



# The Runday Shag

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

2446

Date 4-Dec-2022  
Hare Tosser  
Venue Brockham  
OnOn Royal Oak

## THAT BLOODY DOG OR A DOG'S EYE VIEW

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:  
Tequil'over  
(aka Richard Piercy)  
01372 454907 (h)  
07730 202263 (m)

Main Scribe :  
FRB  
(aka Peter Hughes)

[sh3@surreyh3.org](mailto:sh3@surreyh3.org)  
[www.surreyh3.org](http://www.surreyh3.org)

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



Hi Hashers, what a way to start the week but Tequil'over could not find a scribe to do an alternative write-up, had one of his famous strops, so to calm him down Petal 'volunteered' me to put paw to paper. What a wanker, especially as the past week has been a nightmare.

It started the previous Sunday when instead of me taking him hashing he went off to watch his favourite losing team at a place call Twickers and came home in a foul mood, muttering something about Jones being dead meat, which pricked my ears up being I'm very keen on meat. Instead he kicked me off the sofa, which is now the only warm place in the house. Bastard.

60mph whatever the speed limits, with every other road user being a f\*\*\*ing idiot.

To make things even worse no parking anywhere other than close to Betchworth so we hurtled around the Green removing wing mirrors of parked cars in the process. Eventually he switched on his brain and parked in the Pub Car Park as suggested in the RS, whereupon the GM thrust some white stuff into his hand whilst making strange clucking sounds. My nerves were not steadied as within 50 yards the trail went into a disgustingly churned-up field covered in cow shit. I don't mind smelling a dog's arse but that is beyond the pale.

Tosser is clearly a sadist as a succession of fields produced

Mrs Petal then asked him "did you have a nice day dear", but just got a load of abuse which made her cry, but not before throwing a rock cake at him, which missed and broke a window. All week he has stopped me getting on the sofa, so I exist in the freezing utility room on a diet of burnt rock cakes. Fortunately he has mainly been in his office, aka the Porn Studio, composing a 17 page letter to the London Mayor about his fine for going into a central London yellow Traffic Box whilst accidentally running over a little old lady and her shopping trolley. Don't know exactly what he eventually said but I managed to find a first draft in the

more of the same, some even with an extra level of liquid mud. My tummy soon had an impressive mud overcoat, which pissed off Petal.

After the third field we had the embarrassment of the FRB's hurtling past us, which greatly upset the walkers who hate show-offs. Then Tosser did a trick I have never seen before, he made the pack disappear. Five minutes before we had the walkers behind us, and then nobody other than Uncle Gerry who was wadding through a liquid concoction of mud and slurry, and looking very cross about it. Petal said they had all buggered off home to avoid it, which privately I thought was a very sensible thing to do. Petal then got very cross when I rolled around in

rubbish bin which said that "surely the Mayor would not fine a lifelong Labour voter whose dog. if he was also a human, would have also voted Labour". And they call us stupid.

Anyway enough of my problems, now to Sunday's Run laid by Tosser, a very elderly gent getting in one last Run before the Funny Farm calls.

I must admit that I was not much looking forward to it as my nerves were already shot by the time we arrived after a hair raising, ha ha, journey to the start to avoid being late. Rather than taking the Rust Bucket he took the Mean Machine, so never below

the slurry not realising it was part of a cunning plan; After Sundays I always get a nice hot bath. However if I'm very dirty Mrs Petal uses a very expensive shampoo, she got in Harrods, which makes me smell irresistible, attracting all the randy bitches in Windsor. Clever me!!

From that moment to our return we never saw another Hasher, so Petal said f\*\*k it to checking chicken and started to put flour up the side of trees or on the other side of barbed wire fences. If you think the rest of the run was plain sailing it was not,

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**YET another one!**  
 (not really)  
**Spot the difference.**  
 (entries: let's try cleft  
 stick this week? )

**Our and Other Hash Events 2022**

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

24-Dec-2022 - Trail 2449 moved from Christmas day to Christmas Eve - Hash Flash - Gomshall - The Gomshall Mill

Continued from page 1  
 not because of the continuing mud, including through that nasty dank wood that made my coat creep, but because of the endless inane chat between Uncle Gerry and Petal, which forced me to cover my ears, which is not easy with ears so long.  
 Uncle Gerry just went on and on about his painful hip and sore foot, and how he was a gazelle just a few years back,



Run 2447  
 Date 11-Dec-2022  
 Hare(s) J Arthur  
 Venue Ockley  
 On On Inn on the Green - Jingle Bells  
 Post Code RH5 5TD  
 OS TQ148401  
 what3words kickbacks.oils.aquatics  
 Scribe FRB and F-K Lawly

**Directions**

Jingle Bells Run - bring your Secret Santa presents - Wrapped and labelled!

