

Hua Hin H3 Run #290 – 8th October 2014 Mid-Week Full Moon Out-Station

Location: The Camping Field, Suan Phueng from 7th to 9th October 2014

Google Map link: <https://goo.gl/maps/LzASm>

GPS Coordinates: N 13.590003, E 99.398163 (N 13 35.400 , E 99 23.890)

Hares: Tinks and Ballbanger

Snacks: Golden Delicious

Hash Notes: Cathusalem

Hash Photos: Golden Delicious (see www.h2h3-cah3.com/hash-trash1)

Number of Hashers: 17

We set out from Hua Hin In torrential rain, already knowing that the weather forecast was not good. It was a late start because Amy had an end of term exam that didn't finish until 3pm. We were very glad when the rain stopped after about an hour but, as we got closer to Suan Phueng, we drove under a darkened sky. After several phone calls to fellow hashers both in English and Thai to help us find the way, we arrived at a spot where the road ran out and we had to drive on to a big field and head for the lights on the opposite side where we were assured, they would be waiting for us with a beer!

Little did we know that where we drove across the field would become impassable next day due to more rain overnight. Anyway, true to their word, our fellow hashers, already in party mood, got us organized with food and drink ready for the upcoming birthday party for Loose Screw. She had a karaoke with two girl singers for our entertainment. For our part, Screwdriver and Brambles Bill put on excellent karaoke performances choosing mostly 60s and 70s songs and Loose Screw and Comes With Cathusalem sang a few Thai songs with their usual tuneful gusto. But did they outdo the local Thai singers for sex appeal? Ask Ballbanger.

The highlight of the evening for me was Loose Screw doing the twist and shake in a wig (see photos) but others said their highlight was seeing yours truly take a tumble on the way to the toilet across some very slippery slabs. I finished up completely demolishing a terracotta Space Cowboy. Well, the cowboy was in the space where I headed downwards and the story is that I tried to hug the grinning effigy before it crumpled into a pile of rubble with me on top of it.

And so to bed and very comfortable it was too.

After a good breakfast, we hung around for a while and then drove about 30km through very picturesque mountain scenery that was now peeping out from the low cloud. We stopped at a wat for the Thai ladies to say prayers on the full moon day marking the end of 3 months Buddhist Lent. There were some rain showers on the way but, when we arrived at the restaurant rendezvous, it absolutely bucketed again. The local mushrooms and fish were very good. After lunch we went to a candle factory that also exhibited an amazing variety of bric-a-brac, curios and vintage bikes

and motor bikes. The display stalls were either side of an uphill path leading to a mountain viewpoint and guess what we found? Could it really be sunshine?

Tinks phoned to advise us to park up near the camping field entrance because the field was now waterlogged. He also hinted that the improved weather would enable him to lay a trail. And so it was, in pale sunshine we all gathered at the appointed hour of 4:30 pm, Tinks having set out with shredded paper about half an hour earlier. His co-hare, Ballbanger, (with Dragon Tail) had gone home after breakfast not believing that the weather could improve. Jock Twat and Legs Wide Open also left early.

Everybody else was there but, no matter how much we tried to persuade the female hashers to join us, they just carried on with their gin and tonics (see photos). So only three of us set out, Brambles Bill, Screwdriver and myself. Tinks laid a very good trail with three checks in flat countryside but for about half the distance we were in trees next to a river bank in full flow. I had to run to keep up with the pair of fast walkers and finally overtook them just before a turn into a path through sugar canes. After a while, the paper went left and I went straight on to the amusement of Screwdriver and Brambles Bill. Nevertheless, they let me overtake them again near the finish, which earned me a down-down for racing!

First a beer, then a hot shower both most welcome. Then, we all sat down at a big square table with some excellent fare to go with our beer. The shape of the table also enabled it to double as a circle, which Tinks announced would be conducted sitting down except when taking a down-down. He also announced that he would call on everybody to contribute to the down-down charges, starting proceedings himself with an unusual call "Here's to the hounds". It was a lively circle, particularly enlivened by the contributions of Pussy Galore and Loose Screw.

So what could have been more appropriate for our Mid-Week Full Moon Out-Station than to actually see the full moon rising over the horizon from the direction of where we had run a couple of hours earlier (see photos)? Was it all down to the prayers of Pussy Galore?

On On,

Cathusalem