

THANK GOD FOR THE COUNTRYSIDE!

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PUB

Date 03-Oct-09 1799a

Hares GB and ET

Venue Brading

On On Sort of fizzled out

No Vineyard weekend report can be complete without referring to the "Pre-Lube" where protagonists endeavour to re-live their youth in old worn-out bodies. But what about the pre-lube pre-lube?

Slightly younger (by a couple of hours) bodies are exposed to continuous ingestion of poisons, either in transit (or sic in transit), then poured together in, let's say, a Weatherspoons to piss-off the organisers (and I use the term loosely) by refusing to meet-up or vacate said establishments at appointed times! The Pre-Lube:

What a great pub! (that's it don't remember much else), OOOOh yes - "Isle-a Wighter,"

chante Isle-a Wighter!" OOOoer, Nuff said.

Eventually, so I am told, the Swan's Nest haunt of the IOWers drained and the last dreggs were observed keeping Yelf's afloat in the residents' lounge.

1799a day lurched to jolting start on an 1850s tube train, straight off the northern line (how did they get them over, did they dig a tunnel and fill it in after so the "North Islanders" were kept at bay?), and off to Brading (where ever that is!). Since it was "our" run the markings were standard, BUT Golden Ball's, so only one real Bastard of a back check that would have been better if the FFRBs had actually announced they were checking. "Everyone knew it

wouldn't go that way" opined (whined) you know who - Bollocks - follow the flour - so I was at the back!

Impressive it was, to be able to cross over one small (quite big actually, but not far) hill and change from seeing the south coast to seeing the north coast!

Classic "you know who-ism": Bods and I, "powering" along a narrow north facing defile, not far from the left hand summit, come to a halt against the ample frame of "ykw", who we thing is admiring the view, we stop to join in "Look at that, miles of lovely, flat countryside, and he has to bring us up here!" Nuff said, though FRB was of the opinion it was tongue in cheek.

Well I enjoyed the run, here is an anonymouse vineyard report:

EXTRACT FROM THE CORKHEAD TIMES (The Paper of choice for Island residents who want to face the 20th century with confidence).

WINE REVIEW FOR THE WEEKEND OF 3rd/4th OCTOBER

REVIEWER - RED NED aka Uncle

VINEYARD No 1

A small south facing vineyard cosily overlooking the local Football Stadium and gipsy encampment. Clever marketing allows customers to walk 500 metres up a poor unmade road, thereby allowing a thirst to be built up, which can be added to if you join the long queue in the snack bar. Mainland visitors are made to feel welcome by continuation of high prices in the shop, thereby avoiding confusion over local money and exchange rates. Their main production is that of anti-freeze for passing motorists, with novelty fruit flavours, although some local residents have been known to drink it.

A passing one legged, blind, 13 year old alcoholic confirmed to your correspondent 'that it had never done him any harm', before falling into the nearby duck pond. Plans are underway to develop a new drink from apple juice, but the owners are currently experiencing trouble in working out how to introduce alcohol into it, and what to call it. However they have assured me that it will be a first when it eventually comes to market in 2021.

Verdict - A must visit for all those who know absolutely nothing about wine or who are trying to give up drink.



(Continued from page 1)

VINEYARD No 2

A favourite meeting place for the Wine Section of the Roman Brigade of the Old Comrades Waffen SS (motto: not a vineyard too far). Ample parking space is provided for renovated Tiger Tanks. The Owner, who has recently taken over after spending most of his life in Argentina, has the original idea of promoting drinking through discipline. This involves doing everything the owner requires, like standing to attention while he relieves you of large amounts of money for nothing in particular, and watching an old video about wine making, although I cannot find any connection between that art and these premises. Any complaints result in visitors being immediately sent to the dreaded cellar, with many never seeing the light of day again. Resultantly returning visitor numbers are down. Unfortunately I was unable to taste their products due to not saluting the owner at the bar, who forcefully told me to leave the premises immediately or be shot. However a loose tongued local said he had once tasted their product, which he likened to cleaning fluid.

Verdict – An absolute must for any budding right wing fascist who wants to develop his business career, or an industrialist about to open a factory on the Island and who needs large amounts of industrial cleaner at short notice.

Note The whereabouts and names of the Vineyards have not been revealed to protect the public. Also our Reviewer will not be writing this column next week as he is still recovering from having his stomach pumped.



Run 1800
Date 11 October
Hare Hornblower and Strumpet
Venue Sheepleas
On-On King William IV KT24 6BG
OS/SSA TQ084512 / 96D9 old
Postcode KT24 6EP

Directions: Scribe Volunteeeerrrr!!!!!!

