

## H2H3 RUN #351 – 4th February 2017

LOCATION: Off Soi 112 and 7 km past Sam Phan Nam Floating Market

GOOGLE MAP LINK: <https://goo.gl/maps/GRetGrhxyXF2>

GPS COORDINATES: : N 12.451533, E 99.932753 (N 12 27.092, E 99 55.965))

HARES: Hugmanannygoat & Hairy Punt

HASH SNACKS: Miss Snickers

TAX COLLECTOR: Mudman

NUMBER OF HASHERS: 65

### WRITE-UP (by Spook)

Merely a week had passed since Mudman, Dazlin Mazlin and Spook were forcibly interned in the notorious 'Lumbering Jack' compound by the toothless, ruthless 'phantom padlocker'. Passing the time of night, discussions between the intrepid trio ranged from 'tunnelling to victory,' singing boy scout anthems like 'Dibby Dob Doo' to keep one's spirits high, to sharing the last can of Chang by using 3 straws secreted in by a stray dog on promise of sexual reward by Dazmaz. Gallant man, but on revelation of its prize the canine gallantly rejected. Yet by far the most fruitful dialogue (or is it triologue if 3 are involved?) was about the heavens above and on such a night when the skies were crystal clear and brilliant galaxies dotted the universe, Galileo Galilei would have been immensely impressed by the insights and postulations made by the noble three (perhaps a measure of their joint IQs?). Postulations that have since become the cornerstones of fundamental astronomy. Not since the 'Clangers' (BBC Kiddie Channel 1984) has astrophysics been so revolutionary advanced. But on that dark starry, starry night – painted blue and grey, Nasa and all its collective knowhow was surpassed, nay eclipsed by 3 fearless, nay visionary hashers, staring into the embers of the campfire at 'Lumbering Jacks.'

Now why is this story important to us today? Well the simple answer is that it isn't! Ha Ha Haaa!

But it was! on the date forever remembered as 'the night before yesterday's night.' 'Twas then that the herd took on the task of mastering the treacherous paper laid by non-other than those devious bastards 'Hairy Punt' and 'Hugmananny.' Fair trails, clear paper and moderate hills from which vistas of the whole Peninsula Thailand could be enjoyed were our reward and yet!!!! transgressions and failures in Hash etiquette were numerous. Hash hounds need reminding that the British Empire would never have been found had Drake et

al, not committed to law, that when a traveller is on paper, he should shout ON PAPER!!! And others to the fore, or to the rear (where I just happened, perchance' to be on this occasion) should respond with a belligerent bellow of 'ON PAPER!!!' It was only on the adoption of such basic but fundamental discipline that fearless British explorers such as Scott, Darwin and Tony Blair, followed each's footprints and 'On On' calls that glorious goals were finally achieved. Others who called not – were lost! Doomed to wander eternally in the fogs of time.

Apart from that it was a pretty good hash followed by a pretty good circle. AND had early leavers cast an eye to the east, they would have seen a think-tank of wise men raising their eyes once more to adore the celestial drama above. Just like Balthasar and his mates 2000 yrs ago, Tinks, Cathuslessasm, Dazlin Maz, Mudman and Spook were seeking guidance. Not to a crib, nor a manger but to the On-after Restaurant of Coconut! Ha! No GPS coordinates for us. Now Venus had risen in ascendancy and not far behind its azimuth the dim red glow that could only be Mars was clear to see. Canapus was perhaps the best to follow to the Chang but Sirius too was bright and pulsing – a regal pulsar if ever there was one. Dazlin Mazlin, slide rule pocketed, all galactic calculations done, his mind made up, confidently announced, and all murmured solemnly in agreement that Venus was the light to follow. So we set off from the circle, in its wake, assured that it's flashing beacon would lead us unerringly, on to our destination. However some re-calculation, some small tweak of the 'Hubble,' a retrograde motion of Mars, must be made.

Before our very eyes, Venus turned right and landed at Hua Hin International airport.

## **CIRCLE NOTES** (by Cathusalem)

Down-downs were awarded by Cathusalem as follows:

- Hares: Hugs and Hairy Punt got the shout for a good run/walk from all participants
- Hash Snacks: Miss Snickers got the rightly awarded accolade from Davy Delayed calling "Best snacks ever and Atholl Brose too, she's so blue"
- The Choir: Davey Delayed, Colossal Fish Fingers, Lost Cause, Karaoke Queen and Hugs for a great performance of their lively new song "Meet the choir 'cos the choir is here, the choir to entertain you". They sang their own down-down song too.
- The Centurian: Hugs for his recent completion of 100 runs. On his third down-down in quick succession and with his newly awarded pewter mug well topped up, he got a little carried away and tossed far too much beer over his shoulder giving Have You Had Me Yet a beer shampoo....so it was
- On the ice for Hugs while Cathusalem sang ditties dedicated to first Jock Twat then Steptoe with good support from Davey Delayed on the familiar Steptoe themes including "Any old iron?" and (thank you barmaids, what would we do without you?) the down-downs continued at pace as follows:
  - Jock Twat, Steptoe and eventually Hugs, with a rather cold posterior, for beer abuse
  - Leavers: Sweeney Todd and Posh Totty had already given their apologies due to a prior engagement so we had to look for stand-ins.

- Slime and Lucky Me were picked, particularly to draw attention to Lucky Me not wearing a hash shirt and to give Tinks the opportunity to tout for a sale. Incidentally, to all you others not wearing a hash shirt (any hash shirt, not necessarily H2H3) you know what the remedy might be don't you?
- Virgin: Richard Green seemed quite enthusiastic about coming again! So we look forward to giving him a down-down for something else sometime in the future.

Pussy Pedaller took over and called for all those as yet without hash names to join him in the circle. Eight "no-namers" stepped forward and to earn their down-downs had to provide details of where they came from and what jobs they used to do (or still do). It was difficult for the assembled company to assimilate all that information but it was noticed that some "no-namers" were overdue for naming from the number of runs completed.

Pussy Pedaller then dropped a bombshell – he is a leaver too. Possibly the choir had been tipped off because they seemed well prepared and gave him a rousing FOYC send off and no mention of "we hope you'll soon be back with us" but they hope so really.

All that remained was to announce the location of next week's CAH3 run. The hare Onefer was absent but had provided misdirections, which Pussy Pedaller read out....and a quite interesting location it seemed likely to be.

## **ON AFTER**

The On After was at Coconut Restaurant on Soi 102 right hand branch, just before the water skiing lake. This was a new choice of On After attended by about 30 hashers. They looked after us very well and it seems likely we will go back there again. Here is the Google Street View link

<https://www.google.co.th/maps/@12.5416312,99.9452791,3a,75y,237.08h,92.11t/data=!3m6!1e1!3m4!1sJf2XlefhCZcdaWpnW0GbnA!2e0!7i13312!8i6656?hl=en>