

## Hua Hin H3 Run #304 - 18th April 2015

Location: Route 1001 Springfield Road turn right just after the 6km marker

Google Map Link: <https://goo.gl/maps/Al9oP>

GPS Coordinates: N 12 43.752, E 99 53.964 (N 12.729205, E 99.899397)

Hares: Long Ron & Pythagoras

Hash Snacks: Pi R Squared

Hash Notes: Cathusalem

Hash Photos: Hugmanannygoat

Number of Hashers: 47

### Pre-Hash

Finding my way to the run site proved the usefulness of a map and co-ordinates in addition to the traditional misdirections. I have difficulty in reading my odometer so, in advance, sought help from the map (on the website run location tab) which gave me a landmark. I have to admit that the map, as displayed, doesn't always help me but, if I copy the co-ordinates into a freshly opened Google Map and switch to the Earth view, it's perfect.

So when driving to the site and I got as far as the dam, I knew from my earlier look at the map that I'd gone too far, missed the sign and had to turn around. No problem in finding the turn and then Long Ron was waiting near the run site to provide helpful guidance to the parking area. How could I complain about the colour of the sign? But I did.

On arrival, my thoughts that the area was (or is) a military area seemed likely confirmed by the buildings near which the hares had chosen for us to gather. These buildings provided a very welcome and quite luxurious shelter and picnic area, already well patronised by the time I arrived.

Military areas are probably hashed more often than we realise because there is such a vast amount of land owned by the Army. In fact, I built a house on Army land without knowing and even got planning permission from the Municipality. It was no problem until I tried to sell.

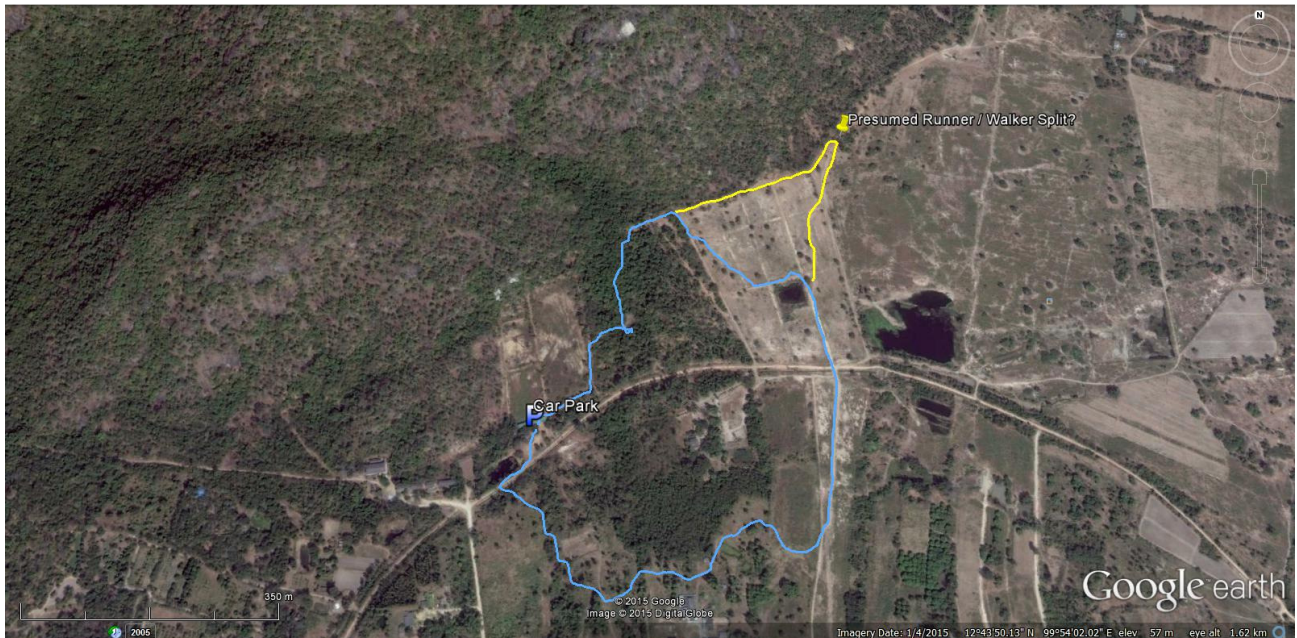
Anyway, the hares chosen location was a very pleasant spot for pre-run socialising and putting the world to rights. Only 10 minutes to go and Fish Fingers and Karaoke Queen arrived, uncharacteristically late. I asked "Were you looking for a yellow sign, by any chance?"

