

**Grand Master**  
Simon Snowdon (Slush)

**Joint Masters**  
Steve Statham (Krakow)

Mo Rujak (On All Fours)

**Scribe Master**  
Angela Sykes (Gannet)

**Hasherdabber**  
Mark Pratten (Well Laid)

**Hash Horn**  
Alan Eddie (Pist 'N' Broke)



**Chamber Pots**  
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)

Ann Marcer (K2)

**On Sec**  
Paul Ames (Aimless)

**Hash Cash**  
Paul Waters (Stopcock)

**Hare Master**  
Kate Glanville (Biff)

**Hash Flash**  
Elena Stamp (Come Forward)

**Life Pee'er**  
Angus Colville

**Hereditary Pee'ers**  
Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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**Next Run No: 1711**

**Date: 13 May 2013**

**Start: Bickleigh, below the barracks (SX 525620)**

**On Down: White Thorn, Shaugh Prior**

**Hares: Dr Knobbly**

Hello my little chickadees, old mother hen reporting, hope you enjoyed your run!

Quite a flock gathered yet again on a lovely Monday evening. There you all were, a colourful array of fit, not so fit and the lame psyching yourselves up for the inevitably brilliant run laid by the master off all runlaying, hurricane, the brilliant!. As I was watching from the sidelines it ,it struck me the similarities between the hash and a flock of chickens. The hens, young and assured and with an eye on the young cocks. ,the very young pullets POL(point of lay to the uninitiated),nervously fluttering around, not quite sure what to do.

Then we have the young cocks, confident noisy brash and with an eye on the hens. Then of course come the majority of the hash, the cockerels. They are older than the cocks and wiser and better at strutting and shortcutting. They also have an on eye the ladies.....sorry.....hens and are forever trying to keep at the top of the pecking order

.occasionally in the holiday periods, usually Easter, the dear little chicks appear, getting under our feet, light and flighty and fleet of foot. This lot are always dead keen to outdo their parents, this causes friction resulting in being banned from hashing in the school term.

Last but not least are the old broilers, the game old birds that never give up, too slow to even short cut always clucking away that it wasn't like this in the old days, but always getting there in the end!

As I said before, there we were gathered on a lovely Monday evening, at a little known parking area mainly frequented by flies...err fishermen that is, enjoying solitude and lots of water. Mayhem was the epitome of hash elegance, tatty running gear and an overlarge golden tote bag. Should we all get one?

Gannet has had purple makeover, even her blisters, very regal my dear as befits the queen of long distance running, Angela I know you get into a right 2&8 over apostrophes, do you know there's a new book published called Gwynne's grammar?

Arguilles was "goosed" by old broiler knashers.....and he liked it.....reckon he needs stronger glasses...anytime 'e said, anytime!

Hurricane the brilliant stood up and said something unintelligible and the flock were off midst much flapping and squawking

As I have Achilles tendonitis, caused by over enthusiastic dancing.....perhaps I should do stretching exercises before I go dancing, or maybe just sit in my rocking chair rocking gently to the beat! Anyway I went for a gentle walk with other old, infirm or injured hashers, namely K2,sporting a very very old 666 t shirt.... ahhhh those were the days!!!! Luscious and Abby(needs a hash name)

Returning to the bucket Moose the moribund was seen lying on a bank ,not moving but suck ink on a bottle....no hands.....!!!! were you left on your own allot dear Moose when you were tiny!!

Penny farting not surprisingly broke his plastic running crocs .trying to jump a style. Has he been taking lessons from Barney. Go see gannet and get some good stout purple ones m' boy!!!

Chopper locked himself out of his car. I didn't think you could do that sort of thing with today's cars. His car must older than me! Never mind d chopper when you grow up you'll be able to buy one like grandpa's.

Talking about chickens ,anyone heard a cuckoo yet? Plain Jane did, walking with a "friend" on brat tor..nudge nudge etc.

I tell you this cycling lark isn't good for you I'm reliably informed by all those who stayed in a bunkhouse in Wales with caught short, that she was ...err....caught short, causing the only toilet to be blocked. Said blockage was inspected by all those informants who poured many buckets of water, chain-gang style, down the said toilet, until said toilet was fit enough for all those others. They sound like a load of shits to me ,Dawn

Lastly I've been hearing gossip about sir slush the sloshable.....something about bike ....fall....hurt....can't run. Perhaps it's time to think about getting a trike ,sweetie.

ON ON mother hen's had enough.....CLUCK CLUCK!!