



The Viking Times

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

0002

Date 1978
Hare New DMs
Venue Irgendwo in Deutschland
OnOn Der Kühler Pfanne

AUF WIEDERSEHEN, HEN

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)

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



Where were we? Oh yes; pre
"Irgendwo in Deutschland" tage.
(meaning the days before I could
"Spika da Lingo")

Having settled up for the
Dollars and listened to
interminable stories of "Steel
Buuuuts; Hin, yer ken?",
translation:

"Steel toe cap boots, old chap,
what!"

And various stories of
adolescent Edinburgh
misbehaviour, military mis
association and "NATO Truppen"
skirmishes, I was accepted into
the select, "Sassenach but solid",
group of Eric's friends, and one
to be looked after and cultivated.

Details of the rest of that
"assignment" are vague, maybe

Well it wasn't quite "slavery",
pretty well paid as it happens,
and you only needed to be a
capable engineer keen for cash
(and a challenge! ... of
course!), and I was both!

Eric had passed my details, I
assume with a possible reward
(?), to a "Body Shop", sorry
"Professional Contract
Recruitment Agency", in
Munich who were helping
support the German economic
miracle; "Wirtschaftswunde",
already observed and
illustrated in "Auf Wiedersehen,
Pet".

I had better get to Eric and
Hashing soon! I can always go
back and bore your arses off
some other time!

It goes something like:
Eric is kept informed of my

we went back to the British
Army signals base, also
"Somewhere in Germany" or
stayed in a local hotel, the
details are lost in a mist of "The
Marketeers are paying, eat well
and drink up!"

What I DID know was that I
was now on Eric's list!

Long story short; during the
year there were a number of
such equipment
demonstrations; "Middle of the
cold war old chap!" and Eric
was the "Mr Fixit" over there;
booking the hotels, AND
restaurants(!), for "Marketing
bods" and engineer. Eric would
select the hotels and "allocate"
the rooms. "Screeew the
Suuuuits (Marketing Bods), I'll

"Contracting Engineer"
progress by his mole in the
agency.

"Hey Greet Reecharrrrd,
when yay get tae Ulum, I'll ge'
a job tew an' we can share a
fla' an' save they monnai, an
ge' aroon in steel buuuts an
'gae drinkin' an' at!"

Yearhr I thought Let's
see...

(that funny music in old films
when the time advances ...)

It's mid April 1980, I left
Plessey November 1979, I am
in Germany, I have started the
ULM H3, it is a quiet Saturday
afternoon, I am in my 3rd floor
apartment in Wieblingen, a
bus ride from the city, there is
a ring from the outer door to
the building.

I go down, there is Eric with

gi' yer thay best ruuum!"

AND he did, I overheard a
"Suuuuits" conversation about
showers / baths, and I found I
had the only room in the place
with both!! Hahahah, it's not
what you know... it's "Hooooo!"

I didn't tell 'em! (Poor old
Brian "WO" Packman!!)

Fast forward to early 1979:
Phone call at work from an
American voice in Munich:

"I've got a job in Germany
for you, more zeros in the
numbers than you can
imagine, are you interested?"

Well ... it was slightly more
subtle than that but you get
the gist... Eric was selling me
into "White Slavery" (am I
allowed to say that? I dunno!),

a WARDOBE on WHEELS"
"Hulllooo Reecharrrrd' Ay've
cam tae stae as we agreeed,
wheeeerrrs mai rooom?"

Well, that's how I remember it!

The next day was the first trail
of the UH3!

Eric... do you know what
"Hashing is?"

"Nay, es nawwt that weeed
es et? I dinnae smooooke".

"Don't worry! Have you got
some sports shoes?

Eric becomes a HASHER!!!

Yes folks! It's ALL down to
me; I usually own up at hashes
when I meet up with "they wee
Eric" and award myself a "Doon
Doon"

To be continued





Eric finishing the Three Peaks with John Burgess in the 80s

Our and Other Hash Events 2022

26-March-2023 - AGM run and AGM Mickleham Village Hall - We have sorted some exciting entertainments!

Stop Press: Proxy has confirmed "The Columbian Drug Baron Band" are appearing. Small charge for Members £5, £12 visitors ; AGM food and drink INCLUDED, Make sure you reserve the date!!