We later found that Cumalot and Tony had somehow got lost on the way but did their own walk. Not so lucky was the McRobbie family who didn't do much except eventually arrive after unsuccessfully looking for HHH signs of any colour on highway 1010 instead of highway 1001.

### The Trail

In the pre-run circle, Long Ron told us what to expect. He shouted "On On, this way" then about 10 seconds later "On back, didn't you see the paper?" The trail didn't go down the track but down a ditch! The next few hundred metres were quite rough going with a few tumbles but then we came out into an open area after stepping over a low barbed wire fence as pre-warned by the hare. Well, that was no problem for Long Ron but for Ice Pussy and other little ladies, care was needed.

Next was what happens on nearly every hash. I got overtaken by latecomers Slime and Lucky Me. After opting for the walkers trail, I got into a steady uphill walk with Merrydick. Inevitably, we were talking too much and not concentrating on following the trail. "Off paper" I called then from behind Hugmanannygoat shouted "Didn't you see the check?" So that was the reason the paper had ran out. What an elementary mistake!



(Walkers: Hugs shortcut the Blue Trail, the Yellow Trail balance of the walkers trail)

A little further on heading downhill through bamboo, the paper was not obvious. "It's either the ski run to the right or over there to the left" I said to nobody in particular. It was as if I was drawn to go for a tumble on the ski run, sliding over the dry leaves on my bottom just as I used to in my snow skiing days.



Swindlers Pissed overtook soon after that, fresh from Pythagoras's uphill runners trail and then we saw the cars. It was a short run, 35 minutes for the walkers pack, 30 minutes for fast walkers Screwdriver and Butt Out and no more than 40 minutes for the slowest runners, no names, no pack drill.



## Post Trail and Circle

This gave a massive amount of time for social drinking and putting the world to rights once more. Conversations that I was involved in included Leicester City's chances of avoiding relegation, voting as an expat in the upcoming UK general election with no mention whatsoever of who you might actually vote for (taboo subject) and another taboo subject that's always rearing its ugly head - Thai driving etiquette compared with that in UK or Oz.



Butt Out told us how he once had a leech attached to his big toe, which was painful but not as painful as must have been experienced recently by a teenager in China who had a leech inside his throat for a few weeks, as reported.

This reminded me (and I had to tell the story) of how once a "frog did a-hashing go" after being squashed in the toe of my shoe. I thought my shoe felt a bit tight that day. Anyway, I always check now. What did I say? We had a massive amount of time for boring conversations?

At last, Tinks blew his whistle and got the circle going. These were the down downs he awarded.

Hares: Long Ron & Pythagoras

Deceiving Runners Trail uphill - Pythagoras

Non-Leaver: Old Macdonald

Lost on route to Hash: Cumalot & Tony

Late Arrivals: Slime & Lucky Me

Hash Snacks: Pi R Squared

Visiting Hasher: Flasher (Gold Coast Oz) Chardonnay Drinking Poofers Hash

Leavers: Scotch Tape, Miss Snickers, Old Macdonald

Next Week's Hare: Gaspipe



The choir gave its usual raucous selection of down-down songs responding to whatever the GM called with their own variations. However, yours truly went completely blank when told "you do this one" by Davey Delayed. Something was there at the back of my mind but it just wouldn't come out. This is what the song for the non-leaver Old Macdonald should have been (with the usual poetic license):

"Thought he was leaving on a jet plane, then found he was in trouble again. There's no seat in Business Class for you, unless you pay for your wife's upgrade too"

About the trail, my personal thoughts are that I have no criticism of the hares for a short run because it was pleasant but I think it's a shame when there is no restaurant designated for whatever reason but that location might have been suitable for on-site food with adequate notice to any interested caterer.

Anyway, I didn't go to any impromptu On On On but if anybody wants to say "Shut up, you miserable sod, it was a great On On On", just go ahead!

On On,

Cathusalem