



The Runday Shag

Founded April 14, 1975 Banned from Box Hill, 1989 - Returned to Box Hill, 1998 MOA 2 2440

Date 23-Oct-2022

Hare One in the Eye

Venue Bletchingly village hall

OnOn Bletchingly arms

OITE PULLS IT OFF

Grand Master :
Hash Flash
(aka Neil Wilson-Harris)

Joint Masters:
Uncle Gerry / Gibber
(aka Gerry Gurney)
01372 386921 (h)

Ms Bean
(aka Joanna Cole)

Religious Advisor :
Le Pro
(aka Stuart Gibb)

Clutcher's Mate :
Birthing Blanket
(aka Stephanie Ward)

Hash Cash :
J Arthur
(aka Arthur Thomas)

Trail Master:
Belcher
(aka Peter Edwards)

DapperHasherie:
Fleur D'Or
(aka Hazel Craig)

Temporary Biermeister:
Tequil'over
(aka Richard Piercy)

On Sec:
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Main Scribe :
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Urgent Contact Line:
07484 134245
For use before, during, or
after the trail for urgent or
important contact.



Strangely I managed to drive to Bletchings with no trouble; it seems quite a few had bad weather related holdups, leading to some abandoning!!

Anyway; almost on the dot of 11 the sun came out, as is traditional, and off set a relatively small band of stalwarts to do their best to locate washed out trail flour.

I don't remember ever parking behind the village hall, I can't find any reference to it in the online records back to 02 so maybe someone can let me know when we did!

Not knowing the carpark, I had a "quick" look at the map... and what did I see? A footpath the other side of the North wall... hahah It'll probably go along there, I surmise! Wandering

dayglow hasher jacket on a 1 km long straight track over a wide open windswept field, I took a sneaky look at the GPS map and decided to "improve" on what I afterwards discovered was a perfectly good trail! BUT the die was cast, "improvements" ensued.

I could see the hashers dawdling over the field and could re-join them soon IF it was a lefthander! If not; I don't suppose the world would stop turning, and I was having a good day with my umbrella fending off the odd squall, and I mused on "the Old Days";

Many moons ago I remember arriving at a hash, probably by motorbike, I WAS nuts back then, in the how shall I call it? "Pissing" rain! The technique then was to "commandeer"

over through the "scrub" of the unused part of the carpark and peeking over the 5 foot flint wall... there it is BUT 8 foot down the other side.. Bugger! Now 10, nah let's say 15, years ago I would have been over that wall quicker than a "Rat up a Drain" or a "Bohnsen off a Beach", or "Shit off a shovel" (one of those is tautology!) BUT those days are over, AND apart from that it is was "all wet!"

So discretion being the better part of valour, I resolved to follow the mob and wandered out onto the street to see Doug the (not these days) Tub coming back up the trail; "Oh good!" I say; "must be a

somebody's boot, strip off the "Clark Kent" bike "lagging" and reveal the hash clad "Superboy" beneath.

I THINK... Rod "the Sod" Newing (we had simple naming principles in those day!), who had recently returned from the far East, kindly held a Chinese style bamboo umbrella over me and at least stopped my "Civvy" gear getting soaked, if not my hash tee shirt and shorts! What a kind act! He used the bamboo umbrella as and when required on the trail ... and got a downdown at the end for being a wuss!!

Hahahah

I had no such trouble; no one saw me with the gamp! Hahahah.

As it was, using the GPS Map gave me the opportunity of

back check hahah!" nah, he was putting something back in his car! The trail went straight past the check I had seen when looking for the carpark having missed the "miniscule" road and sign to the actual carpark.

Soon I caught up with the tailend; "Ratty and Terminator"; "Am I at the place where a load of 'Old People' are running?" I ask. "Yes indeed young man!" they affirmed, "But we are walking". SO it appears they are old AND blind!

The tiny, but tidy (and thrifty?) check circle was solved and the now "caught up" Doug "hurled" off in the direction of solved. "Bugger that" I said seeing a distant

really "improving" the trail, it was a left hander, I know, I bumped into the trail a couple of time and rightly concluded the in-trail would probably be on tarmac and in town (is Bletchers a town or a village? Does it have "lifeboats"? That discriminates "boats" from "ships"! - I wonder what it is with villages?) so I resolved to use the country paths and traverse my "bête noire", "behind the wall", "down 8 feet" footpath... EVEN though I would have to pass the un-enterable carpark going in the wrong direction... c'est la vie!

