

# Laughlin Special Edition

Hash Hotline: (562) HASHITT November 28-30, 2008 Hash Website [www.lbh3.org](http://www.lbh3.org)  
LONG BEACH HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

## THE GREAT LBH3/VLV3 LAUGHLIN INVASION OF 2008

-- By **WILD** "Know When to  
Hold 'em" **BILL**

First and foremost, I considered this road trip to be a great success. I want to thank all the people who helped out – your hard work contributed to a super weekend for us. Lots of people had lots of fun, and no Hashers were KIA (Killed in Action) during the entire campaign. We did, however, experience a number of MIAs, as you will see.

### Friday, 28 November:

0900 hours, at the Park 'n Ride in Norwalk: **VFW** and **STILLET-HO** were the trip's first MIAs. They finally showed up at 0920 hours, he looking happy, she looking damp and frazzled. Clearly, the weekend had already started for them. The bus ride out was uneventful. Best video: "40-year-old Virgin". Worst video: "Perth InterHash 2008." Close second: Some mindless horror movie. Afternoon was spent with Registration at the Hashpitality Suite, and maybe dropping a quarter or two into the casino's machines.

Friday evening LBH3 Run No. 1309: Hares **SIN D BARE** and **FUNGUSAMUNGUS** took off from Hash Central (the Colorado Belle) down the Riverwalk. The Pack followed trail about as far as the gate to the maintenance area of the Pioneer Casino before being diverted by Security. Normally, the pack would scatter in all directions, but this time we were bounded on the east by the Colorado River, so we all eventually went west. Someone saw a brightly-colored boat out on the river and announced that we were witnessing the Holiday Boat Parade. I don't know if they were kidding, but didn't care because I was getting thirsty again from all this running and Security-dodging. Happily, we went across the Main Drag (Casino Drive) and acquired **TWEEDLE**'s SUV Beer Check in the Royal Palms Casino parking lot. I hit and split, and later learned she had to cut it short due to Security. We recrossed Casino Drive to the Hilo Bar in the Regency Casino, wherein was Beer Check No. 2, the Country Bob band, and a variety of – dare I say it? – slot



*Left: Let the festivities begin!*  
*Right: Cheers! (Is that the Kegmeister drinking BOTTLED beer?)*

and video poker machines. The band was good and the bar was open, so nobody was in a hurry to leave. When the open bar finally slammed shut, most of us ran past the Aquarius Casino and back across the street to Beer Check No. 3 (which had recently been Beer Check No. 1). The Eagle Trail (and a few Hashers) went over a big hill and dropped back down to the Hideout Bar. This was the location of Beer Check No. 4 and the Hash Band. Once again, an open bar, a great band – but something was missing; what could it be? Oh, right – we needed an MIA. Anybody seen **ALOUETTE**? Not since the Hilo Bar and 25-cent video poker machines! There were no Down -Downs (like anybody needed any!), and the band got rocking. I re-acquired our MIA back at the Colorado Belle, and she said she'd had a grand tour of Laughlin, during part of which she was personally escorted by the Laughlin Police Department. They turned her loose when they realized she was a video-poker playing asset to the local economy, and we partied at the Hideout until shortly after the now-infamous "Pile-on". The band and open bar stayed there well after I did, and from what I hear, I missed some really hot saxophone from our new friend **KRAKATAU**. The next morning, I learned that the Beer Check Keg of Miller was KIA. It was the only fatality of the entire campaign. The tap had been inadvertently left open, and it bled out before dawn.

## RESULTS OF RUN # 1309

**Date:** Friday 11/28/2008

**Hares:** SIN D BARE, FUNGUS

**Place:** Laughlin, Colorado Belle next to the covered walkway that connects New Orleans

**Miles:** 3.5    **Attendance:** 75

**New Boots:** Charles Smith

**Returns:** FLIPPER, FLOUNCER, MRS. KAVORKIAN, NIPPLE SCHNITZEL, POKEY, Mike Gaber

**Visitors:** BLUEBERRY, GOLDEN EAGLE, HUNKA HUNKA, KORESH – LVH3, HER-A-CUM 10, WILLIE CUM HOME = Utah, MY NAME SUCKS, RUMPLED FORESKIN, LICKWEENIE, SPASH – OCH3, PLAID COW, THE UDDER FUCKER, RETRACTED, SPANKEE, SARALEGAL – LAH3, first time LBH3 AGAINST THE GRAIN, PICTURE ME NAKED

