

H2H3 RUN #425 - Saturday 23rd November 2019

Location: Isaan restaurant on Railway Road just south of Baan Khun Por

Google Map Link: <https://goo.gl/maps/3Dde1FFwjfonxP8f8>

GPS Coordinates: N 12.5578963, E 99.9566348

Hares: Donga & No Name Nan

Hash Snacks: Rubber Scrubber

Tax Collector: Bush Whacker

Ice Man: Mudman

Hash Scribe: Cathusalem

NUMBER OF HASHERS: 23

I'd driven past the restaurant meeting place many times but hadn't noticed it had such a big car park. It was ideal for a Hash car park with lighting to an area well away from the restaurant itself, perfect for the Circle except things didn't quite work out that way... but I'm getting ahead of myself.

Donga had chosen something different, an urban trail, for his maiden H2H3 haring, mainly because it was close to his accommodation. He didn't stint on "viva la difference" either when he explained his trail markings. A check would be a chalk circle and a false trail would be marked with a cross, which was usually an H2H3 check. However, it all made sense when we got going and saw that the chalk circles were adorned with arrows indicating the directions we were to check in and the front runners were requested to mark the correct arrow.



The actual trail markings were initially arrows either on the road or footway surface or on a wall, quite easy to follow when you got the hang of it.

It was a trip down memory lane, passing familiar bars and restaurants until we slipped into the side streets which brought back memories of several different places Ding a Ling had stayed at over the years.

The long walkers missed most of these back streets because they had been directed on to a short cut to save their energy for the climb to the viewpoint, as mentioned by Donga. For us there was a tricky check that several firmly decided to ignore and find their own way back to the beer, which wasn't difficult... but our little group pressed on.

As we came out on to Soi 88 opposite the school, memories flooded back including the Sunday hangover run that Ballbanger laid for the Solstice Hash on Tour, from Malaysia, in 2014. Here we had boarded a sorng taew bus, so just think of all those back streets that we missed. We should have had Donga there then.

This time we took the trail from Soi 88 in the opposite direction but not as far as the reclining Buddha nor the climb to Hin Lek Fai summit. For us short walkers, it was a right turn at the ALL MERGE sign and quite soon we were in the golf course. It was a very pleasant downhill stroll on the grass hugging the perimeter with toilet paper hanging from the trees to confirm the route and one short false trail into the woods.

It was clear that the runners and long walkers would reach the ALL MERGE sign from the opposite direction after descending from the viewpoint but we didn't see a soul. However, nearly everybody was back when we arrived.

Rubber Scrubber's meatballs were delicious as was her apple cake. Everything seemed fine but then we realised No Name Michael and Virgin Richard weren't back. I'd been asked to run the circle but said we shouldn't start until everyone was back, particularly as Donga had set off to look for the lost souls.



"No circle" was called, I think, followed by words to the effect that it was too late. I'll decline from perhaps misquoting what was said next but, unfortunately, actions spoke louder than words because, by the time Donga got back with the lost souls at 6:45 pm, the beer for down-downs had all been packed away. No worry about misquoting what I said next "This wouldn't happen on the Cha-Am Hash".

I called out "what did the runners think of the run?" to the (as if by magic) already assembled circle. Donga got a series of shouts of approval and he down-downed his own beer. Next, I asked for information on next week's Hash. Rubber Duck stepped forward to say it would be at a familiar location in the Black Mountain area. Then, after asking if there was any more business, I announced circle closed.

The restaurant food was very good with quick service but, unfortunately, they got mixed up with the billing concerning who was sharing with whom. It's never good when those left get presented with a bill for someone who's already gone but we coped. It's certainly a venue to consider as an alternative to Restaurant 94, that we used to patronise regularly.



As H2H3 Hare Raiser, I'll be writing to Donga to ask him to give me a date for his next hare. He's got a car now so I think we can expect another good effort (or two) next year.

On On,

Cathusalem