Had enough yet? No! Well I was given a down down because they had poured out too many ... and I didn't





The "Real" J Arthur, (just out of view) catching up his imaginary friend.

Our and Other Hash Events 2022

06-Nov-2022—CAMRA Hash by HursleyHHH. New Alresford, Hampshire : An opportunity for southern hashers to meet and catch up and sample our local beers Alresford Community Centre, 7 West Street, Alresford SO24 9AG SIGN UP at least 8 SH3 going!!!

11-Dec-2022 - POSSIBLE Jingle Bells Hash - Pub based at the Inn on the Green Ockley J-Art and Teq—TBC

even own up to using an umbrella!!! Hahahah OnOn Teq



Run 2441 - Halloween
Date 30-Oct-2022
Hare(s) Eveready and Eskimo
Venue Spook Hill North Holmwood
On On The Falklands Arms
Post Code RH5 4HH
OS TQ168473
what3words Client.singer.years
Scribe FRB and

Directions

Follow the M25 at funereal pace to the Leatherhead exit, then, with growing anxiety, follow the A24 south to Dorking. As mere anxiety becomes despair go straight across the Cock roundabout, continue south along the gloomy Dorking Bypass towards North Holmwood. As your all too brief time here, in Dorking, draws to a close; take first left at the next roundabout into Spook Hill which is the Final Exit we must all take at some time, Park, with dread, on Spook Hill, as near to the pond as fate permits.

Don't be Late, we don't want to see any Late Hashers running on this day, as this is the weekend the clocks go back.

On On The Falklands Arms, Falklands Road Dorking RH4 3AD, 4 minute drive. Free on street parking and a large under cover 'outdoors' seating area. A pub that welcomes SH3 as customers.

Receding Hare-Line 2022 - Runs start at 11:00 sharp!

- 2442 6 Nov Bon Bugle SH3 (and CAMRA)
2443 13 Nov Atalanta Surrey !
2444 20 Nov Tosser
2445 27 Nov
2446 4 Dec
2447 11 Dec Jingle Bells? Jart n Teq Ockley

Email belcher@surreyh3.org to volunteer for trails

OLD boys Corner.... Continued

John Burgess Message from "he who must not be named" (Steve Kaffir Mills): Sorry to read Ear Trumpet in the wars (mind you, that's borderline colloquialism these days....) - I'd appreciate it if you could pass on my best wishes to him for speedy recovery. Doubt he will recall, but he was the first SH3 person to come over and talk to me in the pub on my first visit to SH3, as I stood nursing my pint and wondering if I would have the courage to interrupt the general banter.....never looked back ! As we hope to be back in the UK (by which time I hope they have decided on a PM and/or run early elections) sometime next year, I will catch up with ET then. I expect by then he'll be downing with the sinners for missing so many runs!! OnOn K AND J-Art and Teq visited ET Wednesday 26th. We started at the hospital, but they had "mislaid" him, so after some enquiries and investigation we found he had been "sprung", or rather released! He is now back to some sort of health, so he was delivered home; hooray! We phoned the landline ... it worked, and he was "at home for guests". He was in good spirits and would love contact and maybe visits from hashers! More news when it is obtained. Email Teq for contact details.

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THE RAIN REMAINS MAINLY IN SPAIN

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At the start it seemed our luck would hold, with a wet Sunday morning giving way to sunshine by 11 am. In fact after we started the rain began again, but not hard and not for that long; by half way round our wet weather kit was coming off. The rain had obliterated much of the early part of the trail, but One In The Eye ensured we had her presence to guarantee confirmation of our finds of flour, and wherever possible she had used trees, where the flour is sure to remain.

So where did we go? SH3 have run from this car park before, and our descent to the north was entirely traditional, with the usual golf course, though the muddy field at the bottom seemed unfamiliar and is perhaps a recent creation.

was ponding even on the M25. And full marks to One In The Eye for successfully laying a trail in such conditions.

