookies.

Well done dudes, another shitty hash.

Your humble scribe,
Poor Aim a.k.a. "The Validator"



Another shameless plug for PBR.

THIS DATE IN HASH HISTORY

RUN # 679 DATE: 8/21/1997 (10 Years Ago)
PLACE: Huntington Beach
HARES: 8 YELLOW SNOW, BLOW UP DOLL
(and
B.U.D.'s son Ryan, who was later named
TWATWEILER)

This run commemorated 8 YELLOW SNOW's 4th Anniversary of Hashing. QUATRO PINKO CHEEKO was the virgin scribe. The hares wrote A2A on the street before they left, which took a lot of mystery out of the run and would lead to dire consequences later. PIG IRON, SCOOTER and NUT N' HONEY took off in the opposite direction of the hares. Meanwhile, the trail wound through parking lots and down into a mucky drainage ditch. Then it was across Springdale, east to a beer check at the Hebrew Academy, through Clegg Stacy Park and past Westminster Mall. Trail continued south along Westminster Avenue until a huge pre-laid arrow pointed down into the creek. It was here that PIG IRON snared 8 YELLOW SNOW. POOR AIM ran the hares down 2 blocks later for Snare #2. WILL WORK FOR FOOD and SPIDER took their turn for Snare #3. As they crossed Springdale, 60% of the pack showed up and did a 17-person Hare Snare. By now, 8 YELLOW SNOW was muttering "Why do you think it's such a big deal to snare a hare on a A2Arun?" Highlights of down-downs included Danial Singer receiving the hash name CHEWCACA and ALOUETTE, PULL TOY and TAKE A # sharing the hashit for picking fruit on trail. The on-on was at "My Place".

SPECIAL 'SUMMER OF LOVE/IGGY'S D-WORD WEEKEND' issue of the Snooze is coming next week.

Deadline for Deadline for Thursday write-ups, start location information, etc. is Mon at 5 PM E-mail your write-ups, directions, etc to:
Snooze@snooze.lbh3.org

CHECK THE CALENDAR – HOZER & SID WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT THE NEXT FOOTHILL HASH IS SUNDAY AUGUST 19th.

RECEDING HARELINE

8/23 1238 Thurs SCREW LOOSE , BEFEATER, 4-N-LAY
8/30 1239 Thursday PILLSBURY [Blue Dress Run](#)
9/6 1240 Last Thursday Run – SPECIAL HEAD
9/9 1241 First Sunday – NICE HAIR FAG
9/16 1242 GEEZER, DOVER, PINKY – Viva Mexico Run
9/23 1243 WET CLAM's B-Day Run
9/30 1244 CUM NAIL ME & MAJOR TONGUE –
M-Word Run in Tustin

Results of Run # 1235 Date: 8/9/2007

Hares: PIG IRON & O.F.F.

Place: San Pedro, Bogdanovich Recreation Center on Cumbre St.

Miles: 4

Attendance: 81

New Boots: none

Returners: Big Boobs, Deep Stroke, Leif Garrett You Idiot, Ai Da Ho, Jocelyn Trader, Joe Isuzu, Mrs. Kevorkian

Visitors: Strokin in the Boys Room & Got Milk – LAH3

New Names: William Kessler III Is now CRIMSON TURD

Patches: Nice Hair Fag – 200, Hi-Speed Copulator – 469,

Broomhilda - 900

Hare Patches: none

Hashit: Pixilated Pussy for losing 40 pounds, all in her tits

On-On: Big Dicks – oops Big Nicks on Gaffey & Channel

Run Notes: Lots of shiggy, skunk on trail, jungle, hares bushwhacked a trail

MISMANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

Grandmasters: Eddie "Pinky" Scott (714) 756-BYOB
Laura "Hi Speed Copulator" Gaber (562) 902-2443
Hash Cash: John "He's So Sweet" Kotlarski (562) 420-1221
Anne "Low Beams" Lattime (562) 439-2031
On Sec: Susanne "Broomhilda" Gilmore (562) 423-6149
Bernice "Special Head" Banares (562) 522-8774
[mail to: Snooze@snooze.lbh3.org](mailto:Snooze@snooze.lbh3.org)
On Disk: Neva "Alouette" Higgins (714) 526-7823
Dick "Poor Aim" Ames (714) 734-6979
Brewmeisters: Steve "Head & Shoulders" Cantril (562) 400-1099
Bill "Last Train" Nord (714) SLIMEUP
Munchmeister: Diane "Kammonawannaleia" Eisner (714) 658-2595
Trailmaster: Joel "Sin D Bare" (310) 544-5223
Hash Pushers: Victoria "Geezer Teaser" Rivera (714) 756-2962
Songmeister: Debbie "Corn Hole Hussie" Cantril (562) 400-1099
Hash Flash: Jaime "Buster Hymen" Ybarra (310) 872-6638
Ramona "Moan N'" Tucker (310) 378-6453