From M25 Junction 9 take A24 towards Dorking/Horsham for approx. 11 miles. At Beare Green roundabout take 4th exit A29 – Ockley.  
 Pub is on left after 2.5 miles. Park at back of car park. We have a firm booking and have sole use of the back of the Pub, a light and airy venue. Need to start no later than 13:00. They have a range of finger food which is excellent.

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

2448	18 Dec	Kelinchi	Hindhead
2449	24 Dec	(Christmas Eve!) Flash	Gomshall
2450	1 Jan	Le Pro - Joint GH3	
2451	8 Jan	RHUM	
2452	15 Jan		
2453	22 Jan		

Email [belcher@surreyh3.org](mailto:belcher@surreyh3.org) to volunteer for trails

**OLD boys Corner.... Continued**

John Burgess .... Hopefully to be visited by Olive and Pops this Saturday after a communications breakdown, mystically resolved by him answering the telephone!!

AND

James "Oi You!" Quantrill is hoping for some surgical intervention, but says:

"Just say the old man is still alive should anyone ask."

followed by a rant about a young tearaway who had hit his beloved Burundi Lawn Mower, and the cost of getting it repaired.  
 In turn Petal moaned again about his car fine and what he would like to do to all those woke liberals that drive him mad, followed by how he should have played Rugby for England and then become their coach.  
 The only reprieve was when we went through Strood Green, with the joy of peeing against a couple of lamp posts, before heading off into further mud and more verbal diarrhoea. We return to the start after nearly 2 hours of glutinous hell reminiscent of the battle of Ypres to find a deranged Scot in full flow, demanding that Uncle Gerry & Petal enter the Circle to be punished for something or other, whilst yours truly gets completely ignored.  
 Not a biscuit or a bowl of water on offer. Almost tempting to report the Surrey Hash to the RSPCA.  
 Then to the Pub to be ignored again, including not being asked to a birthday party for one of the Harriets even when I give them

one of my pitiful looks (great acting on my part).  
 Only consolation is that when I later lie in my basket I reflect that despite the two loonies with me[ Tosser was not able to break me like he did to the rest of the pack!  
 A shitty day in all its true meaning, but with better things to come when I take over as GM.  
 Disgusted of Windsor.  
 Raffles (vote for me)





# The Runday Shag

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Date 4-Dec-2022  
Hare(s) Tosser  
Venue Brockham  
OnOn Royal Oak

## TOSSER SUCCEEDS BY KEEPING IT SIMPLE

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 :  
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The first check revealed a floury handprint from the hare at a stile adjacent to the check circle: so guess where we found flour! The second had a back solution, which caught Doug and Silent Knight, though of course both were soon at the front again. Then came an immense stretch of trail with no checks anywhere, taking us to 11.30, when we crossed the road and soon reached our most southerly point: here began the eastward part of our morning. By this time Atalanta, Popeye, Ms Bean and Stevie Blunder were so far ahead we never saw them again till we were in; it appears they caught Tosser just as he was writing On In. Fair play to them: they were very good at marking the checks.

According to the GM, relying

at our start on a phone message from the hare, our trail was 4.75 miles long, with a short cut available totalling 3.5. Certainly the short cut was clearly marked, so everyone knew we were running a left-hander. Our little group (Doug, Speedy Humper, RHUM, One In the Eye, Le Pro....) took 80 minutes; doubtless the speed merchants took much less.

At the stroke of noon Le Pro fell to his knees and touched the ground with his forehead: well, it was the time for the faithful to pray, but he was by no means facing Mecca. Petal was designated Checking Chicken, but I never saw him after the start, so doubtless he took his

responsibilities seriously and stayed at the back. Legolas we met twice near Brockham church, at the start and at the finish; I am not sure how she filled the interim, perhaps completing all the trail on her own? Hornblower and Too Posh certainly did their own thing, in civilian clothes. Perhaps thus dressed they avoided the mud, often liquid, which so endeared the trail to the runners. Well, winter, with no hills: what can you expect? At least the rain held off, though the skies were leaden and gloomy. In such weather the grass retained rather strikingly the traces of Tosser's feet as he passed, but he provided plenty of blobs to re-assure us, and set solutions to checks at traditional distances, an excellent touch of old-school hashing. Very few bare legs visible today; these did

include my own and those of Dormouse and S. Blunder.