Religion is in steady decline throughout Europe, though elsewhere in the world this is not always true; atheists tend to explain such a decline by pointing to oddities in systems of belief, thereby missing motivation entirely. Those who do practise a religion pay almost no attention to beliefs; they are glad to be a community, like hashers. Of all religions, the least open to criticism of ideas is Buddhism. Now, as it happens I have been able to study a Buddhist society close to and in depth, in the heartland of orthodox Buddhism, Sri Lanka. The ordinary Sinhalese people (Tamils are Hindu or Christian) pay no attention to the teachings of the Lord Buddha

That brought us to well-known craters, the remains of mineral extraction; on one earlier trail – I forget who was hare – we ran almost right round one, very boring. Today however we went west instead, via a back check which some of us had overlooked as we went past: the check circles were all very small and dainty.

Thereafter the trail was original, and really rather enjoyable, though we ended up exploring much of the residential area of Bletchingly at the end. I have absolutely no idea where the short-cutters went, though our Uncle Gerry did emerge from a side turn. My little group included J. Arthur, the hare,

and RHUM as Checking Chicken; if you wonder why they would be together I am unable to help. Doug had been with us, but got ahead; as far as I know Popeye and Possum had been out in front throughout, and certainly Atalanta, Miss Bean and Stevie Blunder were back before us.

Those chatting in the car park included Ratty and Red Eye, making a very welcome return to our fold – well, Bletchingly is really quite near their part of Surrey. Eva promised to make more often the effort to join us.

Possum was apparently unaware that in Latin her handle means “I can” – reminiscent of Obamas’s slogan, Yes we can, and entirely complimentary for a capable hasher. All who fought their way to Bletchingly through the morning’s downpour deserve credit; in places there

(which make no mention of a God); they have adopted most of the better known gods of Hinduism and then enthroned the Lord Buddha above them all. Their practice is a lively assortment of prayers, pilgrimages, feasts and visits to shrines, but none of the stillness and quiet meditation prescribed. You may say, Yes, but the monks are better informed. Perhaps; but I have seen Buddhist monks actually encouraging mobs to burn Tamil homes; and think how Buddhists treat Muslims in Myanmar..





A pretty LARGE fruiting body (sporocarp!) and THAT umbrella. (for scale)



Stood out like a beacon!



OITE post close encounter with "A Hedge"



Nice pears Olive!



Bunch of old geezers, and a dog.



Two old geezers, no dog.



"Spud's" Mummy and Daddy, No Spud.



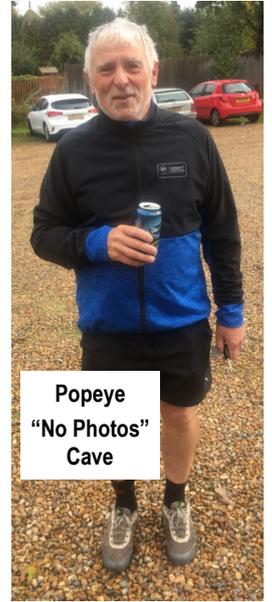
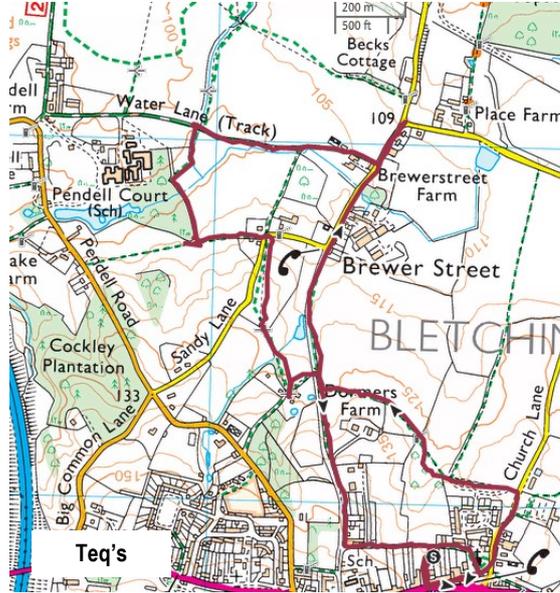
Les Harriettes.



Colour Supplement 2

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Popeye
"No Photos" Cave

