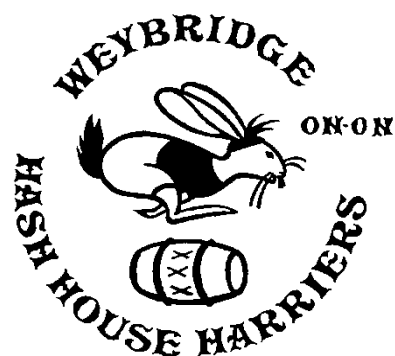


*Runs Start 8pm Tuesdays – Visitors Always Welcome ****

Grand Master : The Great Bear
 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	:	1955	6th September 2022
Hare	:	Pusseye	BRAMLEY
Start	:	The Jolly Farmer, High St, Bramley, Guildford GU5 0HB	
Dir'ns	:	https://tinyurl.com/2p8uafjv	
On-On	:	The Jolly Farmer	

Run	:	1956	13th September 2022
Hare	:	Pig Pen	SHALFORD
Start	:	The Queen Victoria, Station Row, Shalford, Guildford GU4 8BY	
Dir'ns	:	https://tinyurl.com/ynf9zvny	
On-On	:	The Queen Victoria	

Run	:	1957	20th September 2022
Hare	:	Spanish Mistress & Sodden Assets	RICHMOND
Start	:	The Rose Of York, Petersham Rd, Richmond TW10 6UY	
Dir'ns	:	https://tinyurl.com/2p8j6v33	
On-On	:	The Rose of York	

Run	:	1958	27th September 2022
Hare	:	Kebab	CHOBHAM
Start	:	Horse and Groom, 30 High St, Chobham, Woking GU24 8AA	
Dir'ns	:	https://tinyurl.com/mr42te9s	
On-On	:	Horse and Groom	

Run	:	1959	4th October 2022
Hare	:	Lord Tosser of Weybridge	MICKLEHAM
Start	:	The Running Horse, Old London Rd, Mickleham, Dorking RH5 6DU	
Dir'ns	:	https://tinyurl.com/3456u63k	
On-On	:	The Running Horse	

1950

Mother Brown

@ The Hare & Hounds, West End

02/08/2022

This quaint, old style cosy little countryside public house, here for the best part of 200 years now, in a small village bordering on Surrey Heath, midway between Woking and Camberley. Mother Brown's venue of choice, and what a treat we had ! Whisked off towards Brentmoor Heath, our large pack of 20 runners were champing at the bit, eager not to be restrained. Running between wet and very dry heathlands, and ponds which had nearly disappeared, due to the drought, we rocked on regardless. Recent sad forest scrubland had been burnt, and some smouldering was seen by eagle eyed Naked Chef. The beautiful heathers had lost their colours for now too. Many snakes, lizards, adders and the Dartford Warbler live here.

Now tonight was one of those nights, packed with enough laughter to fill a month of Sundays !! Visitors tonight were Tequil Over aka Richard, who brought his legendary Horn, and played it every 30 seconds throughout the hour and 10 mins run. Also Wally appeared, full of fizz as always correcting all our failings for us. We had a hoot, but no Owls were in view ! But we did bump into a quiet gentleman with his dog, who upon hearing all the commotion, ' that bloody Horn' he said quietly.....'Shhhhhh...You will wake up all the Wildlife' Unfortunately the comment did not go down well. Back to the pub by 9.20pm, we met up in the very pretty garden of lights and tables, and banter did fly eh what ! Sausage has been promised a free pint by Dingaling next week, as he felt left out of the round, poor Kiwi Soul. Lord Tosser, Wasser, Master Bates & Ard'On Provocateur added their sugar and spice to the evening. Top Man, Megabit, Kebab, Kung Foo Panda, and Great Bear put the World to rights. Great to see Wurzel back and joined by Calamity, marvellous. Come more often please ! Piercy very kindly shared lots of cake which was over from his partner Lorraine's Birthday do last week ! Hurrah !

