

**H2H3 RUN #507 – Saturday 6<sup>th</sup> May 2023**  
**King George III Coronation Day Run**

**Location:** Hin Lek Fai, Hua Hin District, Prachuap Khiri Khan 77110  
**Plus Code Location:** HVH4+C4R Hin Lek Fai, Hua Hin District, Prachuap Khiri Khan  
**GPS Coordinates:** N 12.578611, E 99.855278  
**Google Map Link:** <https://goo.gl/maps/iA4YkdKnPkGfiwPY6>

**Hares:** Head Ballcock and Tinks  
**Biermeister Team:** Tinks  
**Ice Man:** Tinks  
**Tax Collector:** African Queen  
**Scribe:** Ding-a-Ling & Mudman  
**Number of Hashers:** 21

**Pre-Hash Circle.**

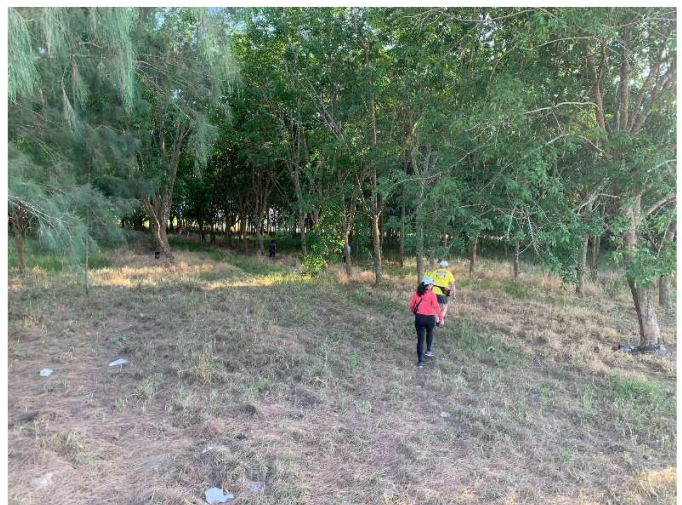
Off to a good start, no sign at the expected turn off opposite 60s town. I must get used to looking at the misdirection's on the same day as the Hash. So, upsetting all the traffic travelling westbound I set off at a crawling pace looking for a HHH sign, sure enough just like the buses after 3 maybe 400m not one, but three signs showed the new turn off (apparently the original route to the run site had been dug up) after that it was plain sailing to the car park.

Whether it was the fact that it was a bring your own post walk beverage, or that we have a good amount of Royalists in the Hash and they were glued to the television watching the coronation of Charles III of Great Britain, (and the colonies of course) the turnout was a bit lighter than usual, if my memory is correct, about roughly, almost 15/16 this number being made up by three latecomers Flying Frog, Bite mark and Easy Off.

Circle called and the Hares called in to explain the walk, this went off fairly routinely, until we got to the usual question of, what can bite, cripple or kill us. I'm sure I wasn't the only one there who had never heard of a DOGCOW, anyway Head Ballcock and Tinks warned us to stay well clear of the said beasties.

**Walkers Trail (by Ding-a-Ling).**

Direction of the walk was shown (walk about 5.1247km, run, approximately 3km more) and we were off, right from the start it was obvious we were perhaps top heavy on the runner side as within 200m the walkers were left to make their own way at a more leisurely pace, in groups of 2/3. On a personal note, it's a lot quieter when you don't have all that On On stuff being shouted out by those out in front. 300m into the walk Rubber Duck decided to practice his old Parachute landing skills, well, that's what he said, I think he tripped up over a Pine needle because there was nothing bigger within half a mile, 800m to you people from the backward countries. A little further on we came across the water hazard, not mentioned by the hares by the way, hazard is a trifle harsh I think as you could walk around it with no problem, apparently the runners (some of) being so deep in the thought I must beat



that Front Running B-----, totally blinkered missed the 1m track around it. The term, slowly slowly catchy monkey, comes to mind.

