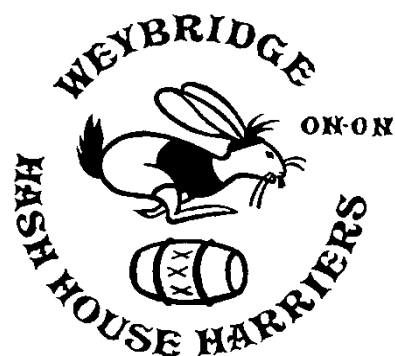


*Runs Start 8pm Tuesdays – Visitors Always Welcome ****

Grand Master : Doner
 Joint Masters : Top Man & Kung Foo Panda
 Hare Raiser : Naked Chef
 YPO : Spanish Mistress
 Hash Cash : Sausage
 Horn : Tequil'Over
 On Sec : Megabit
 Scribe : Ding a Ling



weybridgehash@hotmail.com www.weybridgehash.org.uk

Run	:	1855	19th November 2019
Hare	:	Spanish Mistress& Sodden Assets	GUILDFORD
Start	:	The Royal Oak, 89 Oak Hill, Wood Street Village, GU3 3DA	
Dir'ns	:	https://tinyurl.com/v4sm87z	
On-On	:	The Royal Oak	

Run	:	1856	26th November 2019
Hare	:	Kung Foo Panda	BYFLEET
Start	:	The Queen's Head, 2 High Road, KT14 7QG	
Dir'ns	:	https://tinyurl.com/r3nnx64	
On-On	:	The Queen's Head	

Run	:	1857	3rd December 2019
Hare	:	Pig Pen	DORKING
Start	:	West Street Car Park	
Dir'ns	:	A24 south through Mickleham and West Humble. Right at lights Ashcombe Rd A2003 the left Chalkpit Lane. Just before end of road go left into Church Street. Car park on right. Entrance also from West street travelling east on A25, left turn after pub	
On-On	:	The Old House at Home, 24 West Steet, RH4 1BY https://tinyurl.com/wprdpk8	

Run	:	1858	10th December 2019
Hare	:	Top Man & Naked Chef	THAMES DITTON
Start	:	The George and Dragon, High Street, KT7 ORY	
Dir'ns	:	If car park full, there is alternative parking in public car park in Ashley Road behind the High Street https://tinyurl.com/ry9mczt	
On-On	:	The George and Dragon	

Run	:	1859	17th December 2019
Hare	:	The Great Bear	WEYBRIDGE
Start	:	The Flintgate, 139 Oatlands Drive, KT13 9LA	
Dir'ns	:	https://tinyurl.com/v5n2f55	
On-On	:	The Flintgate	

A whole group of runners all suddenly turned up in the last 5 minutes before the Run tonight, and how lucky they were. Our Hare, Sausage aka Malcolm posing as a cyclist returned, to then join us as we set off to explore his route. Our knowledge of the Basingstoke Canal keeps growing, week on week, completed in 1794 by John Pinkerton's construction company to connect Basingstoke with the river Thames at Weybridge via The Wey Navigation, and you will be pleased to know, that it has 29 Locks en route. Timber, flour and chalk were the principal cargoes to London. Tonight, we were off round some lovely wooded roads of some note, and some very tall Fir trees, and Scotch Pine. We also scared off some would be burglars, as Golden Balls rang the doorbell, to tell the owner, he had left his electric double garage doors OPEN ! 'Oh ----' he said. We set off, keen to run more, and celebrate our timing in the pub. Sausage was joined by his daughter Becs, assisting him wherever needed, plus we also had the pleasure of Mother Brown returning from Tasmania, to visit us for a few weeks, great to see you too. Sodden Assets returned from injury with Spanish Mistress, and lovely to see you. Once in the pub, well you have never seen such a bunch of chatterboxes, all vying to get their words in, soon quietened very briefly by the many bowls of chips, thanks Malcolm, and lovely to see Louise ! Doner and The Jack Russell arrived late, but got round somehow, and Mother Brown bless him, started at the On In, and went backwards to meet us halfway round !!?? A great night's banter was had, Lord Tosser called Master Bates a Tit, and many Hashers were table hopping, and rudely telling others with no space to move up, just like a Waterloo bound morning train eh ? Still, fun was had by most, so join us next week, Kebab will entertain you All ! On On