He also told us a joke about a bloke with a Goose under his arm, and a lady who wanted to have sex up a country lane with him, no no the lady in the joke.....oh errrr missus. We had a ball tonight, well somebody did ! We forgot to take the photo Simon !! The nights are nearly getting out of hand. Tight Git Giles looking good in orange and he will be entertaining us next Tues eve from Lower Road Recreation Ground, Great Bookham KT23 4DN. Then pile into The Anchor down the road for afters. On On You Beauties ! Meriel & Morgan are hiking round France, Maryam is busy working and Jo is busy concocting new juniper berry varieties of fruit flavoured Gin for us to try ! Wey hey !! Come and join us next week, will be another hoot !! Bring your torch though, getting darker now.

FOW write up;

(Part one) Hare and Hounds – Tuesday 2nd August – WH3 run on Tuesdays not Mondays – see later

Hare – as above

Retrobates

Naked Chef, Top Man, To Keel Over, Ding Dong, Tight Git, Kebab, Kung Foo Panda, Megabits, Pig Pen, Ursa Major, Mastur Bates

Southern Navigators – surely they have navigated their way to the wrong event? - Ed

Calamity Jane

Worzel

W**kers

Tosser – a synonym for the above

Wasser

Late comer

Nettle Rash

Even Later

Sausage

Where did he come from? - Hard On

Plus 3 itinerant Hong Kong free loaders who are friends of Tosser – you could not make it up!

This narrative is written from the dark side of the web and comes from my dystopian world of which Tosser is familiar – many names may be changed to incriminate the guilty or to indulge in the nomenclature nonsense nay sobriquets of which hashing is fond.

To Keel Over turned up early and checked out the pub whereas I checked with Knees Up on the quality of the trail.

He, the aforesaid hare was not keen on me waking the dead with “for whom the bell tolls” courtesy of Pope but I tried to explain this was to welcome THE Ding Dong.

My cacophony was exonerated shortly when the Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy of Company B started his first of many renditions – more of this later.

So with much ado about nothing the serial FRBs namely Kung Foo Panda, Tight Git, Top Man, Kebab, Ursa Major, Megabits et al(who is Al? _ Ed) raced off like a shot from guns cereal.

This was virtually a peloton of hashers!!!!

All were left in their wake except on their heels was our next prime minister Naked Chef alias Liz Truss and the orienteers Calamity Jane/Worzel who were trying to adjust their compasses to point north.

Ding Dong positioned himself in mid pack so he had to do little checking!(the boy done good – Ed).

At this point Mastur Bates was reviewing his navel which hasn't moved for a number of years and he is worried about it.

As usual Tosser and Wasser were off for their normal perambulation complaining how for all these years they had been maligned with their choice of names (No they were right ON ON – Ed).

I hung back to monitor the hare and his laying of flour for late comers.

The FRBs were soon caught out as running too fast and not finding any flour but still running on auto pilot and so there was an ON Back called.

We then reached the famous R for Retrobates – we all know he is Retro but I am reluctant to replace the Mastur with that.

So over a stile and a bridge until I caught Ursa Major fly tipping – as you know flies have compound eyes(to best look out of your trousers? - Ed) – don't be silly and so how many flies it would take to constitute a eyesore is debatable but hey ho this is one for intelligent hashers to reason(the foregoing is an oxymoron – Ed).

All the time our musical maestro was keeping us on track but the pack seemed to like to disappear up its own whatsits and many times they were called back.

You would have thought that our orienteers namely Worzel and Calamity Jane with their compasses, ice picks and crampons would have guided the serial FRBs to safety but they also succumbed.

However To Keel Over despite checks been kicked out by others in the wrong direction continued on his own to find the correct trail.

At this juncture I have to point out that he is really a licenced member of the victuallers associations AND the Surrey Hash and I quote from the decrepit doyen(no names no pack drill) of that august body

Wally why do you run with those people? “ those in the Third Division of Hashing who generally have not the means to join Premier Hashes like SH3”

This from a hash that 99% walk and runners are rarely seen.

But everyone is entitled to their opinion!

However, this did mean that with the help of a world wide super hare we were able to drag back the FRBs from time to time.

Kung Foo Panda had an excellent comment when challenged as to why he was the last man standing from a recall - “I was checking further than anyone else”.

OK we can easily rename you Big Head Panda(does the meter work? - Ed – yes I put 2 bob in it recently).

We now encountered at about ¼ of the trail a magnificent sunset on the heath and methinks darkness will come to cover us soon!.

