

P.O. BOX 276 PHUKET 83000

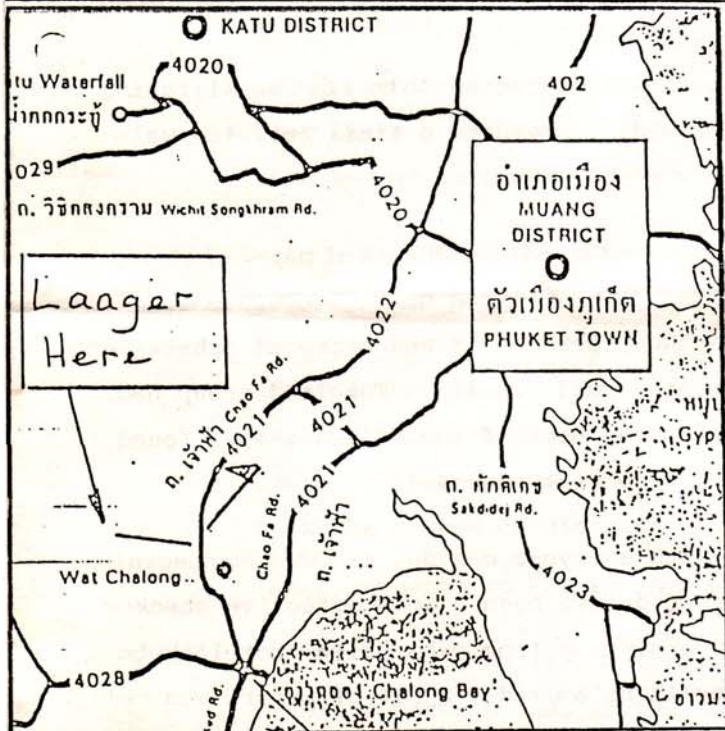
PHUKET HASHI HOUSE HARRIERS



THAILAND

Committee :

Alan "Dubai" Cooke	Grand Master	211970
Brian Smith	} Joint Masters	213490
Lek Thongton		213162
Jim Keenan	Hash Steward	212264
Allen Boone	Hash Cash	
Manit Ratanadilok	Asst. Hash Cash	213490
Jim Simpson	Hash Scribe	216588
Wim Neyman	Hash Impedimenta	321137
Marie Cooke	Laager Lady	211970
Alan Grant	On Sec.	216745
Hannes Birnbaun	O.M.I.R.	215890



Hash Horn : Anne Neyman

Next Run No. 32

5 p.m. Saturday 24 January 1987

Hares : Okuoka and Iba San.

Directions :

Take the Phuket town by pass (4022) south towards Ao Chalong Junction. Proceed 1km. beyond the Power station ^{on} your right, and turn right at the "sign".

This is exactly the same location and hares as for Run No. That run you will recall was awarded our first Hashit, the hares assure me that this time we will run the run we should have run last time!!!

I have advised the hares that potential "Hashit" situations may be retrieved by the provision of a case of beer.

Holder of Hashit. Jim Burchell & Paul Obdam. Since Run No.25

Future Hares :

Run No.33	31 January	Mathew Hedrick and Alan Cooke
Run No.34	7 February	Alan Grant
Run No.35	14 February	Manit
Run No.36	21 February	Herman (the German) Holtberni.
Run No.37	28 February	Hannes and Ravin Birnbaun
Run No.38	7 March	Lek Thongtan
Run No.39	14 March	Gunter Scholz
Run No.40	21 March	Jim Simpson
Run No.41	28 March	Chakrapan - Sayan

below an ever present threat, others waited behind.

If memory serves me correctly, it was "Young Bob", who having crossed the slide, ran a mere 100 mts when halted by a sheer 30 mt ledge which dropped into a flooded quarry pit, "Young Bob" was somewhat hesitant about jumping but was assured that it was good for the cause. A distant "ON ON" broke the spell and saved a Hasher.

Slowly we made our way down the notorious landslide to the flats below. We avoided rolling rocks and hidden crevices the entire descent.

(What is this? Once again, Gunter appears, this time chuckling softly to himself, a strange twist playing his lips, Truly Sick.)

Having survived thus far, the pack surged down into a shallow canyon where a major check took place. At this junction, the temptation became to great for our G.M. who broke from the pack and plodded into a near by mud flat where he proceeded to wallow around in the brackish bogs. Within no time he was joined by Frank who seemed to have the same thing in mind.

As these two relaxed, the pack finally found paper and left the canyon behind. The trail became flat and well marked with few checks. The pack began to spread out with members forsaking the "paper trail" as they headed towards the Lager. For those who followed paper, a true delight was in store further along the trail. Coming to a clearing the trail led to the edge of a canal. Paper was visible on the opposite bank so "J.M." Smith and "H.S" Keenan took the plunge as did many others welcoming the cool, fresh bath.

(What happened to Frank? Did he miss the river or can't he swim?)

It felt as if the Lager was near with the trail heading through numerous water holes, in the marsh. Only a handful came in on paper; but, as usual, everyone had a good workout regardless. Most would agree that Gunter's second run will aptly be remembered as "The Wallowing Buffaloe Run".

The afterrun beers were drunk with great relish by our visitors:

"Down Downs"

Jo	Footer.	}	}	Visitors.
Penny	Cooke			
Our man from Crowmer				
Gunter	}	}	}	}
Willem				
Brian Smith.	25 Run 'T' Shirt			

RUN NO. 29

HARE : GUNTER SCHOLZ - WILLEM (PENANG) RIMMER

LOCATION : KATHU

There were quite a few apprehensive runners prior to the start of Gunter's Hash ; most of whom undoubtedly remembered his first "HashTrek" and cared not to repeat the experience, Gunter would not divulge anymore information than "water".

The last mouthfulls of beer were downed as the Hash Horn trumpeted. Our honorable G.M., obviously still smarting from a slanderous suggestion concerning his Hash stamina reported in the last newsletter, charged out of the Lager like a maddened bull in pursuit of an offender. This charge continued at a remarkable pace until we came to what appeared to be Base Camp.

(Unfortunately for our G.M. this initial effort proved to be a bit debilitating and shortly thereafter the raging bull had mellowed to a timid buffaloe wallowing in his mudhole.)

From Base Camp the trail climbed vertically with bits of paper clinging to the rocks. A few began the assault on the mountain hoping it was only a false. Having gone perhaps 150 mts, the paper ceased and a cry of "checking" was sounded. Fewer continued upwards, the rest...well ? The lead group had nearly reached the top when far below at the base of the hill, someone found paper, One has to wonder about our checking procedures.

Remember, "checking" is something everyone can do. It takes no special talent, yet I'd imagine Helen Keller would have been a more effective checker than the majority of us even if you are dying from exhaustion just look to the ground as you stumble around. You'll be amazed ; a bit of paper, you yell "ON ON", and lead the pack forward, "checking" is just that, if you were suppose to stop and stare, while conserving your energy, it would be called "Resting" would it not ?

(Did everyone notice Gunter at the bottom of the hill? What was he doing there? Rather Hitchcockian.)

The newly discovered trail wound around the base of the hill and with the realization that we would not need our clamp-ons, the run proceeded with an air of quiet contentment. The pack began to tighten-up when we came to a most notorious landslide. Carefully choosing our footing a number of runners crossed the face. The possibility of falling to one's death on rock lances