Invite friends; both hash and non-hash.

16-February-2023 Joy McAlister, Len's friend, Commemoration. Commemoration of Joy's life at The Onslow Arms, The Street, West Clandon, GU4 7TE

You must let me, and or, Len know if you want to come.

Any suggestions?



Run	2457
Date	19-Feb-2023
Hare(s)	Petal
Venue	Deepcut
On On	The Frog
Post Code	GU16 6QF
OS	SU904569
what3words	thud.hiking.deeply
Scribe	FRB

Directions

Good news - a NEW PUB and we are starting from it :-)

Use any of the links above to find your way.

OR

from Pirbright/Brookwood take the B3012 Gole Road/Gapemouth Road for 3 miles. Turn right into Deepcut Bridge Road. After 440 yards bear right into Brunswick Road and the pub is on the left. Park at the back.

AND repeating:

As most of you know by now, "Eric the X", who lived in London and hashed here and around here for many years has become seriously ill. And yes, this message has cleared with his family. Eric recently moved to Ellen's Glen House, which is a community hospital in Edinburgh specialising in long-term care with a "homely" setting. Eric is reported to be in good spirits and his brain is working as well as ever. Unfortunately, some motor functions have deteriorated rapidly since late last year, so please don't try to phone or use Facebook or similar. He's getting regular visitors and should you be in Edinburgh he would be delighted to see you. His address for visits and cards is Eric Sutherland, 7 Cedar Corridor, Hawthorn Ward, Ellen's Glen House, 72 Carnbee Avenue, Edinburgh EH16 6FF. The recent cards sent to him have been much appreciated and I have had some other ideas that will hopefully help keep his spirits up.

He really liked the cards, so how about some photos? If anyone has past ones of Eric, preferably with some context i.e., a place, event, date, a message, please send them to me

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

2458	26 Feb	Cap'n Webb	Downside
2459	5 Mar	Olive Oyl and Arfur	Parkgate
2460	12 Mar	Isneesbuggered	Hambledon
2461	19 Mar	Simple	
2462	26 Mar	AGM Run	Mickleham
2463	2 Apr		
2464	9 Apr	Bodyshop	

OLD boys Corner.... Continued

John Burgess Message from Rob (John's nephew) Tuesday: he was now medically fit to be discharged and they wanted to send him home this afternoon, the therapist was speaking to him about the arrangements put in place for that because they have to get him up the stairs! I've not heard if he's been "released" yet.

(Rambo_WLH3@hotmail.com) with the extra information and I will sort them out.

Email messages are very welcome and appreciated but only work if read out. If anyone has any, send them to me and again I'll get them to him.

He likes snacks; fruit, sweets and chocolate in particular. Medical staff have confirmed that Eric can be 'prescribed' alcohol, which they will regulate in line with his medication, so my thought was that probably the thing he'd appreciate most was a bottle of whisky or bottles of real ale.

For above, if anyone wants to give a small donation email or message me and I'll send you my bank detail, and I'll transfer on to Edinburgh TNT hasher A.N. Other (Kim) who has kindly offered to make the purchases and deliver to Eric with information on the donors (unless anonymity is requested/ no name). High level feedback on purchases will be available.

On on, Rambo.



The Runday Shag

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

MOA 1

2456

Date 12-Feb-2023
Hare(s) Stevie Blunder
Venue Arbrook Common
OnOn Swan Inn

CRAMBE REPETITA, OR CAULD KALE HET AGAIN

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

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A glance at the map was enough to warn of the danger, that a trail starting on Arbrook Common would overlap with Popeye's trail the week before. And so it proved. Up till then we had been given some good things, including a check where hashers were meant to hold hands with someone else till flour was found. Most rejected this opportunity scornfully - or in embarrassment? - with notable front runners such as Bonn Bugle and J. Arthur refusing the gesture, but Miss Bean took my hand, which made my morning. Well, until we came to Popeye's pond. She had given her partner a map of where Popeye took us, but no, there we were using exactly the same A3 crossing as last

week. And, perversely, carrying on up the very same path where we had then gone wrong, following old flour, and then mistaking a blotch of white fungus for flour.

