

## H2H3 RUN #511 – Saturday 1<sup>st</sup> July 2023

Location: Sunflower Café and Mini Golf, Hin Lek Fai, Hua Hin District, Prachuap Khiri Khan 77110

Google + Code Location: HRW8+HF Hin Lek Fai, Hua Hin District, Prachuap Khiri Khan

GPS Coordinates: 12.5965860, 99.8161853

Google Map Link: <https://goo.gl/maps/9XKdsrawXN54cgFU6>

Hares: Ding-a-Ling & Donga

Biermeister Team: Jock Twat

Ice Man: Tinks

Tax Collector: Tinks

Scribe: Mudman, plus contributions from Donga, Hugs & Bruised Willy

Number of Hashers: 36

### Pre-Hash Circle.

Well, where does one begin to record that!? Let's start by complaining that I was "volunteered" to attempt this scribing by Ding-a-Ling, after the event! In retrospect, I guess it was a punishment, as Bruised Willie and myself had had to phone in for transport back to the car park, after becoming totally lost!

OK - let's get back to the e-mail to the group from Hare Donga at 3.24 pm. as storm clouds were gathering. "Hi all - the Hash will be enjoyable, rain or shine, with food supplied at site after we hold a brief AGM and the usual circle." Well, he got that ALMOST right except there was nothing much "usual" about any of it!! As we left the house, driving along Soi 112, there were dark black clouds to the south and west, but the brightest part of the sky was in the northwest, where we were heading. Maybe we'd get lucky?! On arrival at the car park, we were pleased to see a very good turnout for this special occasion, although by now the skies were uniformly grey.

When the pre-circle was called at 5 pm. Donga gave credit to his co-Hare Ding-a-Ling for doing much of the trail finding and then, due to his dislike of FT signs, attempted to explain to us the check and false trail signs that he had laid "a la Donga"! I was sorely tempted to ask, "Could you repeat that please?" but time was moving on and the clouds were darkening, so I remained silent.



### The Trail

Off we set, as, on cue, the rain began to steadily fall. The trail was set across flat agricultural land, and mainly followed vehicular farm tracks, so was ideal for the runners, except .....!!!

Of course, it was not the Hares' fault about the rain, and they couldn't do much either about the light greyish clay that many of the tracks were covered with, but the combination of the two elements resulted in truly TREACHEROUS ice like conditions for all concerned!! I failed to count the number of times one foot slipped, and then I comically flung my arms out sideways while nearly falling backwards, before managing to lunge back forwards to regain balance and keep upright. However, lucky not to have resulted in a twisted or strained back! I wonder how many times this manoeuvre was repeated by Hashers during the afternoon?! For the runners the solution was to take very short steps and try to stick to where there was grass or more gravel on the tracks.



The FRB's made fair progress, with the lead continually changing as we eventually worked out Donga's patented blue check and check back/FT creations. It was not long before everyone was drenched, so it did not

matter too much that we also had to run through numerous flooded sections of trail, as the rain continued. It was good to see Easy Off and Bitemark on trail again, and a couple of times Easy Off overtook me as I was taking very short steps and concentrating on the clay underfoot. Also, good to see Honeymoon back, assisting Donga to try to keep people on the right track, near the start of the trail.



We had been told by Ding-a-Ling the runner's trail was around 7-8 km. and Cock in a Frock was soon recording 10 plus km. by the time Bruised Willie and I remet him for about the 5th. time. Five minutes before, we had also realised that we had rejoined the out trail and were inadvertently starting on a second circuit of the trail! By now we had lost sight of Bite Mark and Easy Off, and Cock in a Frock called in, to speak to maybe Ding-a-Ling. This is where BW and myself made a silly mistake. Despite CIAF having a fartphone with GPS, we thought we knew the way back, so jogged off together ..... heading east, in completely the wrong direction. CIAF and no name Mark? from Canada, then started heading back in the general direction to the car park. The long stand of poplar like trees, that BW and myself thought were the row of trees by the side of Lilly's Sunflower Mini Golf, were in fact just a similar looking row of trees! We then made for another row of trees, that again were just that, and not Sunflower Mini Golf!

Eventually we came to a fairly main road, and stopped to ask some very helpful and friendly Thai ladies at a roadside stall, where was Sunflower Mini Golf? They did not know. Finally, using their phone and Google maps, we established that according to Google we were a "one hour walk" from the car park. As it was nearly 7 pm. and we did not know where we were, without our own fartphone, we decided to swallow our pride and call for a lift. Lilly kindly said she could pick us up in about 15 minutes. We quickly jogged to a nearby store and bought a couple of very cold big bottles of Chang and a big bottle of Leo for our saviours. Lilly picked us up and then drove about 5 km. south, back to the Pala U road lights that we had all come through, enroute to the Hash. Then it was right at the lights, and a couple of km. to the turn off for Sunflower Mini Golf. Many thanks to Lilly for our rescue.

On arrival at the car park, we were very relieved to find out that a large number of the soaked and bedraggled individuals present had only arrived back about 5 minutes before us, including CIAF and no name Mark, and Puss in Boots! If I had been back early, I would have been extremely concerned about PIB's absence, so it all worked out well, in the end! To illustrate the degree to which walkers and runners had gone astray, Slime informed us that after starting off last with Lucky Me as usual, they had been FIRST back!!

