

H2H3 RUN #368 - 16th September 2017

LOCATION: Off Springfield road (Route 1001) North-West of the Golf Course

GOOGLE MAP LINK <https://goo.gl/maps/RF96M3t2YoD2>

GPS COORDINATES: N 12.724889, E 99.866944 (N 12 43.493, E 99 52.017)

HARES: Onefer & Ballbanger

HASH SNACKS: Dragon Tail

TAX COLLECTOR: Cathusalem

NUMBER OF HASHERS: 30

HASH NOTES by Mudman

BEWARE THE "I WRITE" GM!!!!!!!

Saturday 16th September 2017, and the day of the penultimate Hua Hin Hash dawned. We needed the lights on to have breakfast, and had a thunderous downpour late morning, resulting in intermittent electricity supply. Could this be an omen we wondered? By lunchtime, all was blue sky and sunshine, but about 30 minutes before setting off for H2H3# 368, dark brooding clouds had reappeared and another downpour ensued. Definitely a bad omen we agreed! That does NOT worry true Hashers, in the least, it'll all turn out fine in the end, and we may even get a free run for being stalwarts, if it really buckets down, I reasoned!

On arrival, fairly late, but not as late as Davey Delayed, in the vicinity of the car park, I spotted Brambles Bill in his 4 x 4 seemingly making his way around the end of a field, and then turning right, out of sight, and when we next saw him he was parked with two other vehicles at the "car park". Very low turnout today, I thought, what a bunch of wimps! An Aussie Swagman with hat, minus the suspended corks, approached us and said, "We've all come the wrong way!" Bushwacker then pointed off to our right about 150 metres, and there to our relief was the main horde of Hashers, who like us had braved the potentially challenging conditions, parked correctly, in an extremely scenic spot, with hills all around and a small lake alongside. My confidence in Hash True Grit was reassured. I duly reversed 100 metres to the track branch, where our breakaway leader

had branched left, and then attempted, as usual, to park as close to the beer truck, as possible.

Lead Hare Onefer gave us the run down, (and up) on the trail, explaining that it was undulating, or something approximating to that! No crocodiles on this one, we were assured, but it would be on the menu at the restaurant. Fittingly the On On On would be at The Billabong, and about 20 indicated attendance. I remembered we'd been there a couple of times before, and had been very well taken care of, by the obliging Aussie owner.

The trail was set in a beautiful scenic area, and it was looking at its best due to all the recent rainfall. Our positive attitude, to the weather outcome, was well rewarded, as the conditions for walking/running were relatively cool and fresh, with only the odd few spots of rain. The first check certainly bunched up the whole field, as it lead the FRB's to a false trail and then most searchers went off in the various other likely directions, directly from the check. Wiley Brambles Bill and Bent Banana, the 4 B's, decided to investigate a path that branched off from false trail, but about 50 metres from the check. They howled "On On" but got quite a jump on the rest of us, and it took some time to catch them up. During the "catch up" exertions, Mudman was just ahead of Bushwacker, for quite a period, but then heard total silence for about 30 seconds, in the bush behind him. Despite wanting to overhaul the 4 B's he conscientiously stopped, and called out, "Bushwacker, are you OK?" "Yeah I'm fine thanks", came the response, "What's the problem?" "Oh, I thought you'd had a heart attack and keeled over, as I could hear no bushwacking at all, for awhile there" I replied. "No it's just that you're too fast for me he conceded!" For once, I just couldn't argue with him, but replied, "And such a caring and thoughtful chap to boot"!

On we toiled, past a very good viewpoint, indicated by a yellow sign. Despite the overcast weather, the views of the distant hills were good. The next check for the runners, I believe after the run/walk split, once again bunched them all up. Tinks, our ever meticulous trail recorder, arrived on the scene, and eventually Bushwacker, I think found the On On. The trail was always scenic, and verdantly green, and another check caused a switch in the lead with Swindler's Pissed encouraging Hungover to hang in there. At this stage, she was in fact doing very well, but, being a woman, was at the back of the leading runners, so one helpful soul turned around, and said something along the lines" Come on, hurry up, we all know why they call women the weaker sex"! This had a somewhat galvanizing impact, such that Hungover redoubled her efforts, to catch and flatten the offending male.

Soon after that we came across the run walk merge, where most of the walkers had found a bit of paper on the right, then not seen anymore, and then come across paper on

the left, and were heading off into the green yonder, in the wrong direction. Swindler's and Hungover found the correct in trail, for runners and walkers, and the final dash to the car park was on. So determined was Hungover to prove her mettle that she sprinted in, a whisker ahead of Bushwacker, who swore she was weaving from side to side to stop him coming by!

The weather remained co-operative and all enjoyed the On On, and particularly Dragontail's delicious curry puffs.

Cathusalem, our GM called the Circle, and dragged the beer swilling rabble to order, with difficulty. He particularly wanted to impart to all in attendance, that the upcoming first run in October, being on SATURDAY 7th OCTOBER would be a momentous occasion, as it will be the first run of the amalgamated Hua Hin Hash House Harriers and Cha Am House Harriers, - and that any outstanding positions in the Hash hierarchy/committee i.e. Mismanagement, that needed to be finalised, would be decided on with a vote by attending Hashers, ON THAT DATE. He mentioned that an e-mail would be sent out to all Hashers with further information, early next week.

Next our GM enquired who would volunteer to do the write up for the great trail we'd just experienced? The usual avalanche of offers was experienced, so an "irate" GM, or should that be an "I write" GM, said that's what he would have to do!! He then obviously had a brainwave (storm?) and cunningly devised a plan to punish the backsliding scribes! Our valiant Hares, Onefer and Ringmaster, were called into the Circle, and were regaled with the Down Down song by a bemused choir, dutifully following the GM's commands, without being praised/berated for their trail laying efforts. Our GM then explained that he required written opinions of the Hares' efforts, a few lines or more if possible, from the laggards present! I'm sure the Hare's were not too concerned as they knew that if some poor sod, terrified by the GM's ire, decided to give an opinion of the trail, it would be glowing! Things started to become a little blurry at this stage, (the 2 large Chang stage), but the circle continued on, and I remember Ballbanger informing us that the details for next week's CAH3 would be posted soon.

I also remember, watching Davey Delayed's long white pick up doing a very professional and precise three point turn, in the dark, avoiding dropping into any holes, or the lake, and naturally being extremely impressed with Doggy Style's driving flagged them down, as I wanted to tell her that was almost as good as any man could have done it! As the vehicle pulled up, and the window slid down, who should be sitting in the driver's seat, but ----- Davey Delayed!! Of course I should have known all along!

A good crowd of at least twenty, continued on to The Billabong, and we were treated to great food and good service, at reasonable prices. All in all a great day's Hashing.