

H2H3 RUN #350 – 21st January 2017

LOCATION: Black Mountain area, near Big Boom Farm

GOOGLE MAP LINK: <https://goo.gl/maps/EmPavG7aAyA2>

GPS COORDINATES: N 12.609390, E 99.904537 (N 12 36.563, E 99 54.272)

HARES: Cathusalem, Mudman & No Name Kevin

HASH SNACKS: Lily the Pink

TAX COLLECTOR: Tinks

NUMBER OF HASHERS: 76

WRITE-UP (by Scotch Tape)

GUNG HAGGIS FAT CHOY

As they say in Vancouver

On 21 January in anticipation of Burns Night and the advent of the Chinese New Year of The Rooster, the Hua Hin Hash House Harriers assembled mob-handed up Black Mountain way, near Boom Boom Farm to undergo the trials and tribulations of Run Number 350.

This event had more Hares than some of the participants, in the subdry shapes of Cathusalem, Mudman and the oxymoronic No Name Kevin. Misdirections were mendaciously mouthed multi-vocally proclaiming no cattle, tied-up barbed wire, harmless hornets, and various other foul calumnies. Bemused, bewildered, and bebuggered the Hashers set off in high spirits and the direction indicated by a narrow majority of the Hares.

Initially the Trail was scenic and undemanding and H2H3 strung itself out like a daisy chain as it sped, strolled or sauntered past the liberal layers of shredded paper deployed by the Hares to keep Hashers on the straight and narrow. Everything in the garden and along this pristine path was rosy until "a mighty herd of red-eyed cows" materialised not in "the ragged skies" but unfairly and squarely across the Trail. Those phantoms of the plains, whose very existence had been denied by the Hares, seemed less than impressed by this incursion into their territory and Hollow Legs was moved to issue his usual warning that these frenetic females have been known to charge but not as fiercely as the ones in the Cha-Am bars.

In the event no casualties were inflicted by or on either side and the Hashers emerged only slightly psychologically scathed from their bowel-loosening brush with the bovines only to embark upon an assault course of barbed-wire obstacles. Yea, verily the barbed -wire had

been tied up in places but not sufficiently so as to prevent Hashers getting hooked up on the pointy parts in passing. At one place the tied up wire was so low and the murky water beneath it so deep that a snorkel had been provided for use by the less trepid in negotiating this obstruction. This aid to the rite of passage was spurned by all those behind Ballbanger on the basis that to apply one's laughing gear to a device that had previously been accommodated by Ballbanger's laughing gear was tantamount to a hyphenated kiss - truly a consummation devoutly to be missed!

Now the parting of the ways allowed the Walkers to follow a picturesque pathway to the Paradise of the beer truck with only a few more pitfalls and pratfalls to endure. The Runners, God bless them in their ignorance joined the OAU and proceeded Onward And Upward. It really is incumbent upon the incumbent GM to take Mudman to one side, preferably the far side, and explain to him that the position of Hareraiser makes him responsible for ensuring the availability of someone to Hare H2H3 Hashes as and when required and does not entitle him to seek to raise the altitudinous level to which Hashes are Hared. So, having swapped GPS's for altimeters and adjusted their oxygen masks the make-believe mountaineers moseyed Heavenwards, allowing the eagle-eyed, and those who had recently gone to Specsavers to enjoy unparalleled spectacular views of the nether regions. And then the Runners met their don't come upance in the shape of the flying fiends with armour-piercing attachments - the HORNETS.

Advertised earlier as innocuous onlookers, today the winged warriors decided to come out to play and only the totally intrepid Ahmedashed braved the onslaught and pushed on through the swarming stabbers to follow the true Trail. The other lesser mortals forked off in a different direction to find trails to bypass this place of pain and this resulted in a bit of a diaspora as Runners sought alternative routes back. Eventually all but two of the refugees had found their ways back to base and it then fell to that versatile Master of Vice, Voice and other Vacuities, Pussy Pedaller, to organise a motorised search and rescue exercise to retrieve the lame, last and lost. The missing miscreants must remain nameless for diplomatic reasons and reasons of Hash security imposed by Mudman and Tinks.

With the light and the Leo failing fast the Circle was called and Downdowns dispensed willy nilly. Tinks claimed to have stayed away so long because he had been deprived of his usual Burns Hash pastime of doing his DR Finlay act and going around doling out doses of Atholl Brose to the unaware and the unwary. The reason for this is that Atholl Brose has been de-commissioned as a Burns Hash adjunct. It is to be hoped that this is the start of a long overdue de-Scotchification of H2H3. The newly-acquired lighting system was barely brighter than a Toc-H lamp and thankfully failed to provide a sufficiency of illumination to dispel the shroud of secrecy around the Circle activities. In the fullness of time a disembodied voice, probably HMV* was heard emanating from the gloom to declare the Circle closed so that heaps of Hashers could hurry off to a hostelry on Pala-u Road for a boisterous OnOnOn and to be entertained by the latter-day Gracie Fields and Vera Lynn of Thailand namely Loose Screw and Mingster.....*HMV = Huahin Master of Voice

oNoN

SCOTCH TAPE

CIRCLE NOTES (by Cathusalem)

Not everyone was back before the circle was called. Mudman phoned requesting a lift back for a few “Rambos?” and Pussy Pedaller obliged.

So the circle started with down-downs awarded by Cathusalem as follows:

Visiting hashers from Pattaya, Seal Sucker and Bananas only came because they got a free trip on the new ferry service Pattaya to Hua Hin, free until 31st January. Predictably, they got down-downed as Cheap Charlies but said they’d even pay to hash with us next time.

Rambos who did the full trail were Ahmedashed, Bush Whacker and Seal Sucker who certainly deserved their down-downs.

Hash Snacks: Lily the Pink (very tasty) and Mickey Mou as the important Hash Snacks transport

Returners: Blow Job, Dutchy, Spook, Sweeney Todd, Posh Totty and Shutter Slut all gave very little away about what they’d been up to.

A Virgin, Madden from Cambridge said “no” he wouldn’t come again because he got lost but was told “try harder next time, you might get completely lost”

By this time, Pussy Pedaller had returned with the “Rambos?” for whom a naming and shaming (with beer) might have been appropriate but didn’t happen.

Cathusalem couldn’t remember the official title of his lieutenant. He should have called for the Master of Vice but instead shouted “Where’s my Hash Joker?”

Pussy Pedaller duly obliged with a joke and then asked whether the hares deserved a down-down or worse. Participants of all trails gave the thumbs up for a good trail.

Finally, Mickey Mou gave us the lowdown as next week’s hare and Ballbanger, perhaps disappointed at not getting a down-down for not wearing a hash shirt, muscled his way in for a down-down on the basis that he would be fixing the signs.

ON AFTER

The On After was at the Isaan Restaurant on Pala-U Road, Isaan Baan Suan, attended by about 40 hashers. Once again they looked after us very well.