Several then enjoyed the excellent massaman curry on offer, and then Thai style, the ladies bagged up any remaining, which was given to people to take home. Donga now called the very late circle/AGM to order, and he and Ding-a-Ling were crucified for the trail!! In truth it wasn't bad at all, but the conditions were! Donga informed us that many of the incumbent office holders of H2H3 had kindly agreed to retain their positions, most importantly Jock Twat, the biermeister!! We were then all very pleased to learn that Ding-a-Ling was prepared to take on full time, the position which he had been fulfilling very well this year, while Donga was away in Oz. So, Cheers and On On to our new GM, Ding-a Ling. Sloppy Camel's young son Bobby was given his very apt Hash name of "Balloon Chaser" in honour of, and association with, his Mum, Party Balloons! Social

17:05 📶 38%

← Richard wicking  
01/07/2023 17:04 - Hin Lek Fai - 🔒

mapbox

👍

Suunto 9 Baro

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TRAIL RUNNING

<b>2:06'12</b> Duration	<b>12.67 km</b> Distance	<b>09'58</b> /km Avg pace
<b>09'27</b> /km NGP™	<b>05'20</b> /km Max pace	<b>130</b> bpm Avg heart rate

drinking continued for a while before everything was packed up, and we all successfully negotiated the slippery surface back onto the road.

Thanks again to Lilly for hosting our H2H3 AGM Hash, which despite the inclement weather was enjoyed by all. We arrived home around 9pm. and I then devoured a reheated bag of DELICIOUS chicken massaman curry, which PIB told me was prepared by Rambling Rose. A very pleasant and welcome conclusion to a most unusual Hash day.

On On.

Mudman.

### Post Hash Circle, Down Downs (Contribution by Donga).

Vague recollections of the circle:

1. The Run was judged as fantastic, one of the best of the year as hashers outdid one another to offer praise. Some hashers enjoyed it so much, they did it twice. 6/10

2. AGM - Donga advised he was pleased the existing committee members were happy to stay in their roles. And Ding-a-Ling was fine about accepting the role of Grand Master, which was greeted with a rousing cheer. Donga read out the list of roles and relevant committee members. Ding-a-Ling added that Drag Queen had accepted the Haberdash role. Donga paid tribute to various volunteers who do Scribing, Beer Frauleins, Hash Flashes and Hash Historian.

3. Ding-a-Ling Renamed Nipple Licker to Balloon Chaser, who was spared watering as already drenched

4. Departing runners - Bruised Willie and Lucky Me

5. Penny Lane reminded us of the upcoming 7/11 Full Moon Hash, Tuesday week.

6. Returning runners - Honeymoon and Lucky Me

7. Ding-a-Ling advised Cathusalem is setting next week's run, top of Soi 80 near the restaurant and is looking for an assistant hare.

The Circle dispersed and melted into the night with carry bags of Massaman chicken.

On On, Donga

### **Comments from Hugs and Bruised Willy**

**Hugs:** I hope you are all nice and dry now. A very enjoyable trail today for those with masochistic tendencies. I still can't get over stumbling across Bruised Willie & Mudman on trail as they were held up looking for a check! Yes, you heard that right! There was ample paper showing us the way to go, I said to Bruised Willie "what are you looking for, there is plenty of paper" to which he replied "yes I know there is plenty of paper, but we are looking for a check". I still can't get my head around that! **555**

On On

Hugs

**Bruised Willy:** Allow me to publicly pass the buck on that one to a different American, as is our post-Truman tradition UM. I was about a minute behind Bite Me and his wife at the point you're referring to, but several minutes ahead of you all and the other FRBs. When I got to the section, where it turned out there was no paper for approximately 60-80m, I found Bite Me and his wife running around in different directions. Upon spotting them, I yelled, "Are you?" and they responded, "Checking!" a couple of times. Of course, I then turned down another trail to check. This went in for another minute or so. Eventually, I heard the on call, then began looking for the check to break, while yelling, "Where's the check?" to the inaudible, and increasingly distant FRBs. Now, in my hash tradition, we don't break checks, so I would have simply carried on and left the rest of

you waterheads to get lost on your own! However, not wanting to become a (further) pariah on your esteemed hash, I stayed around trying to find a check to break. As you know, there was no check, and my efforts were in vain, but did manage to confuse more people. Not a total loss, then. 👍 So, to pass the buck formally, had they called, "Off paper!" instead of "Checking!" I likely would have come in on paper, on time, instead of coming back in the back of a pickup truck with Mudman an hour later, with two large Chang's, after a very confusing, comical, and ultimately successful effort to coordinate a rescue from a small local fried food stall one hour's walk away via the daughter's phone. Lest anyone think I'm complaining, though, these cockups are what keep the hash memorable and I thoroughly enjoyed the experience.

In closing, the impromptu non-AGM AGM circle, eventually held with takeaway massaman (thanks to the restaurant for that, and for the rescue ride) featured everyone wet, drunk and tired - as well as plenty of beer provided by the beermeister couple, who politely stayed on quite late. Donga even managed to not slur most of his words, heh. Everyone even got free bugs in their down down beer for protein, and a good time was had by all.

On On, etc.

Cheers,

Bruised Willy.

**The Walkers Trail as recorded by Hugs.**

