



The Swiss Roll

Founded April 14, 1975

Banned from Box Hill, 1989 - Returned to Box Hill, 1998

Run 1487a 1487aa

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Swiss Special Services

Grand Surveyor and
Hare :
Ear-Trumpet
(John Burgess)

Joint Surveyors and
Hares :
EverReadyEtte
(Steve Everette)

Eskimo Nell
(Katrin Everette)

SBJ
(fran Ridout)

Haulage :
Peay (CUNH)
(Chris Peay)

Hospitality :
Mossop and Alison
(Dave & Alison
Mossop)

Catering Assistant :
Marty
(Marty Peay)

/intner extraordinaire :
Patrick Fonjallaz

Publishing :
Tequil'over
(Richard Piercy)

Web:
www.sh3onsec.org



Date 11-Oct-2003
Hare Ear Trumpet and
Evereadyette
Venue La Suisse
On On Chez Mossop

Somewhere in Surrey - Jan
2002: ET: Shall we have a
Vinyard trip to Switzerland?

SH3: What and visit Dave?
and drink wine? and run on
mountains? and drink beer?
and eat lots? and behave like
adolescents? - Oh all right!
When?

ET: I'll look into it.
Somewhere in Surrey - Jan
2003: ET: Shall we have a
Vinyard trip to Switzerland?

SH3: What etc. When?
ET: THIS YEAR!!!

And so it came to pass that
a great Vinyard hash was
constructed and all that did
take part in the gestation did
work mightly hard and took
many trips to le Continong

Well the troops started
gathering and by the time
Short An', Chunderos and I
arrived on the Friday evening
they were getting the natives
ready for the real match on
Saturday. There was no need
to ask where the hotel was -
you could hear it!!

Doug and entourage had
given up waiting for nosh to
begin and buggered orf down
town. Actually getting all
those wishing to partake of
the evening hilarity was, as
usual, like pushing a piece of
string, but eventually
everyone (even the Balcony-
Mob - except of course Trevor
who was seriously attached to
a bottle of Baileys) was in the
same place at the same time

Cars and Planes and Trains and Trains and Trains and...

and drank deeply of the fruit
of the vine (to check verily
that it would be of sufficient
quantity to please their
brethren (and sisters)).

And those that did labour
were many, and among them
was Eveready of Oxford,
Arthur of Jay, Trumpet of Ear,
Blow Job the Serious - who
doth speak in the tongue of
that place (ish), and Peay who
doth act as bagage and booty
carrier.

The Mossop, who lives
amongst those that do bring
forth the giggle juice that
stems from the vine, did say
verily "You shall be welcome
and shall eat, drink and sit
before my minstrels, though
you cannot use my private

jet, for thou shalt all travel by
that which is Easy".

He that consorts with
Eskimos did study verily the
layout of that land and with
his brother Trumpet of Ear,
and making much use of the
"Way of Iron", did recce that
land and bring forth a most
wonderous path for the
brethren to follow.

And one amongst those
that did labour (who had the
skills of the devil word
machine) brought forth
information that gave great
news of where and what the
followers should be and do
and they did leave this at
home and continually ask one
with another "what the £\$&*
next?"

and we started our bread and
cheese (and wine of course).

Hi-jinks followed, but it all
goes a bit hazy here, IcePyck
was lucky arriving just as the
overflow hotel was going to
bed and got a room in the nick
of time. Charles (Golden
Balls?) was not so lucky and
lost glasses, keys, Credit
Cards, Dinner (?) and failed to
wake the Balcony-Mob and
nearly had to sleep on the mat
(Yer can't shag that!).

Saturday dawned bright so
off we set for: Trains, run,
beer, wine, train, walk, party,
train, on-on-on, complaints,
hi-jinks, tight-rope walking on
train lines, the "Real" Balcony
Event - a record 17 complaints
to the Police - which

accounted for the cold
shoulder for breakfast., so no
change there. The run,
supposedly from the top,
went:

On up, and
up ... and
up

Sunday, after the frosty
breakfast it was: trains (two),
funicular (one), Run (one) -
which, from what appeared to
be the top, went UP!, further
up, a bit more UP then (thank
God) down. Turn over for the
truth!

