

**H2H3 RUN #394 - Saturday 15<sup>th</sup> September 2018**

**Battle of Britain Day Run**

**LOCATION: LAKESIDE NEAR HUA HIN HOSPITAL 5**

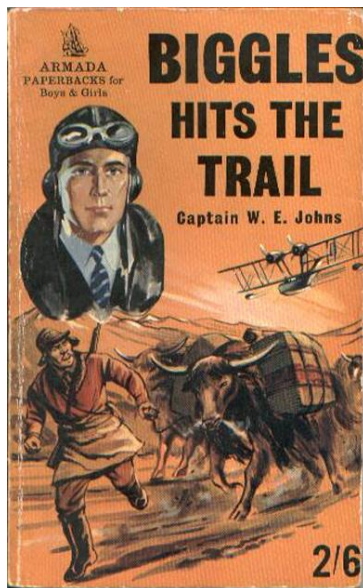
**Google Map Link: <https://goo.gl/maps/bS46LdSefnE2>**

**GPS Coordinates: N 12.5327099, E 99.9169121 (N 12 31.963, E 99 55.015)**

**Hares: Jock Twat & Tinks**

**Hash Snacks: Legs Wide Open**

**Scribe: Hugs**



On this day in history, 15<sup>th</sup> September 1940, the Luftwaffe embarked on an all-out attack against London. Around 1,500 aircraft took part in the air battles which lasted until dusk. The action was the climax of the Battle of Britain. Fast forward 78 years...on this day, around 37 Hash Hounds embarked on the H2H3 run #394 trail, set by Jock Twat and Tinks, which also lasted until dusk, this time with no fatal casualties.

Two great minds think alike! Adolph Hitler once said: "Think a thousand times before taking a decision, but - after taking the decision, never turn back even if you get a thousand difficulties!!" Mudman once said: "when I got to the tricky check I stopped to think before taking a decision. Should I go left or right? Once I turned left and found the shredded paper, I thought, that was too easy, but I had to keep going, even though I knew I was heading for a false trail" ... and speaking of Mudman, he was inconspicuously missing from today's trail?

The hash hounds arrived at the newly concreted car park overlooking the lake, prepared for the worst and they weren't disappointed! Our R.A. Colossus looked pensively up to the skies praying to the weather gods, a dark cloud ominously loomed over the mountain. Spits of rain could be felt and I heard Loose Screw warn us what we already knew "fawn tok coming". Our Grand Mattress Legs Wide Open blew on her whistle, (as she has been known to do but not recently - her words not mine), the circle was formed to hear the details of the problems which lay ahead. When Tinks absolved himself of all responsibility by telling Jock Twat "it's your trail not mine", our fate was sealed, the heavens opened, a crack of lightening could be seen in the distance and Loose Screw's prophecy was fulfilled. Our lead hare Jock Twat mumbled something in a Scottish dialect even I couldn't understand and we were off.

When I got to the first check it resembled a crime scene. The check hadn't been broken by the FRB's or had it? We set off in four directions crying out "are you", occasionally bumping into each other as we stumbled through a maze of paths, bushes, puddles and mud. As the monsoon rain poured down on us, it started to resemble a scene from the world war one trenches, maybe I'm exaggerating, but only just! I could hear our Sargent Major scream "the front running bastards haven't broken the check" but after a few more "are you's", I heard the inspirational cry of "on on" and we were back on track. Jock Twat later told me there were 2 false trails leading off from that check and whilst keeping a straight face, he said he couldn't understand why there had been so much confusion. Aye right!!!

The trail offered us many opportunities to become completely lost, but there was just enough of the yellow shredded paper to keep us on course. We zig-zagged our way through delightful paths, bunkers, trenches and streams and about half way the rain turned off. Finally the lake and car park could be seen, but we still had a way to go as the paper took us around the opposite side of the lake. This for me was the best part of a very good trail... but what was that horrible noise? Was it a chainsaw felling trees or was it the sound of ghost plane spitfires from the Battle of Britain? No, it was louder than that.. it was some idiots racing their toy boats in the lake! Looking up over the car park I could see a para-glider, or was it the ghost of an airline pilot shot down during the Battle of Britain? I was obviously becoming delusional, in need of beer back at the car park regretting my decision of only paying a non-drinkers 100 baht fee.