But no joy we were back in the woods again and the FRBs running wildly as if this was their first trip on cannabis.

I was observing Kebab and thinking no food at the pub well what about a Silence of the Lambs and a Hannibal Lecter experience?!!(No go as Hannibal only ate elephants – Ed).

Now perchance to dream we came across Nettle Rash – I was only 5 minutes late which means 20.

I will run the course backwards? What are you some sort of nerd? Why not run ahead and catch the FRBs who by then were lost again. He waved his magic wand and disappeared – thank God.

By this time even To Keel Over was blowing and not on his bugle and we at last came to a hill which we climbed laggardly.

Only to be met by some recalcitrant person namely Tweedledumb who had obviously lost his brand new rattle(I wouldn't call him a man as it breaks the gender fluid dictum) who complained to Teq that he should not blow his bugle in public.

Teq acquiesced – a difficult thing to do unless you take your trousers down down!

He was not finished – the man not Teq (who was still struggling with his trousers).

Up comes a hero Ursa Major who explained to Tweedledumb that he was familiar with many constellations and had travelled down down from the Milky Way to eat chocolate.

His knowledge did not seem to impress Tweedledumb who espoused that this land was private.

I then had to point out that I lived locally and that this was Brentmoor Heath and Folly Bog and is owned jointly by the MOD, Surrey County Council and Surrey Heath Borough Council.

I also told him that I was a friend of Michael Gove who used to live near me and the Mayor of Surrey Heath and that the public were allowed to use this land.

These dog walkers mainly because they walk their everyday seem to think they own the land and nobody else should use it.

Anyway he was threatening me with a punch up the bracket and so what I did was remarkable!

I decided that discretion was the better part of valour and hid behind a bush.

However, I must feel sorry for his dog – what a life!

So the gloom descended and the pack was able to just see the ON INN at last and the need for pints of foaming ale.

Here Nettle Rash came late and went early,

Sausage sprang out of a frying pan and Harrod ON came for the social only together with Tosser's friends - 3 Hong Kong Triads who have infiltrated the English culture.

To Keel over then provide cake - on behalf of his wife Thunderos and this saved Kebab from being dismembered Trail Pieces – courtesy of the NME

At the start Knees Up was not happy with “the curfew tolls the knell of parting day” and was heard to shout The Bells The Bells before finding solace in the pub – Victor Hugo would be turning in his grave

Megabits left his wife at home. Maybe she would prefer it if he still had Covid as she would at least see him sometimes.

To Keel Over's guest appearance saved the hash today because without his doleful bugle playing we would have been lost in the dark

Machinist who lives locally and proclaims to know everywhere did not appear and there was no sick note – well an odd one on Teq's trumpet

Hares need to know when recceing a trail in the daylight what the consequences will be in the evening.

This is a formula to use

1. Check the sunset time – 20.48

2. At this time take the distance left to run $x \pi$

3. This will give you the darkness factor and if above 80% reduce the length of trail

Please note that WH3 is now running on Mondays from 8th August as per the run sheet

