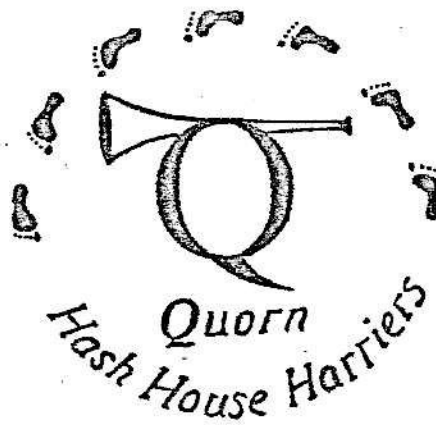


JM...Keith Croft  
On Sec..Sue Hibbert  
( on 050981 3417 )

Est. 1987

Q  
H  
3



Grand Mistress....Michele 'Mango' Flowers

THE WALTON SPLASH.....Run number 9

Hares: Mango and Crafty

After a lot of overnight rain, the Hare was granted a temporary respite to lay the trail just before the pack arrived. What had been a very dry route, quickly turned into a shiggy trail of unexpected Hash Splashes...or was it trial? When first researched, there was definitely a plank over the water at the first hurdle.....when laid there wasn't..so says the bloody Hare.

A goodly pack set off up a long FT, only to return through the lanes of Walton to 'smell out' the flour; another FT through the cow-shit, eagerly searched by the FRBs, and ON to the first Splash. Hard-On trying to do a Tarzan impression, fell in; Luke, followed by Kevin, jumped in; the rest were pushed or dragged in, splashed gently or thoroughly soaked by our new found East Grinstead H3 look-alikes. Off over the meadows, with Pils being raped every 100 yards or so by one and all; Luke found that throwing sods (of earth that is ) was much more fun than running. More stubble

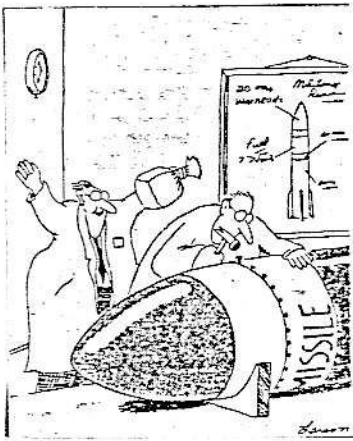


Inevitably, their affair ended. Howard worried excessively about what the pack would think, and Agnes simply ate the flowers.



and plough followed with the eventual welcome sight of Wallington, our man with the beer. A ladies check from the amber fluid and we were off again past the stately home and on to more meadows, mud and confusion. At this point, the 'Lone Ranger' appeared as if from nowhere to demand " who are you...why are you ....what are you...and who gave you permission anyway"

Mutterings from the Hare and others about the weather, the pleasant countryside and



the local landowners.....and cries of "ON ON"....left him somewhat speechless...and ON we went of course. More stubble and plough, and a vast ditch to cross filled with mega shiggy and lots of weed. As has become the habit, some fell in, some jumped in.....several times, Gazunda?...and most got wet. Hard-ON, after a spectacular leap, wrenched his ankle so badly that the Harriettes had to carry him all the way ON IN... but how he loved it.

Zupada and others received large bouquets of filthy, muuddy weed around their ears; Kevin and Luke continued to splash and throw sods....silly sods....nothing changes does it?

THEN.....DISASTER.....(horticultural that is).....we wuz spied tiptoeing AROUND a field of little dead withered plants that we were to be informed cost £14,000 to plant by hand - I thought they had machines these days.....I'll bet it was HASHISH.....( joke..Ed ). The chappie who owned it all was a little cross about our destruction of 20 acres of his precious crop.....pouring words of one syllable ( and four letters ) upon the innocent Hare, who ignorantly apologised for not disturbing his goats in the adjacent field.....they were in fact .....sheep.. he. he. he. he. More hysterics from the pack and off through Burton village to disturb a few more locals, tackle a steep ON UP, and make for the ON IN, followed by a welcome pint and a pie at the lovely Anchor pub.

NEW BOOTS....welcome to John Santer and his daughter ( ex-Vienna H3 ).

HASH VIRGINS....welcome to Heather and Julie, who coped with us all very well.

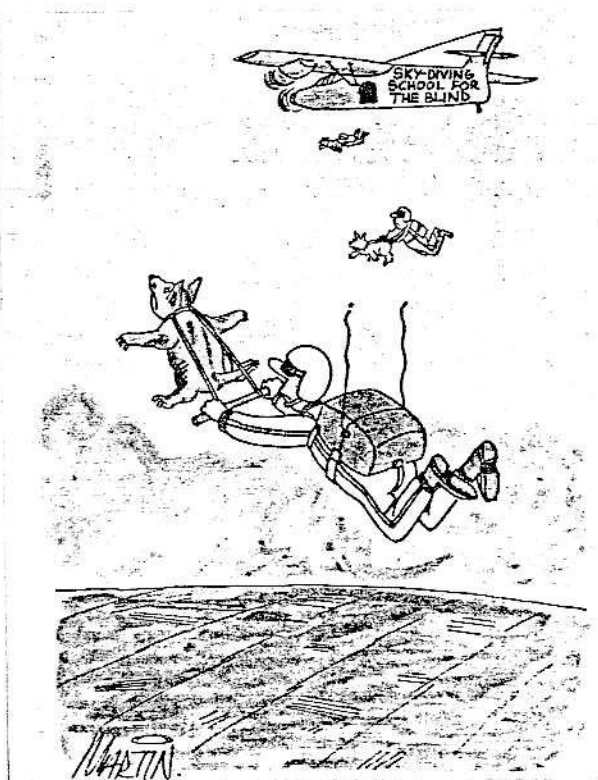
HASH NAMES....Kevin as Motor Mouth - I wonder why?

Luke as Crazy Horse - again I wonder why?

AWARDS.....RBAA, deceitfully given to the Hare who was made to drink his OWN beer; his own precious Guinless filled with Hash Shit.....sacre-bleu..... I'll get you for that, GM.

HASH NUT.....to Hard-ON, for Tarzan impressions, dives, and the inevitable busted ankle.....Who Dares doesn't win, but gets the Hash Nut instead.

DOWN-DOWNS.....ALL the above, plus Gazunda'who dares' to run in almost new boots.....



ON CN.

\*STOP PRESS\*

NEXT RUNS—

SEE THE MAPS ENCLOSED FOR QH3 and SH3