**On-On:** The Hideout, Hash Band

**Run Notes:** Welcome to Laughlin Pub Crawl trail, 4 beer checks, view of Holiday boat parade – one boat. No down-downs



**FRIDAY NIGHT**  
**11/28/2008**

## Saturday, 29 November:

1300 hours, LBH3 Run No. "Lucky" 1313: Most us piled into the bus and drove up Highway 163, turning off on the Christmas Tree Pass road. We piled back out at the Grapevine Canyon Trailhead, below Spirit Mountain. The weather was nice – cool and a little breezy – and the area was quite scenic. Despite the beauty, **ALOUETTE** muttered something rude about a decided lack of video poker machines nearby. The Hares were **SIN D**, **POOR AIM**, and **TAKE A #**. The Eagle Trail went back down the road we'd just driven up; the Turkey Trail went uphill toward the canyon mouth. I took the Eagle, and we drifted into the desert, but paralleled the road until we got to Beer Check No. 1 by Highway 163. **FUNGUS** managed to shortcut these first two miles by simply hopping in the Beer Check vehicle and riding down with it! After a quick beer, we then started regaining our lost elevation up a dry wash, then going up and over a series of ridges. As we climbed, the views got better and better, and on one ridge we had a super view of Laughlin and its environs. However, that view almost proved disastrous. While I was looking at it, I was on the crest of a ridge, and I stepped on a loose rock. I started to tip, and in so doing I knocked into **CUMS in a TUBE**, and he started to tip...It could have been a chain reaction with really bad consequences, but **VFW** reacted quickly and kept me from taking a swan dive down into the rocks below! We continued up and down the hills, mainly following **NIGHT DEPOSIT** and our old buddy **NIPPLE SCHNITZEL**. **HOZER** couldn't make it over one ridge, decided "Fuck it" and made his own way out. It

was now late afternoon, and a cool breeze was starting to pick up. We finally began to drop down into clusters of huge boulders which formed part of Grapevine Canyon.

**WHALEBONER** and **LAST TRAIN** went exploring together through the rocks and found a cave. What happens in Grapevine Canyon, stays in Grapevine Canyon, I guess! Still, this portion of trail was absolutely fantastic. **SARALEGAL** was delighted – "This is why I Hash!" he told me. I couldn't agree more! Could it possibly get better? Damn right – we came to a clearing in the canyon, and here's **TAKE A #** handing out cold beers! This is where the Eagle, Turkey, and Ball Buster trails all came together. The Turkey came up the canyon. (Semi-funny side story: **BUM LICKER** and **RETRACTED** had stayed at the bus with their kids, and **SIN D** convinced them to walk up the canyon to **TAKE A #**'s Beer Check; told them it was only a ½ mile. When they got there, they couldn't find her or the beer, so they got pissed and turned back. After they left, she came out from behind the boulders where she'd hiding, saying that she kept the Beer Check hidden until the first Eagle arrived!) The Eagle Trail came in through the rocks, and the Ball Buster continued up the canyon and looped back around. We dropped down toward the bus, enjoying a final treat of Petroglyphs near the mouth of the canyon. Down-Downs were held by the bus in the fading sunlight. **FUNGUS** and I helped **SIN D** with the Circle, but the big hit was **KRAKATAU**, who had some pick stinkies – I mean pink stickies – that were wildly entertaining. And judging from the previous night, she can blow, too! The breeze picked up more, and it started to get really cold.

. Hashers were getting checked off the list as they came in, and at last there were only two still out – the MIAs. Now who could be dumb enough to get their sorry asses lost in the cactus-covered mountains of the Nevada desert, 15 miles from town, at heavy dusk in late November? OK – it could have been **FUNGUS**, but not this time. Most of you already know the answer – they were **BOYZ R US** and **SCREW CAP!** Knowing that at least one of them probably wouldn't survive the night (and it would probably be the wrong one), **POOR AIM** went looking for them, finally bringing them in when it was well and truly dark! **BOYZ** had managed to find the only cow pie in the desert, and fell in it. That ruined his shorts, so he finished without them. Jeez, maybe **POOR AIM** shouldn't have searched so hard...From there, it was back to the Colorado Belle. The ON ON was a great buffet at the Riverside Casino. Whoever made that choice (I think it was **FUNGUS**) really picked a winner.

