

# H2H3 Run number Seven

13 January 2001



THE BRAND NEW YEAR ushered in the most northerly local Hash Run yet, in the spacious surroundings of the Muruk Khataywan Palace, located within the grounds of the King Rama VI military camp, near Cha-Am. Hared by Keith and David, it was also the first Hash to start and finish by the sea.

Before the ten starters set off, Keith T, Hash Sniff, demonstrated his ingenious trail marking device which deposited small arrows of flour from a tin attached to a bamboo pole. No paper trails allowed in the military grounds, you see, though local weekend picknickers cranking up their stereos close by had no inhibitions about littering the beach area. Thailand must be the only place in the world where civilians are allowed into military training areas – and the troops don't bother to clean up after them.

The course went from the car park/A site to the beach, and then around the palace area, where of course out of Royal

respect no markings were permitted, then on a Rambo loop which made the full course up to 8.2km. Wimps could take a shorter 6.7km route from outside the palace grounds, where the path divided. The hounds were quickly off, but within five minutes, front runners Elliot and Colin had to turn back from false trails and re-join the back-markers. Mike unwisely followed them, forgetting that E and C always waste energy dashing up and down false trails. By the time we hit the beach, however, the Rambos were away and gone. Threading their way through throngs of sightseers heading for tour buses, they hit the start of the Rambo loop some four minutes ahead of the rest, then pounded through it (no more false trails here) to reach the bridge in just over 32 minutes. With just over a kilometre remaining, they then ambled home together, and stripped off for a refreshing dip in the sea after finishing.

The hares had warned everyone of a fording section – bring a change of clothing, they said, because you WILL get wet on the beach section of the run. It was a non-event. By 5pm, the tide was well out, and no fording was necessary,

though some people got wet shoes in trying to find firmer sections of sand to run on. When the hares set the trail in the days before, the tide had been in at around mid-day, and they had waded through waist-deep sea water. "Great", thought Chief Hare Keith T. "This will add an extra dimension to the trail. The Outward Bound characters will appreciate the challenge, anyway. Maybe we can even fit a parachute jump into the run also." Forget it – tides wait for no man (or woman), as we all should know, and only military types were using the static lines on exercise grounds along the course. All but two ran the Rambo Loop, which suffered from heavy lorries obliterating many of the course markings so laboriously put down that morning by the hares. Everyone was home after some 54 minutes.

At the Hash Circle, we welcomed virgin hasher Wilfred from Germany to H2H3, and the Grand Master, among others, was obliged to do a down-down for missing the December run, hared by the Hua Hin Angels. The after Hash Meal was at Luciano's where we dined on some really excellent Italian cuisine. The hares for Hash Run number 8, on 10 February, will be Bill Evans and Colin Wood. Pick up from Sport Villa at 4pm. ON ON! Further details from Sec May Crowley on (032) 536797 or e-mail: may1may@aol.com

**ON ON!!**