

# Long Beach H3 Snooze

Hash Hotline: (562) HASHITT

July 30, 2009

Hash Website: www.lbh3.org

## Ortega Campout Special Edition



### THE GREAT LBH3 CAMPOUT WEEKEND – 2009

--by WILD “Daniel Boone” BILL

It was very hot (theme of the weekend). We had arrived at Ortega Campground off Ortega Highway behind the Ortega Candy Store, next to Ortega Mountain, Ortega Creek, Ortega Forest, ahead of the beer – so much for the 12:00 ceremonial Tapping of the 1st Keg – but someone had made an emergency beer run but had only bought a 6-er because it was so expensive, and we were almost finished with it when the blessed Van of Life arrived. After that, it was still hot, but nobody minded too much. We looked around, saw the LBHers and OCHers and LAHers showing in the little cars with their little tents. And, we saw this immense RV with a portable fence and a mist-er and two big dogs running off their leashes and a guy wearing expensive shades and smoking a cigar the size of a baseball bat and his wife drinking a big-ass martini at 2:00 in the afternoon. We looked at each other and said, “San Diego.” Check-in started promptly after two or three beers and continued until I don’t know when and why was the Sheriff’s helicopter doing low-altitude donuts just to the north of camp? Highlights of the afternoon included **BROOMHILDA** realizing that, although she had remembered the rain fly, she had neglected to bring the tent over which the rain fly is normally situated. And **KAMMONAWANNALEIA** performing a successful emergency repair to her tent using – get this – duct tape and a spoon! We were really roughing it out there (except, of

#### RESULTS OF LBH3 Run #1345

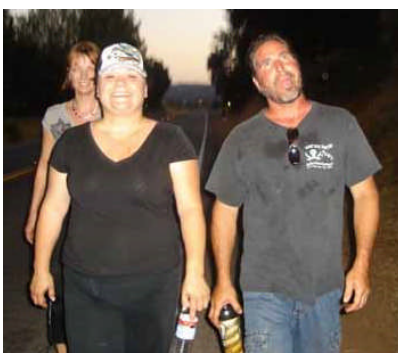
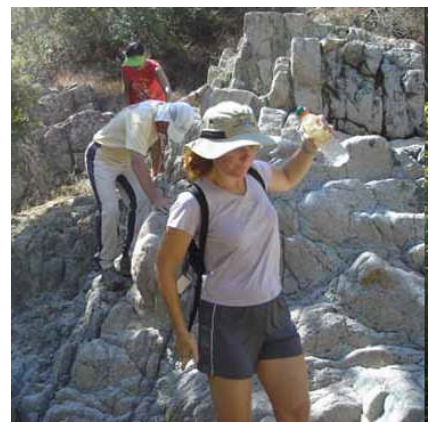
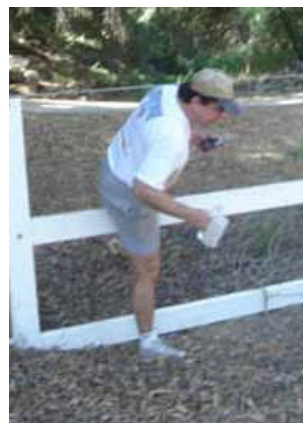
Date:	July 17, 2009
Location:	Ortega Campout
Miles:	4.2
Hares:	SIN-D-BEAR
Attendance:	80
New Boots:	None.
Visitors:	ASSCRACASTAN, DR. HOLE, QUICK CHANGE, GOT MILK, PLAID COW, ZZTOPKNOT, SARALEGAL from LAH3, SHEEP TRILLS, SPLASH from OCH3, BONE OF ARC, CELL YOUR ASS, MOJO’S BITCH, TJ DONKEY FLUFFER, JoAnna Cole, Jessica Drake from SDH3, GANGBANGER from Ridgecrest H3
Returners:	3.5” FLOPPY DICK, SMALL PARK FRANKS, CHEEK A BOO, HAIRY PALMER, I’M A LITTLE TEA TWAT, Tim Forster, OVER EASY, SPACE AVAILABLE, SPONGE, TOO LOOSE TO SCREW, HOMOSAXUAL, 4N LAY, RED HOT, WHITE ELEPHANT
Patches:	None.
New Names:	None.
Hashitt:	None.
On-On:	Hell’s Kitchen
Run Notes:	No down downs. Sin D said it was up and down, we’re still looking for the down. All trails near campground. Quick On In then straight to the OnOn

course, for San Diego) – almost 100 yards from indoor plumbing and the swimming pool, most of our cell phones were in-op due to the mountains...yeah, way out past civilization’s life-line. We did, however, manage to bring a little civilization with us, thanks to **PINKY**. He not only served as our DJ and sound man for the whole weekend, but also insured we had a projector for Saturday night’s movies. Tough job, considering there was no electricity in the camp!

