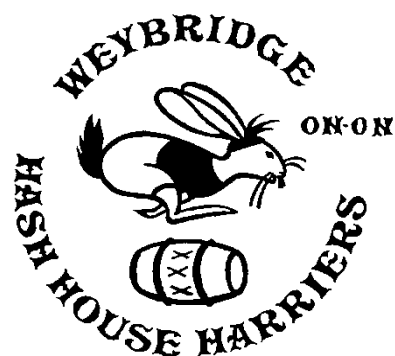


*Runs Start 8pm Tuesdays – Visitors Always Welcome \*\*\**

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



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Run	:	1860 *** Monday run***	23rd December 2019
Hare	:	Doner & Mr Jack Russell	OTTERSHAW
Start	:	Brook Hall Car Park Murray Road KT16 0HN	
Dir'ns	:	<a href="https://tinyurl.com/s2657eo">https://tinyurl.com/s2657eo</a>	
On-On	:	Doner's House, 3 Briargate Cottages, Ottershaw ***BYO drink***	

Run	:	1861 ***Monday run***	30th December 2019
Hare	:	Megabit	ADDLESTONE
Start	:	The Pelican, 9 Hamm Moor Ln, Addlestone KT15 2SB	
Dir'ns	:	<a href="https://tinyurl.com/t5os4hb">https://tinyurl.com/t5os4hb</a>	
On-On	:	The Pelican	

Run	:	1862	7th January 2020
Hare	:	Sausage	WOKING
Start	:	The Herbert Wells Weatherspoons, 51-57 Chertsey Road, GU21 5AJ	
Dir'ns	:	Park in Victoria Way Car Park ( <a href="https://tinyurl.com/ta5ohmb">https://tinyurl.com/ta5ohmb</a> )	
On-On	:	The Herbert Wells Weatherspoons ( <a href="https://tinyurl.com/r897ygz">https://tinyurl.com/r897ygz</a> )	

Run	:	1863	14th January 2020
Hare	:	Dingaling	WALTON ON THAMES
Start	:	The Regent 19 Church Street, KT12 2QP	
Dir'ns	:	<a href="https://tinyurl.com/urs6yl5">https://tinyurl.com/urs6yl5</a>	
On-On	:	The Regent	

Run	:	1864	21st January 2020
Hare	:	Wasser	TWICKENHAM
Start	:	The Sussex Arms, 15 Staines Road, TW2 5BG	
Dir'ns	:	<a href="https://tinyurl.com/wnagpmm">https://tinyurl.com/wnagpmm</a>	
On-On	:	The Sussex Arms	

First, to a riverside estate in the home counties. Everything seems very foggy. Two figures appear.

"Now then Sodden"

"Hola Mistress"

"Tis surely time that we once again put our mark upon this land"

"I agree Mistress. We should go to the woods reet away"

"Excellent Sodden, and let us make a visitation upon a house of oak"

Sound of hooves (?) exiting stage right.

A new scene: a freezing cold yard. An ugly throng is rousing. Feet are being stamped. Torches are lit. There should be pitch forks.

"look, here is an old face, come to join us" says a scruffy man referring to a cornish yokel, appearing after 15 years.

"Lets be off " comes a cry and so with curses and groans, off the rabble rampage, exiting stage left.

And so we must follow these flea bitten curs down oak hill before they veer off into unexplored woods.

Following muddy tracks and crossing sodden fields our motley mob suddenly appear onto street lit paths.

"Ah, but these are surely fair lands" said the cook, once again taking off her clothes

No time to knit, tis away, through dark alleys the rabble scrabble before passing by the littlefield manor (so called cos its a manor house on a little field....Shurely enough local history...Ed)

As the curse of gluttony invades many a mind, the horde hop onto the christmas pie trail to take them forever food-wards.

Back at the bar, a band of shifty old men skulk furtively, but, for the rest, cheesy nachos, chips and beer provide a nutritionally balanced end to a perfect foray. (All the usual villagers attended and none were injured in the making of this epic.)

Pig Pen

Tuesday started well for me, I'd finally worked out that the rattling noise I heard when I was halfway home from the Guildford Hash on Monday night, was the spare pair of glass I use for hashing falling off my car roof and then, fitting my new mobile phone into its protective case I dropped it and smashed the screen. Things could only get better and at least I could run off my frustrations with the Weybridge Hash.

