

H2H3 Run 334: 11th June 2016

Location: Beyond Greenfield Fishing Village, turn left and go about 500m

Co-ordinates: N 12.466371 E 99.948787

Hares: Bent Banana and Bush Whacker

Snacks: Karn

Tax Collector: Mudman

Hash Flash: Special Services

GPS Details: Tinks and Hugmanannygoat

Hash Scribe: Cathusalem

Number of Hashers: 47

Are they really gonna call me Rent Boy?



Full details of our latest Hash Christening below

Photo by "No Name" Keith

First the boring details of the run !

No it was not boring at all, although your scribe's account of it might be! It was an excellent trail.... in virgin territory as confirmed by Brambles Bill, the fount of all H2H3 trail knowledge. So it's full credit to the hares for finding some new territory. They said finding the trail had taken many visits but, maybe because of the familiarity, they failed to check the published misdirections, which caused several hashers to go wrong (more about this later at circle time) but just to mention here that it was reported a telephone call was received saying "it's too far we're going home". No names, no pack-drill but suffice it to say they did eventually arrive... even later than usual.

Bent Banana told us that the walkers trail was about 5.5 km with quite a steep climb, which was not unexpected from viewing the adjacent terrain. The runners trail, he said, was not quite so steep but would be about 9 km. We were to note that paper was always on the left. So off we went and sure enough soon started a steep climb up a narrow rocky gully, which would certainly be a raging torrent after a heavy downpour. There had been some rain on the way to the hash but only spits and spats.

The narrow rocky gully went on and on but eventually we came out on to a flatter forest area. "We're going to get a sea view soon" I said to my companions One Brick Short and Special Services but it was a little while before the trees cleared to enable this. I'd already been passed by several fast walkers and I must admit I never saw any of them again until arriving back. In front of the sea view there were a lot of buildings, which I suppose is what you pass these days on the way to Pranburi. We could also see Ko Singto (Lion Island) and you can see how it got its name. I bet the runners didn't have time to admire the view so here it is guys, photo courtesy of "No Name" Keith.



As can be seen from the photo, we had descended a long way from the mountain top. One Brick Short and Special Services agreed we hoped the hares had found a way back that didn't involve going over the top of the mountain again. I decided I could do a little run as it was quite flat. Soon, I came across Bent Banana who was guiding everybody in the right direction and making sure we'd all got enough water. All he would say was "there's still a long way to go". Later he told me that Hugs, on arrival at the same spot, had said "it's only 1.2 km back according to my Garmin" to which Bent Banana responded "you don't really want to go over the mountain again, do you?" I'm so glad Hugs didn't follow his beloved Garmin and did get back in time for the circle.

On trail again, I came to a check with sticks clearly pointing in the direction being taken by Loose Screw, Blow Me Dry and Mingster. "We're not sure" they shouted. "Just carry on" I said "You'll find paper" which they did. I suppose the only little moan I could make about the otherwise super-efficient hares was that very little of the vast amount of shredded paper they'd used had been left with the sticks at the checks (or had it blown away?).

I overtook the girls and jogged along on a very pleasant track that, strangely, reminded me of Scotland. Near the top of the mountain pass, the runners started coming through, first Mudman, then No Name Paul, then Sodomy. Then it was out on to pineapple field paths along the edge of the woodland. The story I had in mind was to tell how every time we came around a corner of woodland expecting to see the cars another corner of woodland appeared and the last stretch seemed to take forever. It turned out worse than that.

With the above scenario in mind, I completely missed paper that led back into the woods. Loose Screw and Mingster followed me but Blow Me Dry confidently followed paper back into the woods in what seemed to me completely the wrong direction. Very soon, all was clear when Bush Whacker, leading several walkers, confirmed that the trail had to go back into the woods to cross a deep ravine more easily than at the fringes of the pineapple fields. That last stretch was quite a slog but....no doubt much easier than following Hugs's Garmin and, of course, after a slog like that the beer went down extremely well.

The GM called the hares into the circle but immediately Pussy Galore was in there too. She said "Shut up and listen to me" trying to censure the hares for the misdirections, that caused her and several others to be late but nobody could hear what she was saying because of the "Stripper's Song" "doo dah dah, dah dah dah doo" and in the end Pussy Galore just gave up and did her customary gyrations instead. A down-down for being an interrupter was her reward.

The hares finally received the thumbs up from both walkers and runners for excellent trails and got no punishment for the misdirections. In fact, it made good down-down fodder.

Special Services and One Brick Short interpreted the misdirections that said pass Banyan Golf Course to mean that they should turn off in that direction. They found themselves the centre of attention in the golf club car park with stewards jostling to sign them up as new members. So, they were down-downed as Banyan Golf Club wannabees.

Mudman requested a spot in the circle and asked Pearl's a Swinger to join him. He told how she had to be pushed and pulled while clutching the rope that he and Muddy Joe had fixed a few weeks ago. Pearl's a Swinger was presented with the very rope that she swung on and accordingly down-downed.

Next into the circle were Scotch Tape and Miss Snickers. It appeared they didn't like the company in the circle when they were returners two weeks ago (I'm not really offended) but they decided to own up and get a down-down as late returners this week.

That done, Scotch Tape was in the clear for Religious Advisor duties. We had been asked the previous week to think of a suitable name for No Name Paul. Hugs mentioned a few possibilities. Sodomy said there were all sorts of reasons why he suggested and even demanded that No Name Paul be christened **Rent Boy**.

Immediately, Pussy Pedaller jumped into the circle and said that as Master of Vice he decreed "No need for a vote, Rent Boy it is". I think there probably was a perfunctory unanimous vote during a brief delay as Hugs fetched the ceremonial christening carpet. They've never had it so good, these days. Bare knees on the gravel was how most of us were christened.

Next was the circle highlight as the choir broke into "How much is that Rent Boy in the Window?" - a great impromptu down-down song. Not sure what the Rent Boy himself thought about it though.

Next, Hugs called Jock Twat into the circle to reward him for an excellent hash write-up. I was also called in as the volunteer for this week's write-up and I gave myself the job of trying to get a volunteer scribe for the next H2H3 run. No volunteer so I had to resort to a little persuasion on Davey Delayed assuring him he'd be fine. The down-down nomination was for the past, present and future scribes... they are blue!

Hugs announced that he had to go back to the UK for about two weeks and that Pussy Pedaller would take over his duties while he was away. With PP already deputising for Rubber Duck, this meant that Hua Hin H3 and Cha-Am H3 would both have the same guy in charge, something that has never happened before. PP gave us a foretaste with two jokes for the price of one.

He then realized the Virgins hadn't been dealt with so Op, a virgin, and her friend Fast Comer (who'd made Op come) were down-downed together.

Pussy Pedaller asked if we had next week's hare present but we didn't and he had to admit he'd no idea who it was or where it would be but he would certainly make sure that it would happen.

With that the circle was closed and we drifted off to Sabai Sabai where they looked after us very well as usual. Hugs had counted 20 hands up at the pre-run circle and said he'd tell them 25. We did a head count at Sabai Sabai and it was 37 hashers. Were there that many latecomers or did some just decide to follow the crowd? Anyway, 37 at the On After out of 47 hashers attending is a very good percentage. When it comes to run credits against subsidised events etc, I've previously advocated 50% credit for run attendance and 50% for On After attendance.....just a thought.

Finally, I'd like to repeat Hugs's words. "Thank you to all involved for making this another excellent hash day."

On On,

Cathusalem