Well, we knew where home was (all except Bonn Bugle, who had the wrong idea), so we followed our noses till we stumbled on flour. And here we made a new discovery. Traditionally if a hare uses a bar, the solution will not be to cross the bar; today this rule was abrogated. After that we just made for home, taking advantage of Dr Death's remarkable flair for the right direction, and crossing bars as if there were no tomorrow. We found ourselves last in, with a merry throng already enjoying Piercy's bitter. Master Bates confided that no one had done the whole, real,

trail; Atalanta on the other hand - she makes a point on a live run of trying, at times successfully, to catch the hare - considered that she had done the exact trail Stevie Blunder had set. "I made no comment: what should I resent?"

Surprisingly, considering our confusion south of the A3, even we were back by 1215, so it was a short trail, and a cheerful morning. The hasher whose handle I forgot last week was Svetlana; she is good at keeping up with front runners. At my age I have little enthusiasm for live trails. Even though Fish and Chips had said "Well, you haven't got any older" I did fall, on the knee I damaged a month ago, and had to be helped up by J. Arthur and CL. Hashers need the respite afforded by checks.

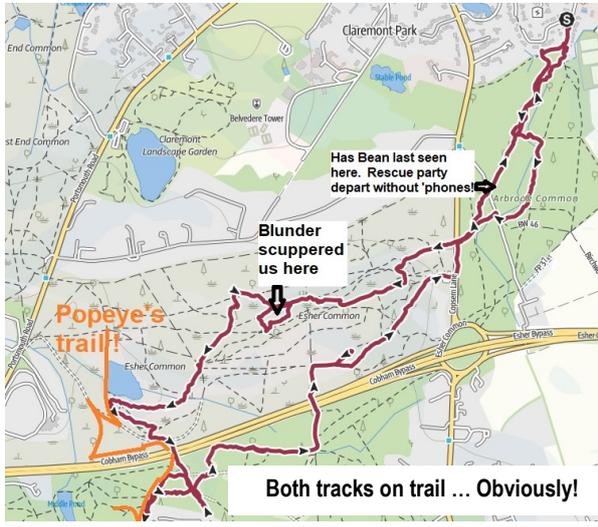
The BBC is running a series called How Hip-Hop Changed

the World. The title is intriguing; at a guess, Hip-hop has made virtually no difference to anyone in China, India, Pakistan, Africa..(well, maybe in Nigeria?) and very little indeed in Russia, the Middle East, or Latin America. I am aware that US cultural influence extends beyond the Anglophone world - it is strong in Western Europe, not just Britain, and Japan is almost the 51st State. This does not make it global. Now, music may indeed be considered a world language, much more than English, but in practice each culture has its own music, or indeed several, largely distinct: how many of those who love Bach even know what hip-hop is? (Oh, I admit, there will be some, and even vice versa -

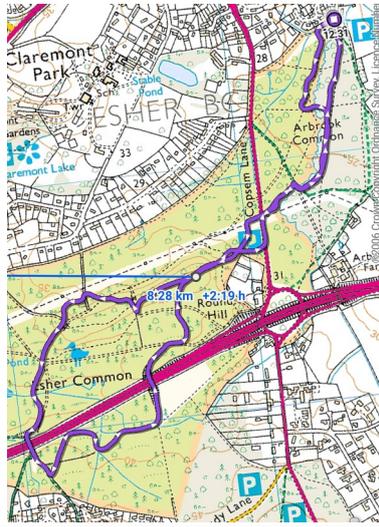
but rather few, surely?) My own tastes are wide-ranging, Hildegard of Bingen to Havergeral Brian, Ockeghem to Stockhausen, but is severe: Strauss means Richard, not the Vienna family. I greatly enjoy classical jazz, but how popular is that these days? And you, gentle reader: are your tastes those of your children? Each musical tradition has its own world. And hip-hop will have changed only a few of those.

FRB





Both tracks on trail ... Obviously!



Explaining the unexplainable



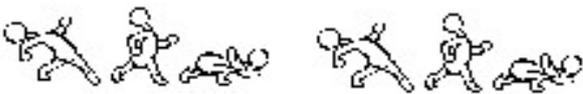
Spy talk?



J-Arthur listens to his imaginary friend.



Moi?





Colour Supplement 2

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