



The Runday Shag

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

2451

Date 8-Jan-2023
 Hare RHUM
 Venue Chessington
 OnOn William Bourne

TEQ'S MUSE

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
www.surreyh3.org

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



Having picked up "Lord Raleigh of Dorking" at the usual bus stop but unusually proceeded North, thus avoiding the usual "U"ey, I mused on various changes; Major and Minor, Massive and Minute, Successful and Failed, Fantastic and Disastrous. Lurching on to "Decisions"... (ditto above) and THEIR likely unexpected effects, for example ;

Young Ginger "His-Princeness" Henry Charles Albert David (known as Harry)'s decision to chuck his family under the bus may well have some extensive consequences.

I wonder if they could lead to Major / Massive changes such as a transition, sorry that would imply ordered, I mean a landslip

And

My favourite was the "FaceAche" artistic and linguistic offering with it's associated academic connotations. Here it is:

Just as with the original tapestry, this anonymous craftsman deserves eternal fame.



Sicut cum originali peripetasmata, hic anonymus artifex meretur aeternam famam.
 Is my (well Google's!) Latin for the heading.

I decided to consult our resident "peritus linguae Latinae"; his eminence "Ante Currit Bastardus". (FRB)

to a Republic, and lead to Successful and Fantastic outcomes similar to ... um.... Umm... Brexit?

Possibly ... providing you make the decision based on totally made up advantages and opportunities and have absolutely no idea how you will manage and organise the resulting wasteland.

Oh of course! Base it on the American Constitution! Or even better the Brazilian!

Now you're talking! A "Written Constitution", no less, that is so well crafted you even know how to deal with losers of democratic procedures that kill the guardians of your institutional buildings, barge in, nick stuff

and break the windows.... Can't wait.

In the meantime I have been enjoying the various "Un"Social Media "Twerts" and "Pixel Collages"... Oh come on.... we have the teqnlology. For example:



Anyway... his response:

Hmmmm. The Latin is inaccurate; Harold (and his "Princps") should be in the accusative. (sic - teq)

Neither of the 1066 rulers would normally be called a prince;

William (Gulielmus) was a Duke while still in Normandy,

Harold was King of England. I accept that for the modern aspect of the joke both young men were princes.

A straightforward translation is obvious: William pushed Harold onto the dog's bowl.

One could try to be more original: William in doghouse for bowling Harold over?

AND I hadn't even read his report; I quote: "...I am one of the least witty people you can hope to meet ..."

After the above I have to disagree! Anyone else in stiches?

OnOn Teq

I had asked FRB to translate the heading, but he was probably tired after the "main effort". Maybe he can mark my homework?





Our and Other Hash Events 2022

26-March-2023 - AGM run and AGM Mickleham Village Hall - Details soon.

Any ideas?



Run 2452
 Date 15-Jan-2023
 Hare(s) Speedy Humper
 Venue Newlands Corner
 On On Horse and Groom
 Post Code GU4 8SE
 OS TQ042492
 what3words just.renew.assure
 Scribe FRB and ...

Directions

M25J10 take A3 s.p. Guildford. After 1 mile take Ripley exit B2215. Go through Ripley, take 1st exit A247 s.p. West Clandon. After 2 miles straight over traffic lights onto A25 S.p. Dorking. Continue 1 mile to top of Hill turn right into carpark, park at far end.

On Out - Outside the Cafe/Newlands Corner Visitor Centre, Guildford, Surrey GU4 8SE
 What3Words: just.renew.assure

On Inn - Horse and Groom Epsom Road, Mero, GU1 2RG
 The car park for the pub is small. I suggest that if it is full, hashers can park opposite the pub (on the other side of the road) where there is a free car park. The road near the car park can also be used.

On On Speedy x

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

2453	22 Jan	Dr. Death	Chobham
2454	29 Jan	Belcher	Reigate
2455	5 Feb	Popeye	
2456	12 Feb	Stevie Blunder	Esher
2457	19 Feb		
2458	26 Feb	Cap'n Webb	
2459	5 Mar	Olive Oyl and Arfur	

Email belcher@surreyh3.org to volunteer for trails



AND by popular demand (From a Mrs Trellis of North Wales)
 ANOTHER Caption Competition.

Example entry (Teq):
 "ZZZZZZZ"

I had great fun messing about with the Latin on Google ... I know; you thought I was a scholar!
 Sadly, or rather factually, I was not. Seriously "Red Brick"; Only 3 languages, and no choice; English, Frog and Profane! SO Google it was: The Google Translator has a "reverse translate" control; you type in some start language and it provides the translation, but if you reverse, it attempts to translate the translation ... try that a few times and see what you get!
 On the theme of translation; the Ukrainian refugees in our street have speech to text Apps on their SmartPhones .. They speak into it and show you the translation to read! Fantatsic!!

THAT Not so receding HareLine

Thanks everyone for stepping up! Back to a sensible situation... mind you 19th Feb is free ... anyone fancy a laying a Valentines? (Red Dress even??)