### RESULTS OF RUN # 1313

**Date:** Saturday 11/29/2008

**Hares:** SIN D BARE, POOR AIM, TAKE A #, HOT PANTS

**Place:** 4-5 miles outside Laughlin on Christmas Tree Road

**Miles:** 4.7    **Attendance:** 77

**New Boots:** same as 11/28

**Visitors:** same as 11/28 plus BUM LICKER and wife

**Returners:** same as 11/28

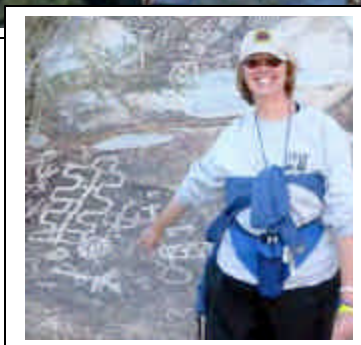
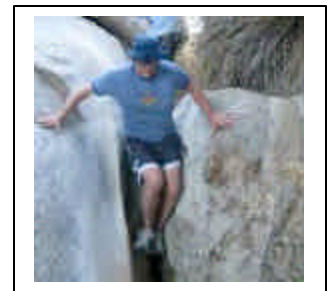
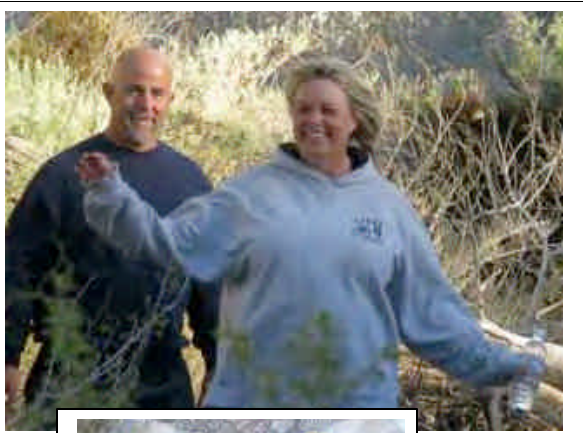
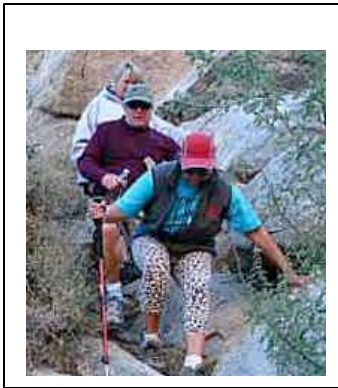
**Patches:** ANAL SLEZ – 25, TWEEDLE ME – 200, 6-9 SPLIT – 400 plus hat

**Hare Patches:** POOR AIM – 90

**Hashit:** SIN D BARE for leaving the tap open all night on the hashpitality beer keg. Thus draining all of the golden elixir.

**On-On:** Don Laughlin's Riverside Resort Casino buffet, all you can eat party and dance to top 40 Band at Loser's Lounge, midnight drunk bowling

**Run Notes:** Bus left for run start 1pm. Eagle and turkey trails. Ran many ridges and through the wash. Lots of climbing and boulder scrambling. Cactus attacks.



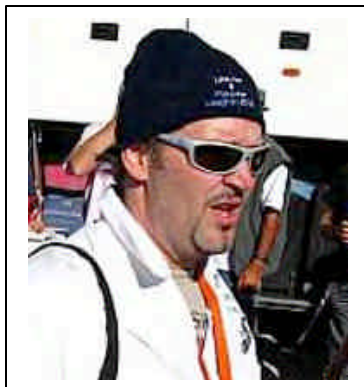
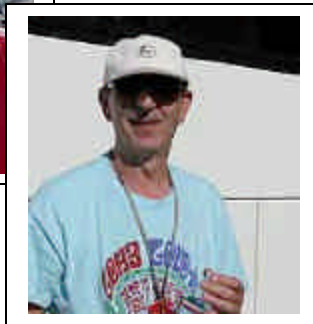
**Saturday  
Run #  
1313**