Sometime around 6:30, it was time to Hash, LBH3 Run No. 1345. Hare **SIN-D-BARE** left in a cloud of flour, and 15 minutes later, the pack followed. Trail trended north along dirt roads and trails. It was pretty hilly – lots of ups and an occasional down (in case you don't quite know what "hilly" means) – but was very scenic. As twilight approached, the surrounding mountains were beautiful indeed. The trail dropped down to Ortega Highway, crossed it a couple times, wandered around until it was almost dark, then ended up very close to a local hangout called Hell's Kitchen. Because it was getting pretty late and everyone was hungry and PINKY had no decent Down-Down material, we skipped Down Downs and headed into Hell's Kitchen for dinner. Wise move. There were 50 or 70 of us, all hungry, all thirsty, mostly gross, hot and snippy – and there were only two waitresses. Patience was called for but you know how that goes. Nevertheless, after the initial (but usual) panic and feeding frenzy subsided, most of us agreed that there were worse places to be on a Friday night than on the back patio of Hell's Kitchen on Ortega Highway. A huge plus was that the condiment rack was in a really neat coffin adorned with flames and stuff. Hashers are so easily impressed. The beer was cold and served in neat mugs that I understand were not for sale. We were shuttled back by some self-sacrificing DD's (thank you!) and we re-commenced drinking all the stuff that you chase down with beer when you don't have to go to work for another 60 hours. The night remained warm, but there was a big ol' campfire anyway.

### RESULTS OF LBH3 Run #1350

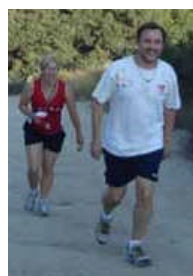
Date:	July 18, 2009
Location:	Ortega Campout
Miles:	3.5
Hares:	<b>NICE HAIR FAG, DANCES WITH SQUIRRELS</b>
Attendance:	81
Patches:	<b>LAST TRAIN, - 669, DR. HOLE - 200, SCRATCH N SNIFF - 100</b>
Hashitt:	<b>HI-SPEED COPULATOR</b> for showering with <b>FRUIT &amp; FUNGUS</b>
On-On:	Catered BBQ at campsite
Run Notes:	Hot, canyons LOTS of poison oak, very scenic, was that really a rattle snake on trail. On In at picnic area ¾ miles from campground. In the evening a naked run was held.



One of the greatest things about LBH3 campouts is the tradition of incredible breakfasts, and this weekend was no exception. **KAMMONA** and her bunch of volunteers outdid themselves this time. We awoke (some of us, that is) to everything you ever wanted in a breakfast burrito, and fruit, and coffee, and juice, and on on on...The debate raged – as we were shoveling food into our mouths at a high rate of speed – over whether it made any sense to eat a big-ass breakfast, chase it with a beer, and then take off running through the mountains in the intense heat of a Southern California July morning. I nodded sagely, because my mouth was full and was gonna stay full until my stomach rebelled. We watched the Hares for LBH3 Run No. 1350, **NICE HAIR** and **DANCES WITH SQUIRRELS**, making their plans, hatching their plots, scheming their nasty little schemes. Why is the Sheriff's helicopter doing his low-altitude donuts again? I never found out. **SQUIRRELS**, we noticed, was in full cammies and gaiters. After they left, we all faced the same troubling question: Do we really want to chase after those bastards, or should we all just head down to the swimming pool? Most of us did the Hash thing, and soon we were ON ON. Across Ortega Highway, we picked up the San Juan Hiking Trail and soon entered a steep but scenic canyon. We promptly encountered the 1st Beer Check – oh yeah, a nice frosty Coors to fend off the heat and dehydration! One canyon led to another, and we dropped down into a river bottom. At which time I learned that many Harriettes do not like poison oak. That includes **TITS ANNOY** – when it even comes near her she looks like she's got leprosy. Since the trail was narrow, rugged, and rocky, there was no way to actually get away from her, so I was forced to hear about her allergy again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again. About the time I got to the 2nd Beer Check and had another cold one with my buddy **SQUIRRELS**, I was hoping **TITS** would find something to take her mind off poison oak. Memo to Self: be careful what you wish for, because you just might get it. About the time we're ready to leave the Beer Check, she's coming back down the trail hollering something about a rattlesnake. **SQUIRRELS** kinda smiled and suggested that, since it was already about 90 degrees out and about 45 Hashers had already thundered through, it wasn't too likely that a rattler was gonna be out on that trail. Might as well have been talking to the rock he was sitting on. So, our little group, led by **HomoSAXual** with a trusty 18" stick for protection, got to hear about the rattler (which got bigger and meaner as the day progressed) again and again and again and again and again and again. And then we finished the trail and had Down Downs in a nice little picnic/camping area. There were lots of patches this weekend: 25s for **MAXWELL STUPID** and **SPURTZ**, 100s for **SCRATCH n SNIFF**, **SPACE AVAILABLE**, and **BEANER BARE**, 200 for **DR HOLE**, 369 for **SQUIRRELS**, and 669 for **LOST I mean LAST TRAIN**. When Down Downs finished up, many of us hiked the ¾ mile path back to camp. We had some great sandwiches for lunch and we filled the gap between lunch and dinner by eating, sleeping, and splashing around in the pool down the road. The pool was very, very far away – almost 100 yards. To get there, you had to drop into a little gully, go up the other side, and walk across a small picnic area. To get back to camp, you naturally had to reverse the process. No one had trouble with this – except of course **AT&T**, who got lost (in broad daylight) and had to return to the pool until someone came to rescue her. What a sweetheart – she is so entertaining. She came up to me, fussing with her little scanty camisole or whatever girls call a "shirt", and said, "This shows a little too much – do you have a safety pin?" After evaluating the situation for an extended period of time, I said, "Uh, no." Dinner was a catered affair, with mountains of pork ribs, beef, chicken, and all the trimmings. Thought I was gonna burst, but I saved just enough room to get into the Brownie Eatoff. There was an entire table of brownies – and they were all great! Top three winners were **MOAN 'N FUCK 'ER**, **SNATCH of the DAY** (who shamelessly bribed everyone with a bottle of Coffee Stout), and **AT&T/ DICKREATOR**.

