



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



The Viking Times

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

0004

Date 1981 plus
Hare Ulm, SH3, various
Venue Ulm, Surrey, The World
OnOn Continuous

OH FLOUR OF SCOTLAND!

Episode four: The Prologue
Ooooooh Missus!

Our hero, the right Hon Le Retard is now an expert hasher; using the term loosely. What his trails lacked; he made up for with the On-Ons and was a great one for random social events.

Being "A Scotch Git", he felt encumbered to introduce the multitudinous nationalities of the Ulm Hash and "Nice Peoples Club" to the vagaries of Scottish comestibles... primarily the Haggis creature. I seem to remember he flew into Stuttgart with two of the biggest Haggie you could imagine (bit like Dolly Parton if you get my drift) and they were either impounded or got lost in the luggage handling! Haggei, of course, have a half life of a 2 days 3 hours and 27 minutes out of captivity, and the

you couldn't taste anything except the cabbage or sprouts, or whatever of the V8. Problem was it gave Eric and I and various others an industrial strength hangover headache. Eris lurched out of whatever pit he died in overnight, found and grabbed the bottle of Cognac I had hidden from the partygoers, swigged a couple of mouthfulls and promptly threw up in the bog! I NEVER truly forgave him! Hahahah

All good things must come to an end, and we both drifted back to blighty. I moved to Bookham, just down the road from Jim Raper's (Our Founder's) country pile.

Le Retard lived in Croydon and joined SH3 and a number of other hashes. We invited our Ulm hash friends over a number of times and the whole hash shared putting them up, some "lucky" enough to stay in Croydon despite having

race was on to extricate them from misadventure, or bureaucracy!

Various exponents of the local lingo persuasion were mobilised to save the bacon, so to speak, and the wee beasties were re-united with their Daddy "tout suite", mostly unspoiled, if that is not an oxy-moron.

German sausages are generally very finely minced and "I" believe are made from the WHOLE animal; trot 'em in one door, then sausages (or Wurst as they quite correctly call them) appear out another, that's it! No waste; Testicles, Specticles, the lot.

Ulm hasher, and friend, Helmut said English sausages were made from "Gristle and Sawdust"! Cheeky bugger! Eric showed him; Scotch Sausage! That knocked his Westfålen socks off.

tried so hard to destroy it a few years earlier!! (whoops!)

Eric took Haggis and Burns seriously and had a number of "parties"... the problem was he often forgot to invite anyone until the very last moment, never had ANY furniture, and hid all the drink under the sink!

When his series of trails in / around / up / down and across Shirley finally drove us to force him to try somewhere else he and Short Plank laid a "trail" near Reigate, I found the report recently ... let's just say it was ... short.

Eric hashed regularly with Surrey, that is until he became a JM. That was the last time we saw him for about a year!! Many a true word said in jest! We had similar problems with his runs. I seem to remember he was down for a trail in Richmond Park;

Numerous gatherings at mine, "Eric's Place" and many "Local's Gaffs" occurred, with various renditions of Scottish, English, Indian, Chinese, North German, South German, Hungarian... you name it cuisines, ensued, with, of course... German Bier.

As sort of repayment to the Munich "crowd" for their hospitality at the Oktoberfest; they were invited to Ulm (Ulum) for weekend hashes and parties. One such event an American Army officer got us loads of spirits from the PX along with "mixers". One of the mixers was call "Vee8" and was a sort of Tomato (remember them?) Juice on steroids. I made some "industrial" strength "Bloody Marys" with V8 and PX Vodka, it was about 50:50 Vodka to "Juice" ratio, if not more;

never heard from him until the Sunday of the run, when we had laid an alternative trail and Eric wondered why no one had turned up to his trail!!! Oh well; it's an ill wind ...

Eric was a regular attendee of the walks Gurney, Dr Death, J-Arthur and others organised. I'm sure Gurney will give you chapter and verse of various escapades and happenings on such outings .. over a few beers!

Laterly the Wee Eric returned to his roots and attended many if not all Hash occasions in Scotland and many Down South. When ever I was at such an event I ALWAYS announced that "I HAD INTRODUCED ERIC TO HASHING" and gave myself a Down Down!!! Hahahah

On On Eric!
Teq xx





Our and Other Hash Events 2022

26-March-2023 - AGM run and AGM Mickleham Village Hall - We have sorted some exciting entertainments!
"The Columbian Drug Baron Band" are appearing. Small charge for Members £5, £12 visitors ; AGM food and drink INCLUDED,
We need to know numbers so a Registration Form will be available soon (it will be linked from our Home Page).
Invite friends; both hash and non-hash.

Any suggestions?



Run 2459
 Date 5-Mar-2023
 Hare(s) Olive Oyl and Arfur Pint
 Venue Parkgate
 On On The Surrey Oaks
 Post Code RH55DZ
 OS TQ204436
 what3words fluid.navy.knee
 Scribe FRB

Directions

Take A24 south from Dorking Cock roundabout, junction A24/A25. Take 2nd left Chart Lane sp Blackbrook. Follow this road for 4 miles to T junction. Turn left Parkgate Rd. and pub is about 1 mile on the left. Please park tightly at the back of the pub car park and with consideration for the Landlady's other customers. Olive says the the On Out is from here. RH55DZ.
 No Sunday ROASTS, but other food will be available.