As I suspected we don't have to get "heavy"; allocate runs and make recipients deal and swap OR as RHUM threatened ...

"If we don't get Hares for the next few weeks I'll lay the same trail at the same place until we do!!"

Fantastic, keep it up; reserve that Birthday / Wedding Anniversary / ummm... Housewarming? Date and volunteer!

OnOn Teq



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Founded April 14, 1975 Banned from Box Hill, 1989 - Returned to Box Hill, 1998 MOA 1 2451

Date 8-Jan-2023

Hare(s) RHUM

Venue Chessington

OnOn William Bourne

A BLUE SUIT-ABLE BOY

Grand Master :
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These reports often (too often?) list the front runners. Today I offer additional names. Blue Suit was heroic from the start (which early start SBJ pronounced a premature ejaculation); she did not accompany Blue Suit in his heroic keeping pace with the usual suspects. He finished alongside Chastity Belt, who is always up in front. In the second half Captain Webb was also prominent; I had not noticed him earlier; but that might be merely my inattention. There was also the hare, ensuring we did not go wrong during our adventures in this little-used area of Chessington. Have we once started from that pub before? Belcher thought not, but the venue seemed vaguely familiar to me, though certainly not the

maze of suburban streets by which we finished, puzzling even Popeye.

Our usual luck with the weather held good once more. The morning seems to have been very wet elsewhere in Surrey – my return found roads deeply ponded, but where we ran there were only a few light showers. Certainly underfoot was unpleasantly wet, with pooled water not always avoidable. I took a tumble, which is nothing new, but it was amusing that Atalanta fell in just the same way in just the same stretch of ground. Tequil'Over found my appearance at his improvised bar in a side street worthy of a photograph; my wife was less amused when I got back.

No hills to speak of, though RHUM told us the slopes

were deceptive, and from one spot he had seen dawn rise over Canary Wharf as he laid the trail. No such vision was vouchsafed us as we ran. But even without hills the sodden ground was heavy going; the trail was comparatively short, but I at least found it quite tiring. The hare is to be congratulated on being original in an area of Surrey which SH3 know very well indeed, though we usually start from somewhere quite different and more obviously rural.

There were certainly back checks; one, the second check I think, baffled us for a good while, even the persistent Silent Knight, because the solution was such an improbable distance from the check. The hare was nervously proud of what he pronounced his most difficult check as we

approached it, but in fact someone (Ms Bean perhaps?) solved it almost at once, with flour findable quite near the check circle.

A recent run sheet included a cartoon from a Surrey hasher showing a complaint from the Virgin which included "I'm pregnant, God knows how". Intentional or not, this is itself an excellent theological joke; my parish priest laughed out loud when I sent it to him. Are puns still popular? A century ago people sang "I'm Gilbert, the filbert, the Colonel of the Knuts". Triple puns are rare: young men, brothers, set up a cattle ranch and asked their mother to name it. "Focus", she said, "because that's where the sun's rays meet". Posy Simmonds found other verbal felicities, calling a pop

group "Hugh Janus and his drop-outs". You can quite see that verbal humour does not have universal appeal, and is really a minor niche in the spectrum of comedy and humour. Think how Charlie Chaplin was hilarious in silent films, how mimes can amuse us. In the same way, intelligence is only one of the human qualities necessary for a good life. (Generosity, courtesy, thoughtfulness....) Still, I retain an affection for wit, perhaps because I am one of the least witty people you can hope to meet – and the hash is a rich repository of this quality.

OnON
FRB





Unusual!
A Bactrian



Bugsy Escapes



J-Art
Photo Bombs!



The queue for Prince Harry's
book signing outside
Waterstones





Colour Supplement 2

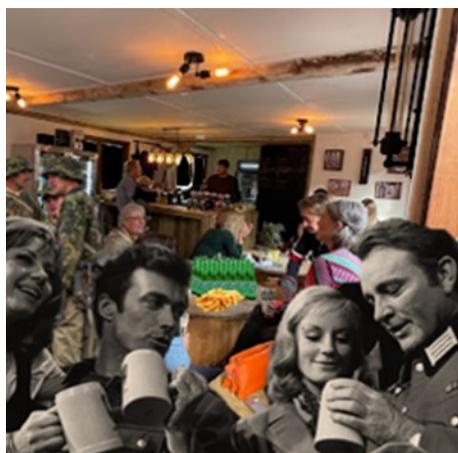
Founded April 14, 1975

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Date : 6 January 2023
 Hare: Teqil'over
 Venue: Capel
 OnOn: Dorking Brewery

“REMEMBER, POPEYE, FFHS ARE MORE OF A SOCIAL EVENT THAN A SERIOUS HASH...” (ADVICE PROVIDED BY THE GM BEFORE POPEYE SET HIS FIRST FFH)



