

H2H3 RUN #372 - 11/11/17 Remembrance Day Run

LOCATION: West of Wat Huay Mongkol

GOOGLE MAP LINK: <https://goo.gl/maps/mUARQsaX1mq>

GPS COORDINATES: 12.564764, 99.798313 (N 12 33.880 E 99 47.899)

HARES: Spook & Tinks

HASH SNACKS: Brown Diamond

TAX COLLECTOR: Butt Out

NUMBER OF HASHERS: 40

HASH NOTES: Cathusalem

I had tried to get someone to read the eulogy for Remembrance Day but they requested me to do it so I decided to do it before the run following sporting event procedures and this is what I read out.

Today is the 99th Anniversary of the Armistice that ended hostilities in the First World War at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of the year one thousand nine hundred and eighteen.

Armistice Day, the eleventh of November became a day to remember those who died in the First World War.

At the end of the Second World War, to remember those who died in both wars, many countries adopted the term Remembrance Day. In the UK, Remembrance Day is on the nearest Sunday to the eleventh of November.

I'd like to read a well-known extract from a longer poem written during the First World War and entitled Ode to the Fallen, in Remembrance.

Then, one minutes silence followed by The Last Post.

They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old.
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning,
We will remember them

After playing The Last Post on my trumpet, I called "Hares in the middle" and it was into the most perfectly round circle we've probably ever had. It was a fine evening on the lakeside as Spook and Tinks told us what they had in store for us and off we went.

It wasn't far to the first check and the choices were left or right. The possibility of a back check had been mentioned but that was very unlikely and it proved to be left although the general direction soon swung around to the right, which I thought had to be the way we would be heading...towards the open countryside. I had been checking to the right, which I found later was the in-trail.

It wasn't far to the first split where the runners climbed steeply to the left then rejoined the main trail only about 200m further on. The trails were combined for about the next 500m with the runners jostling their competitive way through before the next split monitored by Tinks to make sure nobody went the wrong way. There were some breathtaking views of the surrounding hills.

It was only about another 200m to the LW/SW split where Spook was directing traffic and nearly everybody took the LW (long walk). As we gradually gained height, we could see the runners at a considerably higher altitude but it didn't take long before they were jostling their way through again. Eventually, the pack spread out as we headed gently downhill back to the lakeside.

A beer was needed plus a tasty snack before calling the circle. I called for Fish Fingers (Colossus) to lead off with a song for the hares. He duly obliged with the song I made up a few years ago (to the tune of the William Tell Overture) and nearly everybody joined in.

Here's to the Hares who laid the trail
But was it good or did they fail?
A good run or a complete balls up?
Give 'em a beer because they did turn up.

Drink it down-down down-down etc

Having had their beer for turning up, I asked the hares to stay in the circle to await the verdict on whether it was a good run. They got a resounding approval from both runners and walkers and enjoyed another down-down to the traditional hash song.

Next, there was more singing for Brown Diamond (In the Ring - Tra-la-la-la-la) before she got a down-down for her delicious snacks.

Returners got another song that I made up (to the tune of D'Ye Ken John Peel).

Do we know these guys?
Have we seen them before?
Shall we welcome them back
Or chuck 'em out the door?
They've been away for far too long
So we'll punish them by giving them a
Down-down down-down down-down down-down

Notable amongst the returners was Old Macdonald still keeping up a cracking pace on trail.

And notable amongst the visitors was Skidmark, who remembered Tinkerbelle (Tinks) from his time hashing in Hong Kong. In fact, it was Tinks who actually persuaded his work colleague Skidmark to go on his first hash. In typical fashion, the story certainly got embellished a little.

I had been advised that Mudlady led a whole gang of hashers on a short cut through the pineapples. I never really expected to get Mudlady into the circle but did try. Mudman was the quite inappropriate stand-in but I had to keep things moving towards a rapid conclusion at that stage.

Donkey Cock and Rubber Duck were respectively down-downed as next week's Cha-Am hare and the GM who, surprisingly, knew what was going on too.

The circle closed with a repeat of the misdirections to the On After by Spook.

And what a find he'd made of Mama's Restaurant attended by 25 hashers. Good food and a great atmosphere to round things off. Thanks hares.