I timed things perfectly, arriving at the pub 5 minutes before the off, just enough time to change into my hashing kit, and to find I'd left my shoes, torch and windproof, along with my wallet at home. No problem with the torch, plenty of hashers were willing to lend me one of their spares and its not compulsory to have a drink in the pub is it?? The big problem was my shoes. They were a pair intended for work use and definitely not suitable for running round the muddy fields that the hares promised us. In the end, against my better judgement, I was persuaded that, with the provision of short cuts, it would be OK to wander along at the back of the pack with Tosser and Wazzer, to experience a version of hashing I have never had before. By the time I had sorted myself out and caught up with the rear of the pack the FRBs had already solved at least 2 checks and disappeared over the horizon. Spanish Mistress directed the three of us down a small muddy path with the immortal words "keep going until you come to a T junction, you can't possibly get lost" before disappearing in the opposite direction to catch up with the rest of the pack.

With instructions like that what could possibly go wrong??? Well apart from some patches of shiggy, low branches which caught some of us out and a couple of discussions along the lines of "are you sure we haven't gone wrong" and "surely we should have hear some calling by now" (very unlikely), we arrived at an obvious T-junction to be joined by Sodden Assets and shortly afterwards the rest of the pack. Having been given a hint by the hares, the 3 of us became FRBs for a short while and even managed to avoid the experience of going up a hill for the sole purpose of getting a "panoramic" view of Guildford. The trail led us back to the outskirts of Woodstreet from where the main pack went out for another loop through the countryside while the 3 of us took another short cut back to the

pub, being joined by Master Bates who said he had misunderstood the hares instructions (although for some reason he made no attempt to re-join the pack.....).

Back at the pub we were soon joined by Len with the rest of the pack arriving about 20 minutes later. From the others feedback it sounded as though they enjoyed the run on territory that has seldom been used by Weybridge Hash. The pub made us very welcome and the hares provided fantastic chips and a pile of Tortillas with cheese and other additions! A vast improvement on the White Lyon at Worplesdon which the hares had originally selected and which the last time we were there didn't have any beer.

Good to see a healthy sized pack (even in the absence of a number of regulars including Dinga-a-ling) and many thanks to the hares for laying the trail and those who subbed my drinks for the evening, much appreciated and I owe you!

On-on

Wurzel



1851

Kung Foo Panda

@ The Queens Head, Byfleet

26/10/2019

The number of runs that can be laid from the Queens head is somewhat limited, hemmed in by the canal and motorway but it's a welcoming pub with a selection of beers so its always worth making the effort to turn up to a run from here. Normally I'd come by bike as its not far from home but the combination of the threat of more rain

and a very muddy tow path lead me to chicken out. Mega bit is obviously made of sterner stuff as he cycled all the way from Addlestone.

Kung Foo Panda was rewarded with a goodly sized pack of around 12 with the last minute arrival of Master Bates who gave an exemplary example of parking by completing a 6 point turn before leaving his car obscuring the G of a "No Parking" sign painted on the road.....

From the pub the trail led over the motorway and canal (by a bridge, even the hash wouldn't cross by any other route, would it??) followed by a sneaky back check to the canal and then a long run along the said canal to the second check. Here the trail crossed back over the motorway via a small track using an over-engineered bridge (apparently required by some obscure legacy law unearthed by an original anti M25 protester) and passed a collection of static caravans which lack official sanction, to arrive in a housing estate at the back of Byfleet. Wandering around here and then out into semi-open countryside, followed by a path alongside the river Wey (pedants note this was the River Wey, not the Wey Navigation which Master Bates lives alongside, if you want a more detailed discussion of the difference I'd be more than happy to expand next time we meet in the pub) we arrived back on the A245. Amazingly few of the hash short cut from here, choosing instead to follow the trail which led in the direction of Tesco before slipping down a back passage behind the old Brooklands race track. A final housing estate and then the trail led past the Kings Head pub (which must have closed over 20 years ago) and a Nursing Home, whos residents (including my Mum) were unlikely to have been disturbed by the strident hash calls which were noted all night, before cutting across a sports field and back to the pub.

Back in the pub we were re- joined by Tosser and Wazzer who had struggled with a short cut as they lacked the assistance I gave them with last week and were surprised to be joined by Len. Unfortunately, despite their advancing years Tosser and Wazzer still remembered that they had supplied my drinks the previous week when I forgot my wallet (along with touch and running kit) so I had to buy theirs this week. However, my distress was somewhat relieved by the very generous supply of chips supplied by the hare which were so plentiful the hash (almost) couldn't finish.