**Sunday 30 November:**

1030 hours: VIVA LAS VEGAS/LONG BEACH H3 Run No. 1310: I'm not sure I can stand any more fun. Hares were **HUNKA HUNKA BURNIN' SHIT, KORESH** and **GOLDEN EAGLE** (A walkers' trail was hared by **BLUEBERRY** in and around the Colorado Belle). Start was on the Riverwalk like Friday night oops no fuck it was changed because everybody wandered like zombies over to the bus. Actually, I've seen zombies that looked a helluva lot better than some Hashers looked after spending two nights in a hotel/casino. I tried to get a little oxygen into their beer system with "Father Abraham", and then we took off down Casino Drive again. The trail took us up into the hills just west of town. It was sunny and cool – and then the wind picked up. I promptly got involved in a long nasty false trail (Memo to self: Never follow **LAST TRAIN** off a check; I should know better by now.) The trail then went a long way out into the hills, then looped back on itself (so I didn't have to run very far because I was so far behind), and I followed New Boot **Charles Smith** down to the SUV Beer Check on Thomas Edison Drive. Here, the wind seriously picked up – it started blowing hard enough that the driven sand was hurting bare skin. **RUMPLED FORESKIN** was wearing contact lenses, and it was killing him! Even worse, some of that sand was getting in your beer! (To avoid this, **POOR AIM** started using a small-mouthed water bottle!) From there, the Eagle went up over a dune-covered hill, and that damn wind was really painful. Most of us finally dropped down to Thomas Edison, where the wind wasn't full of sand. I was minding **SCREW CAP**, because I knew the bus was leaving for California in a few short hours and I didn't want him MIA again. He was, however, wandering down the middle of the street in front of the police

station, drinking a pint of beer in a conspicuous red cup. But God takes care of fools and Hashers, and we safely rounded the corner and made it to the statue of Don Laughlin on Casino Drive, where the VLV Hashers conducted the Circle. They are a highly entertaining and enthusiastic group, and are living proof that with proper training and nutrition, even lower primates have something to contribute to the Hash! "Up jumped the monkey..." **POKE-A-CUNTESS** (who is on temporary loan from LBH3, and we expect her back soon, since **KORESH** is now officially a Really Old Guy) received her Five Hare patch. **KRAKATAU** had a few more stick pinkies, and we welcomed all the look-alikes, had a few more beers – and then it was time to pay our last visit to the Colorado Belle and say our ON ONs to the Vegas Hashers, the Wasatch Hashers, the CA Hashers who didn't come up on the bus....Hold it! Wait a minute! Has anybody seen **ASS TITS & TWAT**? Oh, shit – another MIA and the bus is leaving...**VFW** did a quick recon and performed his second rescue mission of the weekend, **AT&T** made the bus, and the Great LBH3/VLV Laughlin Invasion of 2008 drew to a close. The bus trip back was traffic-laden and anticlimactic. Best video: 2<sup>nd</sup> half of "Borat." Worst video (take your pick): "Zoolander," "Space Balls," "Kung Fu Panda." Worst part about the whole video thing: we had plenty of porno on the bus, but nobody wanted to be the one to actually "put it in"! Hey **ALOUETTE**, just what were you watching on your two computers? **ON OUT!**  
**WB**



**RESULTS OF RUN # 1310**

**Date:** Sunday, November 30, 2008  
**Hares:** HUNKA HUNKA, KORESH, BLUEBERRY, GOLDEN EAGLE  
**Location:** Laughlin- Colorado Belle next to the covered walkway that connects New Orleans  
**Miles:** 4.2    **Attendance:** 74  
**New Boots:** same  
**Visitors:** same  
**Returners:** same  
**Hare Patches:** POKEY – 5 (missing patch)  
**Hashit:** none  
**Run Notes:** brought to the hash by Viva Las Vegas. Trail took us through the dirt hills west of the city. Windy, kicking up sand. On-In at statue of Don McLaughlin, founder of Laughlin.

**THANKS TO THE  
LAUGHLIN  
COMMITTEE FOR ALL  
THEIR HARD WORK!**