

**H2H3 RUN #418 - 17<sup>th</sup> August 2019**

**LOCATION:** Off the Palau Road behind the Old Driving Range near 4 km Marker

**Google Map Link:** <https://goo.gl/maps/pW3r3E89A3KgC3Wx8>

**GPS Coordinates:** N 12.571511, E 99.924498

**Hares:** Cathusalem & Cock in a Frock

**Hash Snacks:** No Name Gay

**Tax Collector:** Tinks

**Ice Man:** Mudman

**Hash Scribe:** Mudman

**NUMBER OF HASHERS:** 34

### **Pre-Hash**

It was another of those "will it or wont it" Hash mornings as this week's Hash Scribe opened his bleary eyes at 11:30 am. in eager anticipation of his 300th. Hua Hin Hash, after a heavy, 5 large Chang Friday night, taking in the scenery at Baan Khun Por, Soi 88, followed by "onefer" at Shh! Bar. Will it or wont it rain and will this bloody hangover wear off before I need to thrash Sodomy and FRB?!! Optimistic as ever, I took the plunge at 1:15 pm. and had all the grass cut by 2:30pm. without a drop falling. Would the same be said of H2H3 #418 I wondered as the clouds continued to build.

Off we set at 3:45 pm. with Puss in Boots and Wogadoo on board, together with all of Masterbaker's delicious bread to distribute, as he and Pussy Galore were off on a trip to Bangkok. A brief drop in to the ice shop for two 20 kg bags of "nam keng unik" completed our load, and we arrived at the cosy Hash car park roughly as scheduled at 4:15 pm. We were pleasantly surrounded by woods, with a very scenic tree covered hillside to the south west, which had a large grey cliff face near the summit. Things were improving by the minute. An excellent turn out of Hashers, including Butt Out, back from a brief, but costly stay in Bangkok Hospital after head butting the ground, breaking his collar and shoulder bones, and puncturing his lung, on a motorcycle trip home, one recent Friday night. Good also to see Bergit (Rubber Scrubber) returned from 8 weeks in Switzerland, together with several other returners, and a couple of new faces. The weather was holding up well, with a few darkish grey clouds nearby, but also a lovely breeze and comfortable temperatures. We sold out of Masterbaker's bread within 10 minutes of putting it on display, and to top it all, the two paracetamol I had taken earlier, had done the trick!!

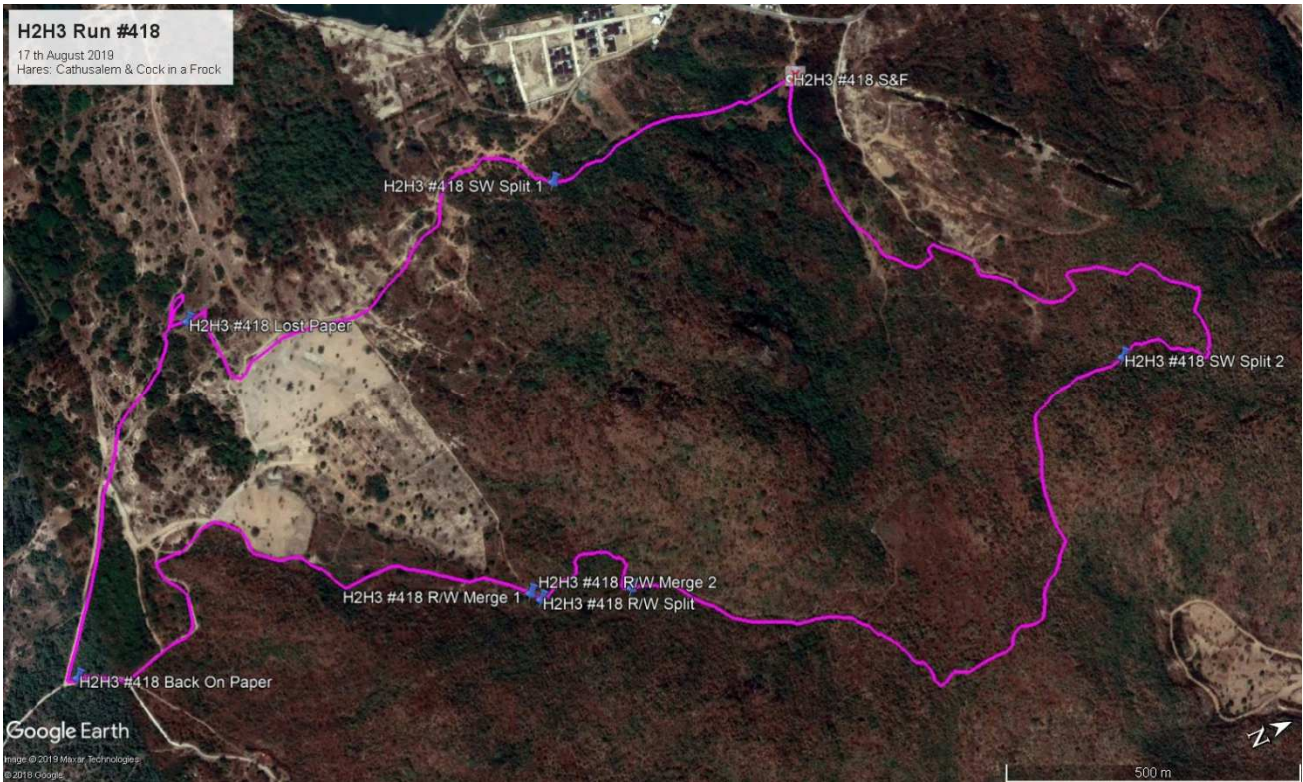
At the pre circle briefing, our lead Hare Cathusalem revealed that like me, today was special for him, as almost 20 years to the day he had Hashed for the first time in Hua Hin, with the Bangkok Hash. Bangkok Hash #1154 was an outstation run in Hua Hin on 14th. August 1999, and Cathusalem wore the T-shirt issued to commemorate the occasion. A comprehensive explanation of short walks, long walks, rambo loops and splits and merges ensued, so expertly delivered that there were no queries whatever! Our co - hare Cock in a Frock completed the briefing, informing us there were no serious obstacles or animals to contend with.