From Gollum EAOE



1951

Tight Git

@ The Anchor, Great Bookham

09/08/2022

Known very well locally for its traditional British cuisine, this old style village pub was our reward after a Sweaty Betty of a run from the local Recreation Ground down the road. Our run was through all the parched hay fields of the local farmers, with not a drop of moisture in sight, just sadly cracked earth, and one lovely lake ! A fabulous route tonight by our Hare Tight Git, aka Giles, no surprise really, always top notch. An interesting 8.2 kilometre trail reliably confirmed by Megabit, gave us an opportunity to take in the local Stocks for short cutting sinners, step up Lady Chatterly aka Mel, who got put in them, see photos on Facebook !! Lakes to ponder over, and gorgeous horses to talk to, see Adrian in action, and sunsets to soak into. A wonderful Tight Git Weybridge Hash Summer's delight ! Bravo ! Also, Kung Foo Panda aka Neil, is a secret lemonade drinker.....no, I meant Fisherman, we are reliably told. Yes, Pike, or was it Sturgeon ?? A quick drive to the hostelry, and we were back in time, an Olde Worlde pub, friendly landlady behind the bar, and nice thirst quenching Ales and Lagers to drink, plus Crisps from our Hare, thanks. Some lovely Visitors tonight, Simon, aka Three and Four Pence, Mel's husband, See his great photos, and Meriel's and Alan's, we are a plenty tonight ! Also, Katie and Adrian are back with us again, very good, they missed us a while with work, and also running the Putney Half Marathon, get You two !! Respect. Mother Brown was in town, and Len plus Great Bear too, Pig Pen Matt, smiling away. Naked Chef and Top Man, always manage somehow to get here nearly every week, very good indeed ! Pusseye Meriel, looking very happy tonight, normally always does, and where is Maryam ?? No Naughty gossip to report, sadly, apart from Kebab's son who is outraged living in Wandsworth to find there is no Underground, derrrrr, Overground trains only this close to Waterloo sunshine, have to move nearer to London son !! Pick your home more carefully, next time. Wurzel, Nettle Rash, where are You both ? Jo, I need to try your Gin, before Autumn kicks in ! A right good night was had by All, what a Summer we are having at Weybridge Hash, do come and join us next week, with your torch, charged up, of course. ** Next week we are off to Chobham, Nettle Rash will entertain You All, and liquid refreshments will be at The Four Horsemen of The Apocalypse, the famous painting of 1887 by Vasnetsov, no no...I meant... The Four Horseshoes, GU24 8QP. See Ya there Folks !! On On...We are getting fit !



1952

Nettle Rash

@ The Four Horseshoes, Chobham

16/08/2022

The strange mystery of the missing checks.

"Do you know" said Lou, "that it's the fourth week of the summer holidays, the fourth week mind, and we haven't even had a sniff of a mystery yet." "I know" said Geoff, " and we won't be going to Cornwall this year, to catch smugglers and Nazi spies, due to those pesky RMT men. Besides Daddy has to go to the ministry and Mummy has to entertain those American fellows. Again".

"Now don't you worry kids" said kindly Mr Nettles, "I've just laid a lovely trail for you to explore, full of secret paths and cheeky checks. Just don't get stopped by that PC Goon, cos he'll strip search you faster than he can say Clear-Orf !

"Get-em Orf more likely" quipped Alan, and all the kids fell about giggling !

And with a huge "Hurrah", they all rushed off to gather round the four whores, whose house stood on the edge of the village.

And what an adventure they had. Out through the poverty-stricken little hamlet of Chobham using many a covert path, crossing Mr Jackson's trimmed front garden and up a back passage or two before heading out onto the wild, windswept moors.

It was such jolly fun. Mr Nettles had set a lovely trail and not a poor person to be seen, so all the kids were super safe.

"But hang-on" shouted Pussy, who was dripping, with sweat, "Where have all the checks gone? there were plenty at the start but now there are none".

"Golly gosh" cried all the kids, "Pussy is right. Clearly someone must have stolen them".

"Maybe they also took all the blobs mid-run" observed Wurzle. But no-one answered, as scarecrows can't talk.

"I bet it was that Jake-the-gypsy" declared Meg, hopefully. "Bloody Pikeys. let's go shoot the lot of them"

“What about those strange old men in the pub?” ventured Piggy, rather hypocritically. “they looked very suspicious, didn’t they?”

“But it can't have been them” said Geoff, “cos they were too drunk”.

It was a mystery alright. And a super one too! Just perfect for the summer hols after all !

So, the excited kids gathered round Mr Nettles declaring that the mystery was solved, and they were all off to burn down the gypsy caravans”

“Oh, you silly billies,” said kindly Mr Nettles. “Those checks weren’t stolen, I just never put them there to start with! Don’t you know there is a War on! A global wheat shortage. Rampant inflation and Brexit!”

Oh, how everyone laughed! Before rushing off for lashings of ginger beer!