Well, that was nearly the end of a 44-year marriage! I couldn't believe it when I asked Olive Oyl what she would like to do on our wedding anniversary, she answered, "The First Friday Hash, of course." This was more remarkable by virtue of the fact that the only night hashes I can ever remember

Olive doing were the BH3 Midsummer Hashes at Newlands Corner - and then only because it is summer and with one of Clever Trevor's delicious curries at the end. I have managed to take Olive to Six Nations before on her birthday, but this Hash was potentially a real hospital pass from Teq' to Popeye. Anyway, Friday morning arrives, and I have had to go the whole hog with flowers, presents and promises of a romantic dinner just to offset my wife's "Hash concession" ... It cost me a bloody fortune! So, despite the weather, unlike Uncle Gerry and Mrs G, Olive and I decided as we had committed to Gruppenführer Teq's exhortations to order "food" after the Hash, we would turn up. And so, off we set into a wet and blustery evening to find the brewery that the Hare had deigned to support. Olive and I (more by luck than judgement) turned up on time to find Teq in one of his more garrulous moods directing traffic. Fortunately, the parking space he allotted to Olive, and I was only ankle deep in water whereas Atalanta when she got out of her car almost disappeared into the puddle she had been directed to straddle.

The rest of the rabble arrived in due course with Legolas announcing that she had only just got there having set off sometime in the morning because it was her day off. SBJ and Blue Suit still managed to turn up after everyone else, despite living the closest to Capel. Le Pro arrived and made several

attempts at parking, excusing his various deliberations as "Making sure his Mini did not float away."

We eventually set off quarter of an hour late with Teq urging us to be back by eight o'clock as the bar was due to close then. The trail started well, down a reasonably potholed but dry (relative term) bit of black top... Don't worry, by the end of the trail, the last thing that anybody would be complaining about was black top. The check on the lane was a back check and this was the last point at which anybody without an ASA Gold Survival Award should have turned round. We embarked on a journey into the Deep Dark Wood, with the moon obscured by dense clouds and far enough away from any form of civilisation not to have even a glimmer of urban light pollution. At this point, the hare had decided to "help" the knitting circle (Olive and SBJ) by telling them to switch their torches off so that their night



vision would not be impaired (this is the man that managed to break his ankle on a CAMRA hash, in full daylight (and had to be rescued by BERKS - Berkshire Air Ambulance).

Anyway, we eventually emerged from the Deep Dark Wood without seeing a Gruffalo.

I thought I saw Petal and something with a doggy snorkel paddling past me, but it may just have been a yapperition or even a Rafflection in the water. After two fairly boring perimeters of some very soggy fields there was a steep, and very slippery, path down to the left. Eagle Eye was so eagle-eyed that he thought he saw flour commencing another





loop of the field, but it did turn out that the trail was down, down, down the muddy track into the Deep Dark Woods again! Squid elected to try and use her mother as a hair-brake and was promptly accused of being sageist whilst 3s4d offered to STAB Popeye – or was it ARAB (I may be arrogant, but I have never been Regular or Territorial - and was actually in the RNR not TAs)?

At some point, Teq (helpful as ever) offered to assist Bods (whose torch had “supposedly” failed) by offering him a short-cut. This (surprisingly) brought Bods into conflict with the front runners as when he eventually joined the trail in the opposite direction, he tried to persuade Legolas and Rhumb that they were running the wrong way. This caused much confusion but at least allowed the scribe to catch up!

Teq and Chunderos very kindly arranged for the On-inn to be in the Tap Room of the Dorking Brewery. Unfortunately, a rebellion of the 5th Panzer Division of the Waffen-SS decided to turn up unannounced and the Tap Room quickly took on the look and feel of a scene out of “Where Eagles Dare”.

Apparently, these crewcut adolescents were planning to take part in some sort of WWII re-enactment on Saturday and were preparing for this epic by drinking numerous pints of Dorking Brewery Smokestack Lightnin’ rather than traditional German steins of Föching Hell lager. One drank so many jugs that he left his jackboots behind outside (big mistake).



Apart from the red wine being served frozen and the white wine at room temperature, the beer was real, and a good time was had by all. Chunderos went the extra mile and set off to get chips from the chippy in Dorking which arrived back in time to augment the burgers being cooked outside in the rain. As more beer was drunk and tongues loosened (Teq singing about

one ball was not destined to promote relations with Europe) the evening quickly debauched into a revelry of karaoke with even Atalanta joining in. 3s4d and Popeye elected to evacuate to the cold and rain outside – thus the discussion of STABs and ARABs.

In my book, anyone who sets a trail, whether in hail, rain or shine deserves a föching medal.



Thank you to Teq and Chunderos for going the extra mile. Also, thank you to the Dorking Brewery for their hospitality.

I am sure we will be back.

I will finish with a quote from Chunderos, “He didn’t go through the flooded fields we reccied, did he? He assured

me he wasn’t going to do that.” Ah well, I think that deserves a down-down and the FFH Golden Jackboot Award!

On-on, Pops

Popeye 

