

H2H3 RUN #349 – 7th January 2017

LOCATION: West side of Hin Lek Fai

GOOGLE MAP LINK: <https://goo.gl/maps/mrGTPT7baGw>

GPS COORDINATES: N 12 34.295, E 99 55.444 (N 12.571581, E 99.924066)

HARES: Tinks & Golden Delicious

HASH SNACKS: Tinks

TAX COLLECTOR: Butt Out

NUMBER OF HASHERS: 66

WRITE-UP (by Scotch Tape)

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Friday 6th January was celebrated by many Christian communities as Three Kings Day.

Saturday 7th January was borne stoically by the denizens of the Hua Hin Hash House Harriers as just another Four King Hash Day.

The venue for H2H3 Run Number349 was just to the south of the Pala U Road near the Golf Driving Range along a brand-new first class tarmac highway - a new road for a new year. The occasion, although a day late for the true Epiphany was outgoing G M Hugmananygoat's revelation of H2H3 's new King or Godall Mighty as he is officially known but more easily recognised by his unreal name Cathusalem. He may not have come to save our souls but he has certainly come to lead a bunch of them often referred to as the Mismanagement Committee.

The new G M, obviously suffering from affliction by affiliation or Hashitononitis as it is sometimes known disconnected himself from the rear end of Gabriel's Horn long enough to deliver a laryngitic lead-in to the Hares. The day's Hares, Tinker Bell or Tinkle Bell (it is hard to tell the difference in Thailand) ably aided and assisted by Golden Delicious, proceeded to address the awestruck assembly on the adversities of the approaching Hash before despatching the participants five minutes earlier than advertised to disseminate themselves across the countryside.

So out the "Hellish Legion" sallied to follow a very well-marked Trail for a few hundred metres before Bushwhacker had an onset of nostalgia for the paper he had laid previously in

this area and set out to offer belated comfort and joy to his erstwhile paper by embarking on a wide sweeping leftie loop. Bent Banana that dedicated follower of fascism and any moving object, be it Hasher or golf ball, snapped at Bushwhacker's heels in an effort to establish himself as an F R B. Fortunately the eagle-eyed and leather-lunged Tinks had spotted this transient transgression and summoned up an impressive level of decibels to yell imprecations at the miscreants to mend their ways and rejoin today's Trail. The epithets employed in these improvised instructions were somewhat more picturesque than may be decently deployed here.

To stay with the picturesque, Ahmedashed despite suffering a five minute delay in starting had infiltrated the dithering pack and found the true Trail so that he was able to do his Moses act and lead the people from that arid desert region into a more green and pleasant land. Now that they were all singing from the same hymn sheet the Hash proceeded as normally as a Hash can and the pack strung itself out as the gallopers distanced themselves from the galumphers and ere long the Short Walkers sought the solace of the Split that would soon see them back to civilization.

Amongst these Short Walkers there was a bevy of breathtaking beauties comprising Karaoke Queen, Lost Cause and several other pulchritudinous personages who flitted fearlessly along these woodland glades engaging in anti-social chitchat at a volume only marginally less than Tinks's aforementioned stentorian shouts. The upshot was that these noisy Belles awoke the slumbering Scotch Tape who, like the Walrus and the Carpenter had "rested on a rock conveniently low".

Meanwhile the Long Walkers and Runners persevered along the longer and more arduous Trail interrupted only by Swindlers Pissed who decided to carry on the old Hash tradition established by Bushwhacker earlier in the day of seeking out paper he had previously laid weeks ago to ensure that it had survived the festive season all right. At the final Walkers/Runners Split there was considerable non-observance of the advice offered as to which Trail was which. This is not to say that some Hashers chose not to comply with the information given but that some of the blind Blighters did not SEE it and so progressed by guess and by God until they inadvertently stumbled across one or other of the Trails.

All these mishaps and misunderstandings notwithstanding almost all of H2H3 arrived back safely and were stood by their beer in timely and orderly fashion. The exception was the newly-erected, or should that be freshly-pressed G M who was absent, presumed missing, a situation not unfamiliar as he has a bit of a reputation for trying to establish himself as "Last Man Outstanding". However in this instance it transpired that he had decided that dereliction was the better part of valour and retired unwell, unfortunately two weeks too late for the choir to serenade him with "Noel, Noel"

In the absence of the G M the Master of Vice, Pussy Pedaller, stepped in to fill the gap and his boots but not necessarily in that order. He produced a picaresque performance passing out DownDowns for misdemeanours and transgressions too esoteric and convoluted for this poor scribe's tiny mind to encompass. The Circle proved so popular and enjoyable that it just became a succession of triumphs for the stand-in G M and Pussy Pedaller was on such a roll that onlookers began to think he might be about to plagiarise the old motto of the

notorious Windmill Theatre in London which was "we never closed" and not as Jock Twat would have you believe "we never clothed". In the end, a bit after nightfall but still on the dark side of dawn, Pussy Pedaller closed the Circle and allowed the detainees to rush off to seek the comfort of the On After.

ONON

A WORD TO THE WISE

CIRCLE NOTES (by Cathusalem)

I've relied on help from others to write these notes because, as mentioned above, I had to go home early because I was not well.

The down-downs called by Pussy Pedaller were roughly as follows:

Tinks for a well laid trail. He took an extra down-down on behalf of his co-hare Golden Delicious and another one for his Hash Snacks.

Virgins Dan, Ken, Linda and Sheila were asked the usual questions and all said they'd come again.

Returners Dazzlin' Maslin, Rubber Duck, Hairy Punt, Paddy Red Belly, VD and Trolly Dolly all gave their excuses for absence (from Thailand in most cases). Ah, 'tis the time of year when they all start turning upeager for a down-down.

Mudman got a down-down...something to do with overenthusiastic Hare recruiting.

Space Cowboy earned one for letting his halo slip... right down to his socks (see photo)

The photos also show Stamplicker and Masterbaker enjoying a down-down. Nobody seems to be able to remember what it was for and maybe they don't even remember themselves.

Lily the Pink and Ballbanger told us that Lumbering Jack was quite poorly and Pussy Pedaller wished him a speedy recovery.

Finally, Ahmedashed announced the location of the next weeks hash and got his just customary down-down.

ON AFTER

The On After was at the Isaan Restaurant on Pala-U Road, Isaan Baan Suan, attended by about 25 hashers.