1953

Kung Foo Panda

@ The Queens Head, Byfleet

23/08/2022

Well Folks, after last week’s great Spy Drama, or was it a John le Carre novel ? Matt has raised the bar considerably, do You want to write every week ? Back down to earth for now, as we piled into Byfleet. Our Hare, Kung Foo Panda sent us off along the Wey Navigation, no one fell into the river though. Motorway graffiti noted en route, off into more fields, and we had a gorgeous trail to follow, coming back to the Wey again later. Great hidden long paths beneath the trees near the end, which went on and on, and came out in Queens Drive, opposite the pub ! Bravo, a cracking 8 K run, but Megabit managed 8.5 kilometres with his adventures. Into the pub, banter flying, and poor Nettle Rash Andy was surprised to find Master Bates putting on his recent gig plus a speaker to enhance the sound quality ! Feeling a bit shy, he had another pint ! Another Andy, joined us the Worldwide intrepid adventurer, said he has just retired at 42, 52 or 62, take your pick ?? Pusseye Meriel creates the quality photos, for our enjoyment, thankyou ! Lord Tossler, and Wasser continue to spice up the conversation, anything saucy, they are on it like a rash

!! Boom Boom. As we entered the pub, which was built in 1730, a coaching Inn, a Courthouse and a Gallows, Morticia smiling with her striking red hair, from The Addams Family beckoned us in knowingly, no Hand in sight, on the floor. Ross the barman, served us the trendy chips dripping in cheese, thanks Neil, which nearly everyone loved. Great Bear Rupert turned up after his Zoom call to the Prime Minister, requesting a new Swimming Pool and Tennis Courts in Byfleet. Dingaling kept his mouth shut, otherwise he gets into trouble, no idea why ? Mother Brown, Kebab, Naked Chef, and Top Man were running well, and our evening had a lot of laughs. The nights are drawing in, You DO NEED your torch next week, otherwise, headbutting local trees or kissing tree roots will happen. Autumn is creeping up on us fast. Next week, Wurzel will greet You from The Wheatsheaf opp The Green in Woking. GU21

4AL. Come on Peops, this is the place to be on a Tuesday night, in Surrey ! On On...



1954

Wurzel

@ The Wheatsheaf, Woking

30/08/2022

This is a good venue, chosen by Wurzel, our Hare tonight, who tempted us to enjoy the delights of Horsell Common again, without any Martians in sight, this week anyway ! Previously we have been soaked to the skin at this venue, but tonight was drizabone, all the way, no jumping frogs either. Torches were needed, from the off, so charge yours this week. We had the usual high standard run from the mighty Wurzel, but the fun started early. Half the pack got the first half RIGHT, then shortcutted home, and the rest of us got the second half RIGHT, after losing half a mile of the trail, near the wooden footbridge in the middle ! Oh errr Missus. A good pack of 20 runners turned up, and boy some great surprises. Gorgeous George flew in all the way from Haarlem, a city outside of Amsterdam in Holland, where he lives with his gorgeous wife Anna and Kids, now 7 and 4, blimey !

When he and Anna left England, the eldest baby, Juliet was just 4 months old, wey hey !!! Love to them All. And would You believe it, Megabit and Wife Charlotte, just come back from Amsterdam, celebrating 20 years together, today on holiday too !! Double Dutch eh ? Into the pub after seven kilometres of dark fun, we looked for the one person serving the beers, when they were not serving food. Eventually we ended up with two separate tables of ten each. We had a right old giggle, staying till past 10.30pm and Lord Tosser, Ard 'On Provocateur, Wasser and also The Machinist aka John and his partner Annie joined us, very nice too. Wurzel had no money as he had left it in his car, so Dingaling happily supplied his drinks for the evening. Pig Pen Matt was in town, and on form. Tequil Over had stalked Dingaling, near his home, to advise him of the dangers of the Himalayan Balsam plant which fires its seeds out of their hooded green pods to propagate the species further, so there ! Dingaling has reassured us, he won't be propagating tonight !! Whoops. Timothy Taylor was the beer of choice tonight, and crisps, as no chips here. They have not captured a Chef yet. Poor Top Man, told Dingaling the Chelsea football score, and he nearly fell over in shock. Time to watch the great tennis from the US Open in New York, but sadly Emma Raducanu got tricked by the crafty French player, who somehow hit every line, even with her back to the court, on every shot to spoil Emma's night. Sport eh, is so cruel, as always. One day You are brilliant, the next day You are toast. Still, Emma has 15 years to win five more Grand Slams ! Paddle Boarding down the river Wey and Basingstoke canal is getting popular too. Next week's run, now we are in September, will be on our website, by Sunday.
www.weybridgehash.org.uk On On Folks, see You All there !