### **The TRAIL**

We set off heading roughly south west along a pleasant footpath in the shade of trees and shrubs. Needless to say our two sleek and scheming front runners made sure they hit the path



ahead of the walkers, so as not to be boxed behind them, Not so for the poor scribe who was still feverishly scribbling notes for this tirade. The FRB's had amassed a 300 metre lead over runner number three, by the time we reached a significant check, after emerging from the woods, onto a pleasant trail with good views of the hills west of the bypass. Fortunately, it took about 10 minutes to successfully break this check, by which time many walkers had joined the runners. Confusion was caused as "FRB" had found paper out to the west, and then pointed the check sticks in that direction and laid paper towards it. The paper he'd seen was old paper



from a previous run, and regardless, after laying some new shred in that direction he couldn't find the old paper again!! As is the norm everyone was wandering about like headless chickens until the scribe found fresh paper, more or less due south of the check, and some order was restored. Cock in a Frock was extremely valuable during this section of the trail as he guided us through areas where some of the paper had apparently been picked up/eaten by cows/blown away, I'll leave it to the conspiracy theorists at this point! I believe we had already encountered the first short walk split from the LW and Runners trail. Next we came across a number of cows behaving like





sheep, which started to follow us as we walked past their corral. Fortunately, their minders were on hand to guide them home and no upsets occurred. The trail continued over pleasant undulating paths with good views. A merge with the "short walk" occurred, and soon after that as the long walkers proceeded together with the short walkers, the "Rambo loop" was clearly signed. Our two sleek FRB's had amassed another 3000 metre lead over the hapless scribe as they scrambled up the initial 45 degree incline leading to the top of the loop. Fortunately, as they were more intent on knacker each other than looking for shred, they went off it once more, allowing the smiling scribe to catch them again!! Cock in a Frock was on hand, at the base of the loop to check we were all safely on course. We soon merged with the walkers, and now the real "sting in the tail" was enacted on the "short walkers" by our cunning Hares!! It may have been "short" but what about that lovely long and steady climb the wimps, sorry short walkers had to contend with!



More sadistic smiles from the happy scribe. The trail continued meandering on paths between the many small outcrops causing me to become completely disorientated, and then a final split occurred for I believe both runners and long walkers, from short walkers, which seemed about a km. long, before rejoining the short walkers, for the "On In" to the car park, under a leafy canopy, similar to the one we had started out on.

Sadly, the scribe arrived after both FRB's, and several of the short walkers were soon dribbling in, including the soon to be named "Skippy" who kindly returned the scribe's pen, which he had lost while deep in thought at some point along the trail. The long walkers were understandably last back, as some of them had completed all of the runner's trail, bar the short, steep Rambo Loop. A fine session continued, as the beer stocks were virtually wiped out by the thirsty mob. It was great to see our Beer Fraulein LWO back on the job, expertly assisting with beer dispensing, snack serving, good order and tidiness

### Pre-Circle and Down Downs

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expertly assisting with beer dispensing, snack serving, good order and tidiness. As darkness drew in, our GM and bean counter extraordinaire, Tinks, called the circle and efficiently as ever, dealt with all matters and persons of relevance as follows:



Hares: Cathusalem & Cock in a Frock

Excess/Lack off Paper: Cathusalem & Cock in a Frock

Returners: Rubber Scrubber, Adam, Toni, No Name David (Wogadoo)

Teapotting: Lost Cause

Crash returner: Butt Out

Christening: Jada "Skippy" and Lief "Sloppy Camel" together with RA Colossus

Private Circle: Rubber Scrubber & Head Ballcock

Hash Snacks: No Name Gay

Next Week's CAH3 Hash: Onefer on behalf of Screwdriver (Soi 6 area).

### **On After**

A happy crowd of around 300, ..... sorry 30 Hashers continued on to the nearby and excellent Baan Suan Isaan Thai restaurant, where service ambiance and food were all as good as ever. When Butt Out tried to make his escape, he was accosted as usual by Puss in Boots for his customary hug, which she managed without causing too much further damage to his collar bone and shoulder. Nearby your scribe for the day, after enjoying two delicious plates of somtam with sticky rice, ruminated that on his 301st. H2H3, he would indeed finally thrash Sodomy and FRB!!

On On

Mudman