A notable fact we learnt in the pub this week is that Nigel's status as the hash thespian is now being challenged by Kebab who has a starring role in a local panto as..... the back end of a camel..... que for more jokes than usual along the lines of "hes behind you"?? (or an answer to "where is Kebab" when running with the hash??). You'll be pleased to know there will be a different scribe next week as I'm not around.

On-on  
Wurzel



1852

Pig Pen

@ The Old House at Home, Dorking

03/12/2019

Our run tonight started from the West Street car park, and just the nine of us to brave the elements around the Dorking countryside. Pig Pen created a lively route, constantly tricking us to go one way, and the route the other. We skirted the top of the hill bordering Denbies Wine Estate, and then downhill and across the busy dual carriageway to get to the village of Pixham on the other side. From the railway station, some great alleys past the allotments, skirting the Reigate road and then back up to the top of the hill to view the starlit sky before we descended up and down towards the Town Centre and back past Sainsbury's and Waitrose to the pub in West street.

Delightful characterful pub, warm, cosy and friendly with a resident large white dog, a Maremma sheepdog, indigenous to central Italy, in Tuscany and Lazio, to protect from wolves. Wasser must have been giving off some aroma, as this dog would not leave him alone !!! Hash Cash did some running too, and Lord Tosser and Wasser, sampled the beers before our arrival, as did our Len.

Pig Pen as usual made it very entertaining. Dingaling got it in the neck for returning from his Thailand adventures, and exciting photos were available briefly to ogle at !! Ladies, elephants, beaches and delicious seafood, all were sampled carefully, walked on, eaten or ridden !!

Don't forget, pay your £10 Deposits next Tuesday for our Christmas Evening on 14 December at The Jovial Sailor in Ripley, should be great fun !

Tonight's Young's pub dates back to the 14th century, and even has a giant Narnia Room, which you can hire for parties whether you are Aslan the Lion, Jadis the White Witch or just The Wardrobe !!! The banter was flying

tonight, and all were well, including local resident, Fish and Chips who joined us, good to see you again Anna ! Christmas is coming.....see you All next Tuesday, don't miss it !

**1853      Top Man & Naked Chef      @ The George and Dragon, Thames Ditton      10/12/2019**

This was a night you won't forget, howling rain and wind greeted us for our festive visit to Thames Ditton. Dingaling already helping a driver who could not see in front of him, as he came to an abrupt halt in the middle of the road. Great to see Spanish Mistress and Soddan Assets back, although his hip is still bothering him somewhat. Get well soon, Mark. Some Christmas Health magic sparkle is needed on you ! Lord Tosser is leaving us, very untimely indeed, for his Christmas trip to Spain, but his choice entirely. Hopefully Kebab might be recovered from the Flu to join us on Saturday night.

Other runners tonight were Pig Pen, Master Bates, Great Bear too along with Kung Foo Panda and Megabit. Tight Git Giles also braved the elements, whilst local resident Wasser stayed in the pub, all warm and smiling, Hash Cash Sausage too, along with Ard'On Provocateur !

Off we went, neatly up the alleyway behind the pub, which set the tone for the run of many such loops and cutbacks, which made this run so inventive. Naked Chef and Top Man conjured one of the best runs we have had round here. We ran towards the level crossing, then cut back along the river Thames towpath opposite Hampton Court Palace, then back again, seemingly towards the village, but once more we turned towards the level crossing for real this time, and off to Hampton Court, and then drifting into Molesey surprisingly, before neatly looping left over the river Mole, and into Thames Ditton again, for the final push to the pub, via a trip to Weston Green.

This was an 8 kilometre run plus checking, so would have been marvellous in the Summer but hey ho. We were all soaked to the skin, and some of us somewhat rattled, arriving at the pub feeling pretty cold for some while. A good pint in a warm pub, from welcoming staff helped, and then Sweet potato chips and normal chips, helped the general body thaw. This pub has Cask marque accreditation for its range of real ales, Spitfire Gold, Kentish Ale, and Whitstable Bay Pale Ale. Dingaling even supped the Spitfire Lager which was tasty ! Tight Git said to him ' Down Boy' as he was busy chatting to the friendly barmaid !!

Chelsea were conveniently winning 2 – 0 against Lille on the TV, and our thoughts now turn to the Christmas Bash on Saturday night, should be a blast !! Tee hee, and no run beforehand either !! Woo hoo ! See you all there, get to Ripley by 7.30 onwards....On On.



It was moist and around Weybridge. The Great Bear managed to find chiggy even in surburbia. A good five miler and a most excellent pub with massive array of ales.