Webmeister: "Homo SAXual" – lbh3beer@hotmail.com

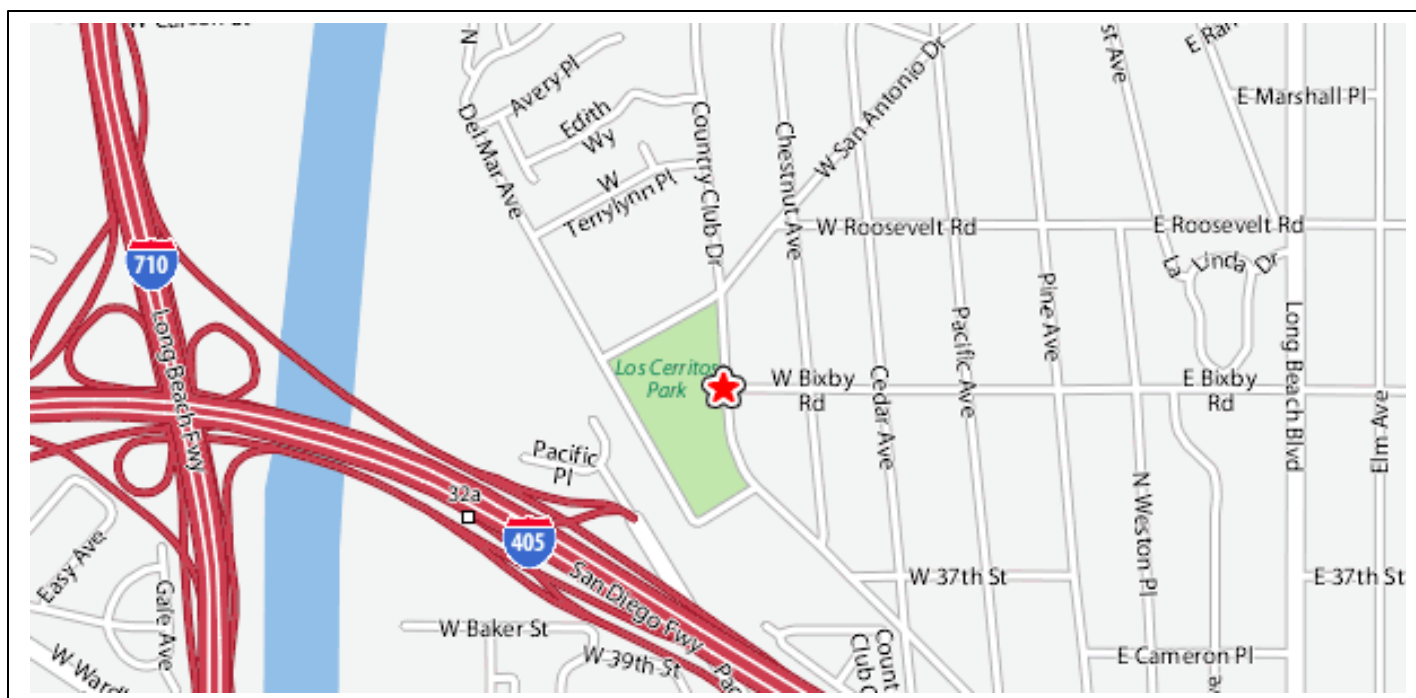
Webmeister – Snooze: pillsburyblowboy@yahoo.com

Long Beach Hash House Harriers Run # 1238
Thursday August 23rd, 6:30 PM
Hares: SCREW LOOSE, BEEFEATER & 4-N-LAY
Location: Los Cerritos Park, Bixby Knolls, Long Beach TG 765 C-7
Cost: \$4.00

THE THREE HOT GIRLS A-RUNNIN' HASH

Directions: 405 N or S to Long Beach Blvd. Head north to Bixby Rd. Left on Bixby to Country Club Dr. Turn right and park. Look for hashers milling in park. 91 W or E to Atlantic Blvd. Head south to Bixby Rd. Turn right on Bixby Rd. Follow directions as above. 710 N or S to Wardlow Rd. Head east to Long Beach Blvd. Turn left on Long Beach Blvd. to Bixby Rd. Turn right on Bixby Rd. follow directions as above.

This run is dog friendly and stroller friendly? Come join us and just have fun.



Alouette
Neva Higgins
707 Nancy Lane
Fullerton, CA 92381