1851

Kebab

@ The White Lyon, Worplesstone

22/10/2019

Well, in all the years I've known it (and its over 35....) that's what its been called, although the website (yes it has one!) calls it the White Lyon and Dragon while the pub sign says it's now the Whyte Lyon..... It obviously suffers from some sort of split personality but appeared to have reopened again (more of this later) after being shut for a while and Kebab decided to set a run from it. For once I disobeyed the Hash rule that says that the nearer you live to a hash the later you arrive and so I arrived early, with only Kebab the hare and Giles being there before me. Waiting for others to arrive the hare revealed to me the good news and the bad news. The good news was that he had, after extended negotiations, to arrange for the hash chips. The bad news was that the pub had run out of beer. Yes, the pub had RUN OUT OF BEER!!!! Having sworn me to secrecy he neglected to tell the rest of the pack, which by 8.00 had reached a total of 15. This included Jeremy, who after an absence of some while has now made 3 hashes in a row. Its a good job I don't have any scruples over keeping secrets otherwise the pack would have remained unaware of the lack of post hash beer. Fortunately it is still some while until 31/10/19 Halloween with its ghosts and googlies (and this year something potentially more real and scary) as we set off past the Church and through its grave yard. Len later claimed you could see the illuminated Guildford Cathedral, I think it was the new tower bocks in Woking. Running down the hill from the graveyard you could definitely feel the temperature drop..... The trail wandered around the back of Worplesdon common before arriving back at the A322 and crossing into the grounds of Merrist Wood Agricultural college. Here, although sticking strictly to the public footpaths some hashers were accosted by a member of the college staff expressing concern that we represented a risk to female students....as if.....especially after our recent public spirited assistance to the forces of Law and Order in Byfleet when we apparently interrupted a burglary. Here I was back on familiar territory leading to the way (or at least directing FRBs) in the direction of the pub down a path I had last used 30 years ago when I had attended works conferences at the college and used it to get to the pub, which in those days served beer... In the pub The hare provided copious bowls chips, with and without cheese and this, following an excellent run that was completed in just about an hour, may have been sufficient for the pack to have forgiven the hare for the lack of real ale if the pub, had not also run out of bottled beer, Guinness and all but one type of larger, which itself was described of marginal quality. Only Sodden Assets was happy: apparently the cider was OK. On-On Wurzel. Footnote Sodden Assets and Spanish Mistress were coincidentally thinking of laying a has from the same pub. They may change their minds.....



1852

Tight Git

@ The Anchor, Great Bookham

29/10/2019

Our evening started from the car park of The Anchor pub down the road, and a good group of runners set off, eager to find our trail. A dry, crisp Autumn evening, ideal for exploring through the leafy surrounds of residential Bookham. Our Hare, Tight Git kindly laid a lot of extra flour at checks for latecomers, and we soon disappeared into some woodland, known as Bookham Commons. It is another world in here even at night, mysterious oakwoods, open grassland plains, leading to marshy ponds, and even a few Bird Hides, to spot from. This Nature Reserve is famous for Nightingales and Butterflies, such as the Purple Emperor. We ran for nine kilometres, and then, safely back, decamped away from the Pub quiz at The Anchor to a delightful, low beamed 16h century pub here since 1570, The Royal Oak, where you could sit next to a barrel, or an open log fire, and sup your beer. You could drink a pint of Gem from Bath Ales, or a Clapham Town. Did You know....C.S.Lewis studied in Great Bookham as a teenager from 1914 – 1917. Also, Pink Floyd bass player, Rogers Waters was born here in 1943. Jane Austen was busy writing several of her novels here, as her cousin was the Vicar of Great Bookham until 1820. More recent Hash History too, Mother Brown told Dingaling of his adventures in Tasmania this year, they have a Hash there, he turned up for a Run, and found them all in a local restaurant, where they told him...‘Oh yeah, we go for a run occasionally, but this is more the thing to do round here’. Eventually, they went on a Run, one week, and it was all of two miles, with just the one check, a Tasmanian Devil of a run eh ?? Don’t forget to book your Tickets for our Christmas Bash in Ripley on Saturday 14 December, a delicious two or three course meal ! See Naked Chef, and check out the Menu to order from. Dingaling signing off, see You All again on Tuesday 3 December, with some amazing hot stories to tell you, I hope !! On On, me Hearties.