This bit for the Full Moonies here, at the far side of the water, was the biggest pile, no piles, of chalk 3x3x15cm, not gypsum, Chalk.

Back to the walk, the halfway point/split was reached with no further problems, as promised by Tinks he was present to direct and provide cold water if required. I don't know the exact rules on motorised taxi during the Hash, but I believe Tinks made a pretty penny on Saturday giving the tail end Charlie's a lift to the next plantation. The next kilometre was spent in the shade of Palm trees and at the end Mango trees, literally as we came to out of the Mango trees we was accosted by a couple of Bangkokians, obviously not locals as they were wearing far smarter clothes than any Hasher can afford, (even Mudmans running gear). claiming this was all private property and go away, pointless statement as we was going away anyway, I suppose they got fed up of saying that as apart from the new Front Running B----- (walkers division) I was the first out of the Mango trees. The next/last kilometre was done in the open-air walking into the sunset, to me this made a nice change as almost all of the walk was done in the shade of some sort. I guess my tan will have to wait a little bit.



Back at the car park. We almost had a upset on the finish line, literally within meters of the car park the real Front Running B overtook the new Front Running B (walkers division), this was how close the trails where laid out, with walkers and runners arriving home at the same time, if anything the walkers out performed the runners. Again slowly slowly comes to mind as the runners missed the last couple of turns and had to be shouted back, all but one made it back without much trouble, the lone runner came in from a totally different direction, saying, because it was only 8k I thought I would do a bit more, come on Mudman you could think of a better excuse than that. The

big question on the night, was who did the full walk, as people not only had lifts during the walk but some arrived back in cars and on motorcycle.

### **Rambo Trial (by Mudman)**

Pleased to report that a total of nine runners took the 2.9 km. loop. Tinks was on duty at the split, and directed the runners very briefly straight ahead, but told them to look for paper going off right. We did this and turned right along the side of a pineapple field, and then by the side of a large mature rubber plantation. We turned left at the top of the plantation, continued along its side and then on dirt tracks and into another plantation where we needed to look more carefully for the paper, as we were not on a designated track. This bunched up the front runners. We turned left again and ran along the side of another plantation to the final 90 degree left turn, that



put us back on course for the split. There was plenty of welcome shade for most of the loop. The final leg provided a long straight section back to the split and FRB soon put some considerable daylight between himself and the others. However, despite Tinks changing the split sign to a merge sign, true to form, FRB tore straight past the split and headed back along the out trail!! Mudman correctly turned right at the split, followed closely by Easy Off and Bite Mark. It wasn't long before they heard the steady pad of trainers behind them as FRB, realising his mistake was making up for lost time, and disappeared ahead into the distance!!

### **Post Hash Circle and Down Downs.**

Circle called, with so few do down downs, the six bottles of beer so kindly given to us by our absent beer master do the down downs with, took a lot of thought. Firstly, was the Hares, as expected a thumbs up was given by all but one, him saying again it wasn't long enough, Mudman you got lost at the end, live with it. The hares at this point informed us that the original route back to the main road had been fixed, so there was no need to risk life and limbs getting out onto the main road. Second was the Front Running B's, both of them, one was obvious, Front Running B and our newly crowned (Two in one day) Front Running B (walking division) Hugmanannygoat, Hugs to most of us. There being no visitors therefore no virgins we moved on to a returners, Hotpot and Hong Ting Tong where welcomed back, both being water drinkers, this didn't help the task of reducing the down down supply. About this time my throat and cough took a turn for the worst and basically the circle was asked to come up with charges, from African Queen, simply because she is never seen in the circle, the beer ladies, again because they never get the thanks they deserve and various other trumped up charges we finally had one down down left, this was for next week's location, Cathusalem informed us Brambles Bill was the Hare and it will be off Soi 112, 4 kilometre's past the floating market.

### **On After:**

Off we trooped to the 60's Town Restaurant, where we had been promised by the Hares, they would be serving beer and true to their word, they did.

On On Scribes

Ding-a-ling & Mudman