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

2460	12 Mar	Isneesbuggered	Hambledon
2461	19 Mar	Simple	
2462	26 Mar	AGM : Gurney	Mickleham
2463	2 Apr		
2464	9 Apr	Bodyshop	
2465	16 Apr	Doug the Tub	
2466	23 Apr	Birthing Blanket	

OLD boys Corner.... Continued

John Burgess Back home for a week, then back in hospital the last time I heard Not good.

Eric Le Retard ... No recent news.

Episode four of the "NOT Noggin the Nog" on page 1 . Some "era" pics scattered about.





The Runday Shag

Founded April 14, 1975 Banned from Box Hill, 1989 - Returned to Box Hill, 1998 MOA 1 2458

Date 26-Feb-2023
Hare(s) Cap'n Webb
Venue Downside
OnOn The Cricketers

TOO MUCH TARMAC

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The hare is to be congratulated on finding a largely original trail in territory very well known to Surrey hashers. But the price was high: miles of blacktop. At first it seemed we were fewer than a dozen to sample Captain Webb's offering, with the car park almost empty – the Cricketers pub offers an extensive car park. But no, chaps had chosen to use the Green instead, and numbers were normal. An added pleasure to the morning was the re-appearance of No Nookie, absent for too long. The front runners did an excellent job of marking the checks, except the check at the Semaphore Tower; perhaps, like Dr Death, they had guessed correctly that the trail would use the bridge, with no need

to visit the tower? We did meet up there both Popeye and No Nookie, so they must have got separated from the customary stalwarts, Atalanta, Blunder and Bean, who had extricated themselves early on from the dark wood where the checks and indeed the trail itself had puzzled the rest of us. ("mi ritrovai per una selva oscura/ che la diritta via era smarrita": Google it, the opening to the most famous poem ever written). Full marks to Bonn Bugle, whose persistence found the distant solution to the last check out of that wood. But we never saw those front runners again.

The hare was seen only near the end of the trail, indeed at the very end of that interminable tarmac, showing us where we should leave the road. An unusual feature of

the morning was the prevalence of children on ponies, escorted by adults; we must have met three or four of such groups, unusually courteous to us hashers. Riders and hashers: "Oh, the farmer and the cowboy should be friends..."

J. Arthur pronounced the trail to have been 4.6 miles long; it took me 1.4 hours, suggesting that Petal's trail last week was nearer 5 miles than 6. It was very striking today how many of our runners were female, and I mean runners, putting us feeble males to shame; some admittedly were young, but others distinctly mature, and all legging it like good 'uns. It is baffling that in some parts of the world there are still all-male hashes. At all events, Surrey spent a very pleasant morning.

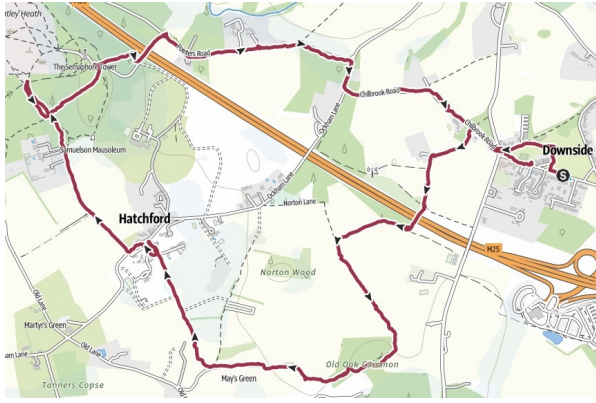
The Press have made much of badly-behaved Tik-Tok driven

amateur sleuths muscling in on the disappearance of Nicola Bulley. It prompts wonder at the prevalence and power of social media. In some sense, as a non-subscriber to any of these media, I have no business commenting; but I do marvel at their power and their ubiquity. When youngsters are bullied on line, those my age have no business thinking "Well, just unsubscribe!" The profoundly human need for contact with others nowadays for that age group drives them online: the methods used until recently seem no longer available. On a related theme, I am surprised how few people invite friends into their homes; almost everyone prefers coffee shops or pubs. In recent months Solange and I have invited 4 different

couples in for a drink; all came, armed indeed with lavish gifts, but not one has invited us in return. Sociability is essential to our species, but its modalities seem highly variable, and to me at least quite mysterious. The noxious effects of making one's life over to social media are most apparent around Donald Trump: scores of millions of Americans shrug off or deny evidence offered publicly that Biden won the election, because their computer or phone says otherwise.

FRB





J-Arthur desperately trying to catch up with his imaginary friend.



Hooray ... not imaginary!
Just Welsh!!



Aaaah HERE's our Youth Policy



SFD





Colour Supplement 2

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