1853

Doner & Mr Jack Russell

@ The Fox and Flower Pot, Woking

05/11/2019

So Tuesday evening and, sad git that I am, nothing better to do than go hashing. The last time I visited this pub was about 30 years ago and I found a tired estate type pub with no atmosphere and I decided never to visit again. Still

its under new management so my jaundiced views maybe dated (I remember my father saying that he wouldn't visit many of the pubs I spent my youth in as they were "rough" when he visited them 30 years previously). Forecast is for a dry evening so full of hope and expectation of a great hash (can a great hash be laid in Goldsworth Park?) I arrived in the carpark to find a small group of merrie hashers , consisting of me, Mother Brown, Pig Pen, Naked Chief, Master Bates, Tosser, Kebab, Spanish Mistress and Sodden Assets. So, 20:00 its started to rain and we are off, except we are unable to find any flour. Scouting around Pig Pen finds the hares (Donner and Mr Jack Russel) just arriving back from laying the trail. Having been told "it starts somewhere near the shops" after further searching I find a light scattering of flour. The trail starts off with a loop that took us to the lake but it was already proving difficult to follow as the blobs were small and rapidly losing the battle with the rain. Still, reinforcements arrive in the form of Megabit, Kung Foo Panda and The Great Bear who had arrived late and followed the extra flour laid by the hares as they shadowed the pack. A couple of loops that dive off into the housing estate and then back to the lake where the hares were found studying a map (something about "taking a long time" and "short cut" are overheard). A couple of checks later and the remains of the pack find themselves somewhere on Littlewick road but no sign of further flour or hares. After some discussion a collective decision was made to abandon the hash and using a combination of luck and local knowledge this group arrived back at the pub only to find the other members of the original pack, plus Len and the hares already there. In summary a potentially good trail sabotaged by a combination of bad the weather that hadn't been forecast and rather sparse flour. Still at least we were all back within the hour. In the Pub Unfortunately although its had a lick of paint my overall impression was much as my original one. However, Rupert had brought along a huge Pumpkin for a "guess the weight of the Pumpkin" competition in order to raise money for the RNLI. Despite declining to enter the competition (although making a donation) on the basis I didn't want a massive Pumpkin I still end up with a large segment. I've now converted it into Pumpkin Soup using the recipe also supplied by Rupert and much to my surprise its very good.

On-on Wurzel



Despite the threat of rain and a chilly night, by the time we were ready for the off a decent crowd had gathered. The hares brief, it's a short run was greeted with heartfelt hoorays, plenty of flour - hooraaay, plenty of checks-hoorraay , easy check- hooraaaay. No it's not straight into the pub! If you're not on flour you're not on trail. So without further ado we set off. Lovely run off road in the leafy orange canopies of beech woods, through deep shiggy on the common and a sneaky back route across the A3 by the American school. Occasional parting of dense cloud made the run feel very special due the light from a big full moon. At one point some of us due to short hull lengths, not following flour and attempting impossible short cuts got well behind and our progress seriously hampered by an exuberant bone headed English bull terrier with his red flashing light running with us and nearly knocking us off our feet. Once safely back at the pub the social members joined us. Loads of excellent chips and good beers. Cheers Worzel . On On.