OnOn
Tequilover





SWISS FINISHING SCHOOL FOR HASHERS

Surrey Hash House Harriers vineyard trip to Montreaux. 16-20 th October 2003 - The diary:

Thursday:

Advance party set up base camp at Hotel Du Pont.

Friday:

By the afternoon the expeditionary force had arrived and most, needing to steady nerves after the arduous journey through the Alps, were pretty legless, Clever Trevor, in particular having consumed most of Ireland's stock of Baileys.

In the evening over supper Uncle Gerry kindly offered everyone a free bottle of wine, then changed his mind and charged them. Some hashers discovered that the Swiss can offer bread and cheese as a gourmet speciality, and charge accordingly. Tequil'over provided vocal musical accompaniment and merriment continued well into the morning.

Saturday:

Human endeavour being what it is over adversity, every hasher made it to the train station for the first leg of the A to B run, albeit with a few thick heads. Three stops up the mountain and there was Peay with his van to take our best bib and tucker to destination

station for a short train ride to Mossop's mansion. Here there was food, wine and beer in profusion. Clever Trevor as usual took charge of the BBQ. Mossop gave a potted history of the chateau, the curious snooped around his lovely house (can a billiard table really be that big) and the remainder did what all hashers do when faced with free unlimited alcohol and food.

The band struck up at sunset, Short - on led the dancing on the lawn until it seems within a short period the police arrived to quell the noise. The Swiss it seems have a very low noise tolerance. And so back to the station where some elderly hashers were chastised by a local lad for dancing on the rail tracks of the main line to Geneva. On to Montreux followed by more partying, two more call outs by the police, the hare being locked out of his hotel, G & T losing her keys and having to kip down in Golden Balls bedroom (poor girl), Ratty keeping watch on the hotel stairs to make sure everyone was safely tucked up and so on until

Sunday morning:

Montreux Railway Station again and another swish Swiss train up the mountain, a transfer to a cable and counterbalance venicular railway up a further mountain and a group photo at the top before the start of Run No. 2. Mossop led the pack to the first check and then promptly disappeared only to re-appear at the on on, unsweated! The track led through woods and fields and to an allegedly stunning view over Lake Geneva

B. And so under a blue sky, surrounded by green pastures and with distant snowy peaks, we set off. But the Hare lied. Having wooed us up the mountain for a downhill run, the trail led steadily upwards and upwards, giving rise to much mutinous mutterings through the alcoholic haze. Checks were quickly resolved, mainly by Herr Flick, and with a steady repeat of back checks no one bothered to check forward. Result, a completely foxed pack at the only forward check, with most not bothering to wait for the on call and walking in the opposite direction to the trail.

Then on to the vineyard and wine tasting on a terrace with a view you could die for. There, Patrick the owner, a very Anglified Swiss complete with tweeds and charm, served very drinkable wine and mini quiches in the most generous of quantities - all without a hint of sales-talk or pressure to purchase. With more like Patrick there is hope for the human race. Hashers present will no doubt wish to acknowledge Patrick's generosity with a goodly wine order placed through Ear Trumpet.)

Then in accordance with the Ear Trumpets tight schedule it was down the hill through the vineyard to the railway

now obscured by the mist. However, a notice giving the height above sea level gave the technofreaks a chance to check their GPS's. Then more woods where Golden Balls, taking a short cut, refound the trail and called the pack on prematurely thereby depriving the pack of two intermediate checks. He was later punished by falling A over T down a bank.

The circle was held in a shunting yard with the pack gathered around railway goods vans, reminiscent of a scene from Schindler's List.

From atop a wagon Bonn Bugle officiated and Uncle Gerry acted as RA. The hares were congratulated for two well laid runs in some stunning countryside and so far from home, Mossop and Alison for their generous hospitality, Peay and Marty for bag carrying and catering expertise.

There was a tasting of the wine proposed for the 1500 which did not meet with universal approval. (It tastes like shit, was one comment.) Three Hashers lost their way and forgetting it was a A to B run went back to A.

Herr Flick, T-Total and Lord Raleigh were finally reunited with the pack thanks to the wonder of mobile phones.

Special mention must be made of the ATM machines in Montreux which provided the pack with regular and ample supplies of cash

ON ON J Arthur

