

COMMITTEE
Pimps posse

TWAS

LIFE PECKERS
ANGUS COVILLE
CHRIS LAURENCE-KING
HEREDITARY PEE'ERS
SIMON TREHANE
SARA LAURENCE-KING

NEXT WASH - 04/06/18/1973 / SPIKE / NORSWORTHY BRIDGE, BURRATOR
ON DOWN - THE ROYAL OAK, MEAVY / SCRIBE NIPPLE DEEP,

TWAS A FINE BANK HOLIDAY MORNING. THE BIRDS
SINGING, THE LAST RESIDUE OF MORNING DEW
ADORNING THE SPRING FLORA. WHILST SIPPING MY CUP OF
EARL GREY, A NIGGLING THOUGHT, SOMETHING I'VE FORGOTTEN
AAAAARRRGGGHH.. I'M WRITING THE WASH MAG!
THAT'S OK, I WROTE NOTES AFTER THE WASH. OUT WITH
THE TRUSTY, NEVER-LET-ME-DOWN, LAP TOP...

AAAAARRRGGGHH.. WHY WON'T YOU TURN ON.. THIS
IS NOT GOOD! NOW, WHAT DID WE DO BEFORE
COMPUTERS? THAT'S IT! PENS!

AAAAARRRGGGHH.. & NOW, YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS ONE,
I'M STRUGGLING TO DO JOINED UP WRITING. TWENTY
YEARS OF WRITING OUT JOB SWEETS IN CAPITALS, AND
THE ADVENT OF TEXT, EMAILS, AND WORD PROCESSORS
HAVE RENDERED ME INPOTENT, IN THE FINE ART OF
CONNECTED PENMANSHIP.

SO... APOLOGIES, ON THE KHAZI PRODUCTIONS IS
ASHAMED TO PRESENT:

'OLD SCHOOL WASH MAG, WRITTEN WITH INFANTILE
CAPITAL LETTERS'

THE WASH IN A WORD... BRILLIANT!
MANY THANKS TO GRANDPA AND JOHN, FOR A
SUPERB ADVENTURE AROUND THE ALDER ESTATE.
MORE CHECKS THAN THE WHOLE OF APRIL (ACCORDING
TO GRANDPA) WERE FESTOONED AROUND THE WASH.
44 WAS THE NUMBER CLAIMED AT THE WASH!

THERE WAS A DELIGHTFUL PIT STOP AT AN ENCHANTED COTTAGE EN ROUTE, WITH THE NICEST APPLE JUICE I'VE EVER TASTED. ON ENQUIRING THE INGREDIENTS WHICH MADE UP THIS TASTY BEVERAGE I WAS TOLD APPLES, THAT'S IT!

SUITABLY REFUELED, ON TO MORE CHECKS. NOT ROCKS EVER ADDING TO HIS COLLECTION OF CHECK-BACKS; I THINK HE ~~FOUND~~ FOUND ALL 44!

EVEN GOOD HEAD (OR PENFOLD IF YOU PREFER) WAS DOING HIS BIT AND CHECKING DOWNHILL OF ALL PLACES.

WE WERE TREATED TO A MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF INDIGENOUS ~~BLUEBELLS~~ BLUEBELLS IN THE LATTER HALF OF THE WASH, WITH NOT A SPANISH BLUEBELL IN SIGHT. NOW, IT'S NOT THAT I DISLIKE SPANISH FLORA, BUT THEY DO HAVE A HABIT OF INVADING AND WIPING OUT THE DELICATE AND WELCOMING BRITISH BLUEBELLS. VERY MUCH LIKE WHEN HERNAN CORTÉZ AND A HANDFUL OF SOLDIERS LANDED AT THE MIGHTY AZTEC CAPITAL OF TENOCHTITLAN IN 1519, DECEIVING AND CAPTURING THE AZTEC ~~GOVERNOR~~ LEADER MONTEZUMA. IT TOOK NEARLY A CENTURY, BUT EVENTUALLY 90% OF THE INDIGENOUS POPULATION WAS WIPED OUT. SORRY, I DIGRESS.

AFTER A BRIEF DIP IN THE ALDER POOL; OFF TO THE PUB. GREAT VENUE WITH SOME FINE LOOKING FAIRE. I DIDN'T SAMPLE ANY OF THE FOOD MYSELF AS I'M FOLLOWING THE GOOD HEAD DIET - NO SNACKING.

ON CONGRATULATING BOB ON THE WASH, WE GOT ONTO THE SUBJECT OF CHECKS, AND ESPECIALLY THE GROWING TREND OF SOLO, OSLO, LOOS AND OTHER ACRONYMS FOR LONG SHORT DIVIDES. GRANDPA EXPLAINED THE ADVANTAGES OF HAVING A SINGLE

CHECK, WITH THE LONG AND SHORT ARROWS FEEDING OFF THIS. THIS KEEPS THE MORE GEOGRAPHICALLY MINDED HASHERS (GLANI) GUESSING AS TO THE ROUTE. APPARENTLY IT'S EASIER TO FIGURE OUT THE LONGS AND SHORTS IF YOU TELL THEM IT'S A DIVIDE AT SOURCE. NOT ME, I'D GET LOST IF YOU SPAN ME AROUND IN A PHONE BOX. BOB DEFINITELY HAS A POINT THOUGH, AS THE LONGS AND SHORTS DID SEE QUITE A LOT OF EACH OTHER. ON CALLING OVER THE NEW GM, GRANDPA TRIED TO GET THIS CAST IN STONE. PIMP, EVER THE DIPLOMAT DECREED THAT 'THE RULES OF HASHING ARE THAT THERE ARE NO RULES.' I THOUGHT THAT WAS FIGHT CLUB. BUT WHAT DO I KNOW, I'VE NOT DONE 100 RUNS YET!

TWO AWARDS WERE GIVEN AT THE HUSH; CONGRATULATIONS TO UNCLE ON 300 HASH'S, AND ONLY GETTING LOST FOR A SMALL PERCENTAGE OF THOSE.

AND WELL DONE AIMLESS JOINING THE HOLLOWED 1000 CLUB. A GARGANTUAN ACHIEVEMENT.

FUTURE NEWS, 2000 RUNS IS ON THE EVENT HORIZON. AND HURRICANE WAS KEEN TO PRECURE A SCRIBE FOR THE HASH. AFTER MUCH LOOKING AT FEET AND AWKWARD SILENCE FERGIE AND MYSELF VOLUNTEERED GANET. THINKING SHE WOULD BE THE PERFECT SCRIBE. WITTY, FLAWLESS PUNCTUATION, BRILLIANT SENTENCE TRANSITIONS AND MORE IMPORTANTLY NOT FERGIE OR MYSELF. SO GANET YOU'VE BEEN ISSUED A RED WEATHER WARNING... HURRICANE APPROACHING, SORRY.

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