When Churchill said “never was so much owed by so many to so few”, he was referring to the brave pilots of the Battle of Britain. When our Grand Mattress Legs Wide Open said “never was so little owed by so few to so many” was she referring to her delicious Bombay Potato snacks and ice cold beer being guzzled by the pack as if there was no tomorrow? “Come on guys, steady on the drink! How much beer and snacks do you expect for 200 baht? Bring back rationing I say!” – (she didn't really say that, it was her disapproving look that gave it away).

Dusk descended and the irritating noise of the toy boats subdued, our GM called the circle. As members of the R.A.F. past and present were receiving their honorable down downs, Hitler in the guise of Davey Delayed, (or was it Groucho Marx?), gatecrashed the party demanding he receives his commemorative tankard to mark the day of his 100<sup>th</sup> birthday run. After dismissing Tinks as if he were ruler of the world, Mein Fuhrer turned his attention to our Grand Mattress and sent her into a tizzy of shake rattle n' roll. Then, after drinking his down down, accompanied by his mildly intimidating Alsatian dog “Bella”, the Fuhrer continued to rant on *“Das ist kein gutes deutsches Bier, das ist Rattenurin aus Thailand.”*

At the end of all the circle frivolities, Smelly Fingers invited all hashers to a party at the 19<sup>th</sup> hole next Saturday, 22<sup>nd</sup> where there will be free food and a live band.

In the aftermath of the Luftwaffe raid, Hitler postponed Operation Sea Lion. Having been defeated in daylight, the Luftwaffe turned its attention to nighttime and The Blitz, which I am told our Cha Am hasher Long Ron remembers very well! In the aftermath of the Hash trail, having seen off the rain and most of the contents of the beer truck, the pack hounds turned their attention to getting blitzed at the on-after, most of which can remember very little.



I would finally like to mention, on this day in history, 8<sup>th</sup> September 1962, New York high school student Peter Parker is bitten by a radioactive spider whilst at a science fair. He develops a mild stinging sensation at the tip of his right index finger, which gradually wears off over the next 20 minutes or so, and he has a red mark for a couple of days. Fast forward 57 years... on this day, Scottish hasher Jock Twat is stung by a swarm of imaginary hornets, develops a maddening buzzing sound in his left ear whilst flailing his arms in all directions screaming “get these buggers away from me!” He is taken into intensive care at the Bangkok Hospital, where he is forced into a straight-jacket, the lead doctor declaring he is suffering from a rare case of delusory hornet syndrome. Eventually

he is let out and is seen buzzing about from bar to bar at Soi Bintabat. It's rumored Stan Lee from Marvel Comics wants to sign him up as a new super hero "Horney Jock Twat".

And so my fellow hounds another successful hash day is complete. To the hares Jock Twat and Tinks a big thank you for the chaos, for your sneaky craftiness and for setting up a great trail with wonderful sights which most of us missed as we were too busy looking at the ground trying to find soggy wet yellow paper in shitty-brown mud!

**Addendum:**

Some quotes, rightly or wrongly attributed to Winston Churchill:

- *"If a man is not liberal in youth he has no heart. If he is not conservative when older he has no brain."*
- *"If you're going through hell, keep going."*
- *"Don't talk to me about naval tradition. It's nothing but rum, buggery and the lash."*
- *"I am going to make a long speech today; I haven't had time to prepare a short one."*
- *"The best argument against Democracy is a five-minute conversation with the average voter."*
- *Birth: "Although present on that occasion I have no clear recollection of the events leading up to it."*
- *"Well, dinner would have been splendid if the wine had been as cold as the soup, the beef as rare as the service, the brandy as old as the fish, and the maid as willing as the Duchess."*
- *"You have enemies? Good. That means you've stood up for something, sometime in your life."*
- *"Courage is the first of human qualities because it is the quality which guarantees all others."*
- *"Success is the ability to go from one failure to another with no loss of enthusiasm."*

*Bessie Braddock MP: "Winston, you are drunk, and what's more you are disgustingly drunk." WSC: "Bessie, my dear, you are ugly, and what's more, you are disgustingly ugly. But tomorrow I shall be sober and you will still be disgustingly ugly."*