The constant failure of all forms of so-called Socialist or Communist governments to let go of control by party officials, and let the people rule themselves, is striking and saddening. This is true whether such governments have now failed, as most have, or are still very much there, as in China – which still, absurdly, describes itself as Communist. On the other hand the stifling of dissent in populist regimes like that in Hungary is disquieting. I have seen a one-party state (Tanzania in the 60s) be entirely democratic; voters had a choice of candidates, members of Parliament could reject government proposals. Sadly, this did not long endure after Nyerere stepped down. Mature democracies can survive a bad leader – Trump

did little lasting damage, thanks to his officials, but can also prevent a good leader from doing anything. Obama was frustrated by a Republican Congress. Less mature democracies can see a bad leader inflict serious damage, as Bolsonaro did. An independent judiciary is very important; Poland and Hungary have suppressed theirs, Modi is trying to do the same in India. Do you remember Johnson's rage against our own Supreme Court? Or the Daily Mail, with its "Enemies of the People" headline?

FRB





"Grief Relief"  
(OCH Dregs!)



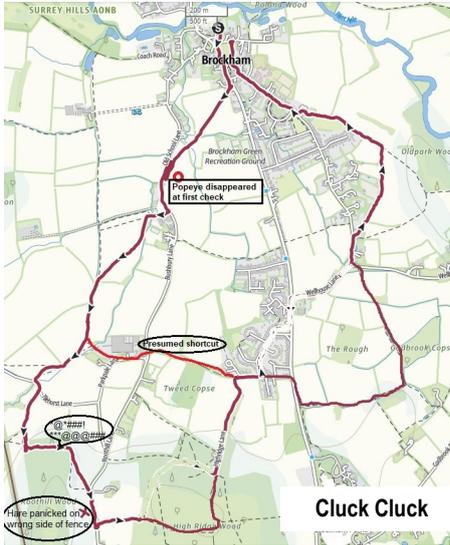
Dr. Death  
Keeps an eye on his  
latest Mobile phone



# Colour Supplement 2

Founded April 14, 1975

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## 3S/4D LAYS NON BLIZZARD WINTER EXTRAVAGANZA

Date : 2 December 2022

Hare: 3s/4d

Venue: Wood Street Ville

OnOn: The Royal Oak

3s/4d aka 17p, 0.2 Euro, 0.19 USD, 0.99 CHF, 13 Rouble, 0.9 Ringitt, 7.4 Baht (et al) laid his first FFH run from this venue 1st February 2019 (Pre-COVID).

After thoroughly reccyng and laying the trail, a blizzard intervened and being a responsible sort of chap asked whether the run should be postponed.

Unfortunately, being new to SH3, he asked, exactly, the wrong two people viz. RA Le Pro, who is not so much a "loose canon [sic]" but more of a "stochastic scattergun" and Atalanta who has some fetishistic obsession against moving the FFH date (Because of this, I have, myself felt the rough end of her tongue). So, white flour on white snow covered up with white snow (in the dark) no perceived problem!

But I digress, tonight the weather was so much more clement and the pack of nine: Lady Chatterley, Squid, Eagle Eye, Le Pro, Atalanta, RHUM, Call Girl, Petal and me (MB) followed the hare out of the back of the school car park in a southerly direction. Only three blobs are on, he'd explained and told us to note how many times we crossed the railway. An even number of times (?), I ventured and he said "probably!"

The going was soft but rarely shiggy and we soon crossed over the railway (1) the checks kept the pack together and I was overtaken by Atalanta a record number of times.

We soon turned north and re-crossed the railway crossing the actual tracks (2). There were now puddles on the westerly path and I avoided a particularly large one, Le Pro didn't! We were clearly losing altitude because the trail then crossed under the railway (3) and it was quite flooded there. Fortunately (for most of the pack) the front runners found a back check and returned (4). So, yes, we all crossed the railway an even number of times. We found two checks about 4 yards apart and Call Girl apologised (did she have a hand in all this?)

We then turned north where the path had a few tree roots. I, helpfully, shouted "Trip!" and that's exactly what Petal did! We then turned right on the road to the green and even before spotting the bright Christmas tree, heard the non-dulcet sounds of Teq's trumpet (some right notes but never in the right order). At the Xmas tree on the green, refreshments, including wassail were laid on and lyric sheets provided for an impromptu Carol Service. The trail was 3.3 miles.

Conspicuous by his absence, was Bodyshop, probably worried about the possible lawsuit for carving up the landlord's front lawn with his Bimmer on the aforementioned Blizzard Run.

Back at the Royal Oak, my favourite, (along with other ales) TT Landlord was on tap and we were soon munching our pre-ordered pizzas.

Also, delicious (quintuple cooked?) chips were on offer, they tasted like Danish roast potatoes.

Le Pro's Sinners were:

Eagle Eye still thinks the Pro is Welsh

Atalanta wanting a lift from CP to the pub

Master Bates tricking the RA into a puddle

3s/4d admiring the RA's posterior

All in all, it was a great FFH, so, many thanks to 3s/4d.

OnOn, Master Bates





# Colour Supplement 77H

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MOA 0