From Guildford take A25 until it becomes A246 at Clandon, proceed to West Horsley. At the Bell & Colvile roundabout turn right into Shere Road (sp Sheepleas), continue 1/2 mile, park in Sheepleas car park on left.

OR approach West Horsley on A246 from Leatherhead, pass St Mary's church on left and continue to Bell & Colvile roundabout. Turn left into Shere Road (sp Sheepleas), continue for 1/2 mile, and park in Sheepleas car park on left.

The Receding Hare-Line

Runs start at 11:00 sharp!

1801	18-Oct	FRB	Albury Heath
1802	25-Oct	Ever Ready & Eskimo	Blackheath
1803	01-Nov	Bonn Bungle and "nice" Jerry	
1804	08-Nov	Popeye	

Note: website www.surreyh3.org for on-line details
Hare Raizor Info & Scribings to: onsec@surreyh3.org



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To

Affix Stamp
Here

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Date 04-Oct-09 1799
Hares IOW-Cooperman
Venue Yarbridge
On On Yarbridge Inn

THANK GOD FOR SURREY TRAIL CONVENTIONS! OVER THE HILL AND FAR AWAY! NO WINE THOUGH!

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It was, after all, the morning after the night before! Yet somehow, showing resolve beyond the call of duty, some 30 odd (you know them as well as I do!) SH3 hashers had free-wheeled down Union Street and onto the No 3 red omnibus. For them, none of the flashy cars, trains, hovercraft and boats of the days before – this was going to be the real deal – we were all going on a double-decker bus to see the sea! Thoughts of Richard Cliffs singing “We’re all going on a summer holiday “were in everyone’s heads, but nobody really knew enough words, so the words never made it to their lips.

Today we were going to be the guests of the IOW H3 (they know who they are!) but first we had to

another island – life doesn’t get much better! After dodging around some fields in a haphazard way a cry went up – “vines”! Our wine tasting was only a field away! But is turned out to be a false trail as these were neglected, non-commissioned fields and it was still a good mile and more before their Welcome sign hove into view.

I’m told that memory deteriorates with age, but everyone had remembered the wine-tasting of the day before – no wine – so a healthy scepticism was much in evidence; completely fulfilled by a slightly disorganised, poor quality wines experience. Never mind, the pub awaited. It was noticeable that none of IOWH3 had stopped at the vineyard, preferring to push on towards a veritable selec-

tion of real ales – one should always trust to local knowledge. find them, somewhere out there in the real South Island countryside and strangely enough it happened before we thought at the first bustop there was Gullible; who saw us as the bus drew up, waved at us, and then didn’t get on! So how did he get his name, he obviously didn’t fall into our honey-laden trap? At the very next stop, nobody seemed to be there, but the bus stopped dutifully, and Invisible got on! Much frivolity ensued.

Off the bus at the Yar Bridge crossing to find the Yar Bridge Inn, which was to be our base for today. But we hadn’t seen the sea – oh dear! IOW are great hosts, Poor Sod the GM welcomed us again (he has lived among us for the last two days it has been rumoured, but Groin Biter wasn’t saying anything incriminating!),

with lots of heckling from SH3. Oh and a roast lunch was to be served really does it get any better? And then hashers would turn their thoughts to the return journey – North Island was just over the water, double-deckers would never seem the same again, but at least Denbies made decent wine!

By now the sun was almost shining, hashers sat outside, draping themselves seductively across tables, relishing the camaraderie of surviving another few miles in the countryside. It was clocked at 4.77 miles, to add to the 7.77 of the day previous; so with the yomp to the bus and a bit of dancing, most had managed a half-marathon in the previous 24 hours. Not bad for old fogies!

The writer was forced to move on at this stage (“London calling” if we’re still on the theme of songs) but am assured, based on my past experience, that a very wonderful circle would have been served up by Mr Magoo and his able left-tenants, suitable abetted

and it was great to see Baldrick, Cooperman, P-Rick, Bumps, Mr Magoo, Bouncer, Floss, Boycey, Ma Baker and her dogs, Bernie, Stalker, Nosejob and many other fun peeps. Being a visitor run for SH3 meant that we were allowed to start three minutes late, after wonderful Hash Flashes were taken.

So, off we jolly well went then after a bit of blacktop, we struck out into countryside and ran straight past a Roman Villa (some SH3 remarked they remembered reading about it being built) and up onto Morton Common, and guess what? We saw the sea! We then touched the outskirts of Sandown, home of many venerable elderly residents, an envious eye being cast by many of our number at the marvellous bungalows (Jerry Gurney.....). By now we were 2.5 miles out, on a Sunday, and on

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By Your inter-island intercourse arranger.

P.S Teq now a SERIAL Grand-mother: Ellanor(e?) 5lb 8oz 14:20 041009