**RESULTS OF LBH3 Run #1346**

Date: July 19, 2009  
 Location: Ortega Campout  
 Miles: 3.1  
 Hares: **DICKOREATER**  
 Attendance: 80  
 Patches: **MAXWELL STUPID & SPURTZ** – 25, **SPACE AVAILABLE & BEANER BEAR** – 100, **DANCES WITH SQUIRRELS** - 369  
 Hashitt: None.  
 On-On: Campground – sandwiches and left over BBQ.  
 Run Notes: Trails winding around campground, stinging nettles, poison oak, very hot and dusty. A to A.



Thanks to all. **CHINBALL** had Beer Pong going, there was some other game involving bolos and **SHEEP THRILLS**, and **BAM BAM** was doing something over by the Ops Center with PVC and duct tape.

Along about dark, **SHIT PACKER** played a very touching song he'd written in tribute to our friend **GAY'S OKAY**. This particular weekend, some of our hugs lasted a little longer and meant a little more to us because of his passing.

Most of us then grouped our chairs and watched "Animal House," an insightful and thought-provoking movie from another era. I think Bogart was in it. I guess stuff happened after that, but I called it a night. There was an extracurricular Naked Hash around midnight, I was told. Some other stuff must have happened, because **CHINBALL** woke up with his face in the dirt, surrounded by cans, bottles, red Beer Pong cups, and covered in semi-temporary tats. There may have been puke involved.

The next morning kicked off with another killer breakfast – this time with pancakes flavored with bananas, walnuts, and blueberries. And eggs and sausage and fruits and last night's brownies and on on on...**FRUIT of the LOOM** surveyed the campground – even after a substantial clean-up effort – and observed, "Sunday mornings are always disasters, but this place looks worse than Hiroshima." Sad but true – the place was indeed trashed! However, Hashers do indeed clean up after themselves, but many thanks to those who pitched in and did a little more than their share! Because I turned in early, I only had a little bit of a throber, which was exacerbated by the fact that CELL YOUR ASS apparently had accidentally walked into **TIT's** tent last night, and the whole campground had to listen to the story again and again and again and again and again and again. Hare for LBH3 Run No. 1346, **DICKERATOR** (who earned his patch for 20 Hares) promised us that this hangover run would be shorter than just about any one he'd ever laid, and he actually told the truth for once. I'd scoped out the only remaining big-ass hill around, and was pretty sure he was gonna take us straight up the bastard. But, although he took us over in that direction, he kept us low and in the creek bed where all the stinging nettles were (just ask **PLAID COW**). We managed to get through the tiniest bit of apparently private property without being shot by the person who angrily alleged it was indeed private property, and after a short but fun hash, we arrived back in camp for one last set of Down Downs and one last chance to push as much food into our already-bursting guts as possible.

All in all, another kick-ass LBH3 campout weekend, one we'll remember for a long, long time. Thanks a ton to everyone who contributed to its success – and I know that's a lot of Hashers. Gotta give special thanks to **GEEZER, KAMMANA, PINKY**, and **ALOUETTE** – all of whom seemed to be on duty all the time. Thanks for the memories!

ON OUT,  
WB

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